# Secret life of a "teen-age" fashion model

**Few readers of *Junior Bazaar* would suspect that Kitty Higgins has two daughters!**

**Prettiest tree in all New Jersey!** 5-year-old Kate and 2-year-old "Mike" think so (even if father Jim Higgins does look slightly skeptical). But there's not much question that these adorable youngsters will have two of the prettiest *smiles*. For "model" mother Kitty, a famous Powers Girl, is teaching them to massage their gums gently every time they brush their teeth. This brief workout with clean-tasting Ipana helps make gums firmer…teeth brighter…smiles more sparkling. So get started toward a "model" smile yourself—with Ipana Tooth Paste.

PEDAL PUSHERS . . . beanies . . . jumpers . . . these are some of the things that Kitty Higgins models for *Junior Bazaar*. Nothing very remarkable about that – except that Kitty has a daughter almost old enough to wear them!

Not only her slight build (she's 5′4″, weighs 110), but her flashing little-girl smile keeps this "model" mother looking more like a college freshman than mother. But model mother she is. To make certain that daughters Kate and "Mike" have smiles as bright as her own, she's teaching them to follow her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

**Children know better than parents** the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of classrooms. Ask your dentist about massage for *your* gums. Nationwide survey shows 7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage. (*And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own use.*) Let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

**Page-boy bobs** are favored by Mrs. and Miss Higgins. Just as they prefer Ipana Tooth Paste for proper care of teeth and gums. Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist*. Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

**What's wrong with this picture?** Kitty, a former Boston art student, has neglected to paint Kate's smile! But this "model" mother doesn't neglect to safeguard her smile in every-day life. Knowing that today's soft foods rob gums of exercise, Kitty sees to it that her family uses Ipana – specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

**Firmer gums—brighter teeth with Ipana and massage**

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

DEC. 28, 1946

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is the year of "The Yearling" and this month we're going to let a number of America's famous authors tell you about M-G-M's finest picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

All these writers saw the preview of "The Yearling" and it's a privilege to have them as our guest columnists.

THE YEARLING

NORMAN REILLY RAINE: "It's one of the truly great epics of the screen. 'The Yearling' is among the most enchanting, exciting and emotionally rewarding pictures ever made."

★ ★ ★ ★

MACKINLAY KANTOR: "'The Yearling' is the best thing Gregory Peck has ever done, and I believe that the audiences of this nation will share my opinion."

★ ★

URSULA PARROT: "An enchanting background of woodland and wilderness, photographed in Technicolor so subtly perfect it deepens and intensifies every mood of the story."

★ ★ ★ ★

SARAH-ELIZABETH RODGER: "The brightest image in one's memory after seeing the picture is the compelling performance of young flaxen-haired Claude Jarman, Jr., as Jody. He is *Boy* in the same sense that Gregory Peck is *Man*."

★ ★ ★ ★

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN: "The outstanding feature of 'The Yearling' is (to my way of thinking) the superlative performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter. She plays an exacting and difficult role with superb restraint and dynamic power."

★ ★

NEWLIN B. WILDES: "If you have a heart you will love 'The Yearling'. You will love it and be better for having seen it. It is a great and wonderful experience."

★ ★ ★ ★

CECILE GILMORE: "The picture shimmers with color. It has natural suspense. There are moments when the heart leaps. There are stark moments in 'The Yearling', but there are constant overtones of tenderness and humor, too."

★ ★ ★ ★

And that's why: This is the year of "The Yearling"!

—Leo

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Yearling", starring Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, is a Clarence Brown production. The cast also includes Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker. Screen play by Paul Osborn, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture in Technicolor.

COLLIER'S
December 28, 1946

WALTER DAVENPORT • *Editor* WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher* JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Fiction Editor* FRANK D. MORRIS • *Executive Editor* WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

W. B. COURTNEY *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL *West Coast*
KYLE CRICHTON *Amusements*
FRANK GERVASI *Washington*
ROBERT DE VORE *Washington*
WILLIAM HILLMAN *Washington*
JAMES C. DERIEUX *Washington*
EDWARD P. MORGAN *Europe*
WELDON JAMES *Far East*
GWYN BARKER *London*
EDW. TOMLINSON *The Other Americas*
FREDERICK R. NEELY *Aviation*
CLARENCE H. ROY *Science*
HERBERT ASBURY *Articles*
AMY PORTER *Articles*
ANDRÉ FONTAINE *Articles*
LESTER VELIE *Articles*
RUTH CARSON *Articles*
LEONARD A. PARIS *Articles*
HELEN P. BUTLER *Syntax*
ULRICH CALVOSA *Photographs*
GURNEY WILLIAMS *Humor*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

## THIS WEEK

### FICTION

PAGE

THE BOSOM OF ME FAMILY By LOUIS PAUL 14
*A Prodigal Father returns home for Christmas—and what a welcome!*

COCKTAILS FOR ONE By MAURICE J. PHILLIPS 21
*It was a sort of blind date, but the girl kept it anyway.*

SLEEPING BEAUTY By FAITH BALDWIN 22
*The Serial Story. The second of four parts.*

LIFE, LIBERTY AND ORRIN DOOLEY By WILLIAM FULLER 24
*Education is more than falling in love with a schoolma'am.*

THE HOST By GERALD KERSH 41
*The Short Short Story.*

THE BELL OF SAN ANSELMO By WALTER HAVIGHURST 64
*Rob brought it over dim mountain trails—and Nita went with him.*

### ARTICLES

THE SWEETEST TOWN ON EARTH By W. B. COURTNEY 11
*A visit to Grasse, France, the Detroit of the perfume industry.*

THE RAILROADS FIGHT BACK By KYLE CRICHTON 16
*And they're giving the bus and air lines stiff competition for the nation's passenger and freight business.*

THE FLAPPER'S CHILDREN By ROBERT C. RUARK 18
*Youth in this postwar era and the Roaring Twenties. A contrast.*

WHO'S KILROY? By BILL DAVIDSON 20
*The author attempts to run down history's most elusive character.*

GRAND SLAM GAGS By LEE HAZEN as told to THOMAS H. WOLF 36
*A bridge champ relates some droll anecdotes of the tournaments.*

THE SONGS ROLL BY By AMY PORTER 54
*The life and music of Jerome Kern, glorified in Technicolor.*

CHRISTMAS IN THE DESERT By OREN ARNOLD 70
*In the Southwest, cacti are used instead of Yuletide evergreens.*

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

WING TALK: FIGHT AGAINST THUNDER By ROBERT N. BUCK 72

EDITORIAL: *Father of Mankind* 74

COVER *An adaptation by Robert Frankenberg of Albrecht Dürer's famous Praying Hands*

## THE WEEK'S MAIL

### MOTHERHOOD

DEAR EDITOR: After reading Motherhood Without Misery (Nov. 16th) I am thoroughly disgusted. . . . They call it pain caused by fear but let any man receive a slight injury and listen to the moans and groans. Is this pain also caused by imagination and fear?
MRS. WADE ELLIS, Cleveland, Ohio

. . . As a nurse, I have been specializing in maternity work for twenty years. Rather early in my experience, I came to very much the same conclusions as those expressed by Dr. Grantly Dick Read. . . . For the past thirteen years I have been on the staff of the Visiting Nurse Association here in New Haven, devoting most of my time to the instruction of prospective mothers.
MAE D. CORKLE, R.N., Maternity Consultant, New Haven, Conn.

. . . So pain with childbirth is a vicious circle of the mind! If Dr. Sawyer really believes it, then he can have all the rest of my family for me. Frankly, I think he's just nuts! As a proof that "I've been there, Charlie!" I enclose a picture of my baby, Ricky, as he pores over a wonderful magazine.
MRS. JAS. P. WILSON, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . Why do you publish such untruthful and misleading articles as Motherhood Without Misery? It's as silly and untrue as Coué's method of curing disease by saying, "Every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better."
I. M. SILER, Indianapolis, Ind.

. . . Motherhood Without Misery is the most exciting reading matter I have come across in a long time.

I was wishing, by the time I'd finished it, that I could try it for myself. Which

(Continued on page 68)

Vol. 118, No. 26. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

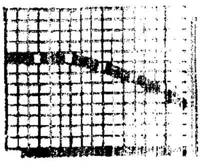
COPYRIGHT, 1946, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)

Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

*Never neglect a cold!* That's one way to help avoid pneumonia. But if pneumonia *should* strike, don't let it frighten you. Medical science, aided by the sulfas and penicillin,

SULFA
PENI-
CILLIN

has reduced pneumonia mortality by about one half in the past 10 years.

If you have a bad cold or one that hangs on, call your doctor at once! If more people would do that, the pneumonia death rate would drop  still further.

Pneumonia is communicable . . . and it works fast! That's why early diagnosis and prompt treatment are so important. Remember, pneumonia is dangerous, and the worst months are ahead. *So, fight pneumonia by guarding against colds.*

## Common colds need special care!

Try to keep in the best of health during the winter, for by keeping fit you lessen the risk of colds and pneumonia. However, if you get a bad cold, stay home and go to bed if possible, eat lightly, drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids. Be especially careful not to get chilled.

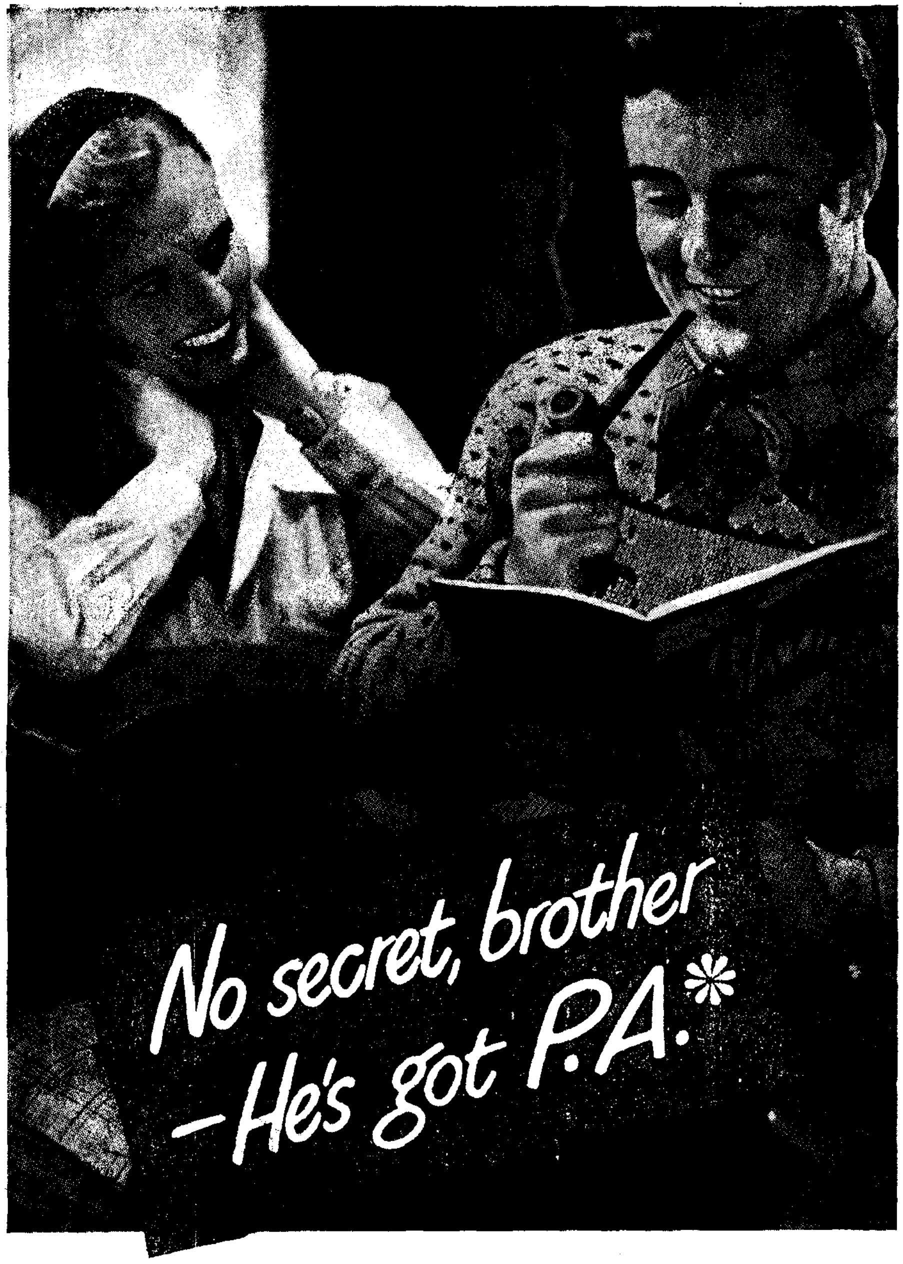
Watch out for pneumonia's warning symptoms, which are usually a severe shaking chill followed by fever, coughing accompanied by sharp pains in the side or chest, and often rust-colored sputum. However, one type, *virus pneumonia,* starts slowly with a gradual rise in temperature, a feeling of chilliness rather than a shaking chill, and a slight sore throat with a hard cough, but little or no sputum.

Some types of pneumonia, like virus pneumonia, do not respond to sulfa or penicillin. Whatever the type, calling the doctor quickly permits the prompt diagnosis and medical care which afford the best chance for rapid recovery. For other important information about pneumonia, influenza, and the common cold, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 17C, "Respiratory Diseases."

**TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!**

[illegible]
Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
[illegible]
[illegible] Y.
[illegible]
State

How does he do it?



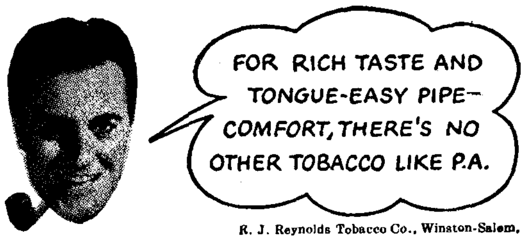
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal—

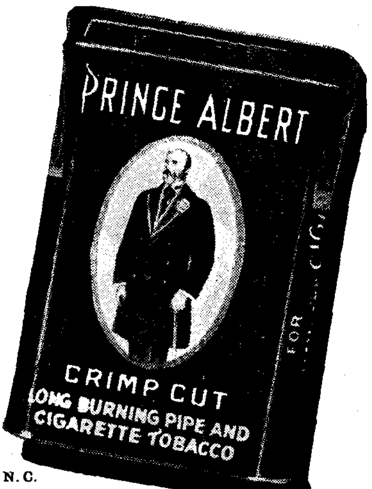
Pipe Appeal is the rugged, masculine look of the man who smokes a pipe. Women go for it—just as you'll go for the comfort and joy of fine Prince Albert Tobacco.

P.A. means Prince Albert

P. A. stands for choice smoking tobacco—Prince Albert. Fine, rich flavor that pipe smokers go for...specially treated to remove harshness...easy on the tongue! P. A. is crimp cut for easy packing, easy drawing.

Roll-your-owners find Prince Albert's famous crimp cut perfect for smooth, easy cigarette "makin's."





R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The National Joy Smoke

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

# KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

## BY FRELING FOSTER

*Collecting* picture post cards, which was indulged in halfheartedly 30 years ago by almost every American family, is today a serious hobby carried on by 5,000 individuals who have a national organization and support two magazines. Of their many outstanding collections, the largest is that of a Californian of Sierra Madre which contains 1,000,000 cards and is valued at $200,000.

*In* 1,160 of every 1,200 human births, the child presents itself in the normal way, the first part to appear being the back of its head. Of the 40 others, one comes brow first, four face first, 30 buttocks first and five lie across the birth canal so that their position has to be changed before delivery.

*The* belief that quicklime completely consumes a body buried in it is a fallacy. Evidently it is based on the fact that lime, when treated with water, develops a high degree of heat. But this hot lime has no destructive effect and, cooling off within a few hours, actually becomes a preservative.

*The* most elaborate sundials ever made were the portable, watch-sized instruments designed in Europe between the 15th and 18th centuries. Besides a compass for orientation, some contained as many as 15 devices, among them being, for example, dials for determining the nocturnal hour by either the moon or certain stars, an adjustment for changes in latitude, a diagram showing planetary positions and a contrivance for ascertaining the time when the sun and moon would rise and set.

*From* 1934 to 1946, or during the 12-year period since the repeal of prohibition, federal agents seized a total of 132,300 moonshine stills, or an average of 212 a week.

*No hoax* of its kind compares with the one perpetrated on the editors of the 1886 edition of Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography. As they accepted in good faith all material received by mail, some unknown person sent them the biographies of 84 fictitious people, which were published. Although these individuals, their achievements and the books credited to them were supposed to be well known, the hoax was not discovered for 33 years.

*While* the sheriff of New York City is engaged in a vast and varied number of legal activities in the name of the city, he alone is personally and financially responsible for every act of his own and of every deputy and employee in his office.

*Plumes* of the domesticated ostrich, now popular after being out of fashion for 27 years, are probably more sensitive during their growth than the feathers of any other bird. Any variation in the special diet and living conditions of the ostrich may impair the shapeliness and density of the plumes. Even the normal day and night variations in the bird's blood pressure usually cause perceptible differences in density when the plumes reach their maximum rate of growth of a quarter of an inch every 24 hours.

*A unique* fire insurance policy issued by a Baltimore corporation affords protection without the payment of premiums, its cost being met by the interest on a single deposit which is returned in full upon cancellation of the policy. For instance, a $100 deposit insures a house indefinitely for $10,000.—*By Henry Zeikel, New York City.*

**Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission**

EVEN THE MOST DISTINGUISHED CA
Lyon
WHITEWALLS*
*TRADE MARK

**PRICES: STANDARD STEEL MODEL (16" WHEELS) $6.95 PER SET • DELUXE STEEL MODEL (15" AND 16" WHEELS) PER SET**

A FAIR TRADE PRODUCT SOLD UNDER [illegible]

★ ★ *the smartest thing on wheels!*

**WHITEWALLS* ARE THE EXCLUSIVE TRIM RING PRODUCT OF LYON, INCORPORATED, 13881 WEST CHICAGO BLVD., DETROIT 27, MICHIGAN**

Have Lovelier Floors . . . with
LESS CARE!

Only Self-Polishing SIMONIZ
Gives Floors the Same Longer
Lasting Beauty That Makes
SIMONIZ So Famous For Cars

CONTENTS ONE QUART U. S. MEASURE
Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
Shines as it Dries

There's a new freedom in housework from the moment you apply Self-Polishing SIMONIZ on your floors. Just spread with cloth or mop applicator . . . no rubbing, no buffing. Just see how it shines as it dries. Then worry no more about dust, dirt, soiled spots and spilled things. They wipe up with a damp cloth. And always you have crystal-clearness that lets the natural brilliance of linoleums and finishes show through. Take a shine to your floors without adding the burden of care. Insist on Self-Polishing SIMONIZ.

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere

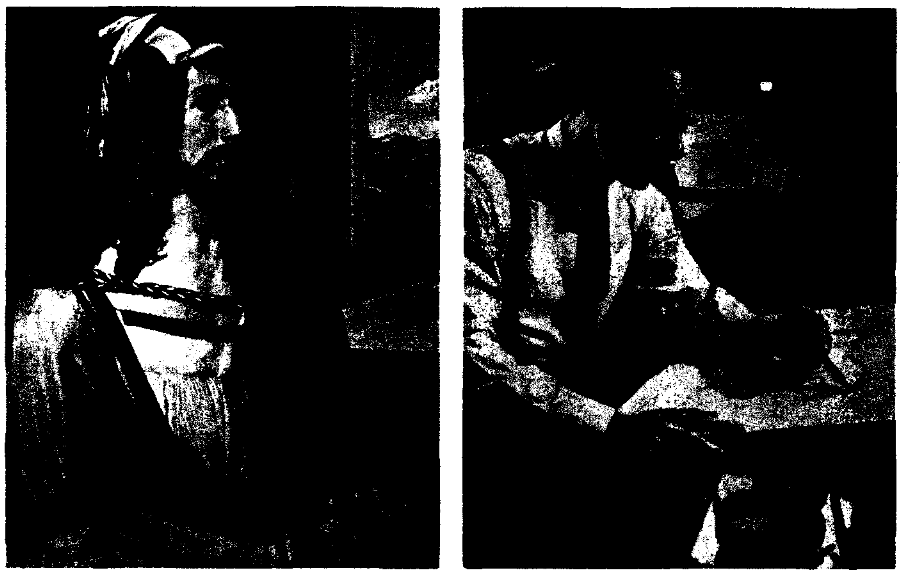
The Simoniz Company, Chicago 16, Illinois
Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes

"SIMONIZ" . . . Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. & Foreign Countries

Self-Polishing
SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

# THE WEEK'S WORK



PETER A. JULEY & SON

JACOB LOFMAN

Albrecht Dürer, who drew the original hands in 1508.
Robert Frankenberg adapted the hands in 1946

THE idea for our Christmas cover, Praying Hands, was inspired by a place mark which Stuart Benson, of our art staff, had used for years in his copy of the Oxford Book of English Verse. This was a small print of Albrecht Dürer's famous Hands of an Apostle, the devoutness and sincerity of which seemed particularly appropriate to the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, the beginnings of hope for a confused world. They might well have been the hands of one of the Wise Men who saw and followed the star that appeared in the heavens to guide them.

Dürer's hands are probably the most famous in art. They were drawn by the Great Engraver in 1508, as a sketch for a painting called the Assumption of the Virgin (1509).

Now, to get back to our cover, it happens that years ago Robert Frankenberg dropped into Collier's with some sketches. Mr. Chessman, our art editor, looked them over, shook his head. "What do you advise?" asked Mr. Frankenberg.

"Art school!" Chessman replied.

Frankenberg enrolled immediately at the Art Students' League, where he studied under William McNulty, whose idea of the only way to learn to draw is to fill a notebook with sketches.

Fifteen years and several hundred notebooks later (that would be last August), a notebook of Frankenberg's came to Mr. Chessman, who was seeking someone to do this Christmas cover. A pair of hands attracted Mr. Chessman's attention. So Frankenberg was selected. When he came in for the assignment, Frankenberg's greeting to Chessman was: "I'm back again!"

And we're glad he is back again.

Mr. Frankenberg's cover is frankly an adaptation. A reproduction of the original drawing is shown on our editorial page, accompanying a prayer written by Samuel Harkness. Dr. Harkness began his ministry as a home missionary in South Dakota 41 years ago, has come, by way of county-seat pastorates and Kansas City, to the Winnetka Congregational Church on the Chicago North Shore. This is a community church of 1,900 members, representing 30 denominations.

Dr. Harkness says that when he agreed to write the prayer, "it was August and we were in the Rockies south of Glacier Park. My wife went fishing. "I stayed in our log cabin to see what I could do. I worked all day and when my wife came home I showed her what I had written. 'It's too academic,' she said. 'People want God to do something so greatly that they use homely words, not embroidered phrases.' So I tried again. When it was done I sent it via horseback to a mailbox nine miles down the valley and went fishing in the Sun River. My wife did not criticize the trout."

"A CLOSE inspection of my dossier," proposed Robert C. Ruark (The Flapper's Children, p. 18), "would prove me to be a weird and possibly unpleasant fellow." A heller from Wilmington, N. C., Ruark reveals he broke into journalism in a high-minded way. He was "in love with a gal named Nan." Nan was taking journalism. Ruark did the same. Needless to say, Ruark didn't marry Nan. Instead, when he was earning $12 a week on the Washington Daily News, he married Virginia, who fed him. She was an interior decorator, and had a well-stocked larder. "Poor lass," mourns Ruark, "she has paid for her generosity ever since."

Ruark, who is thirty, interrupted a career as sports columnist in Washington to go into the Navy. He claims, being no ordinary fellow, to have had a good time in the war, emerging as a senior lieutenant.

"The only wounds I received," he says, "were dishonorable." He was hurled from a balky, vicious jeep and spent six months back in the States at various naval hospitals.

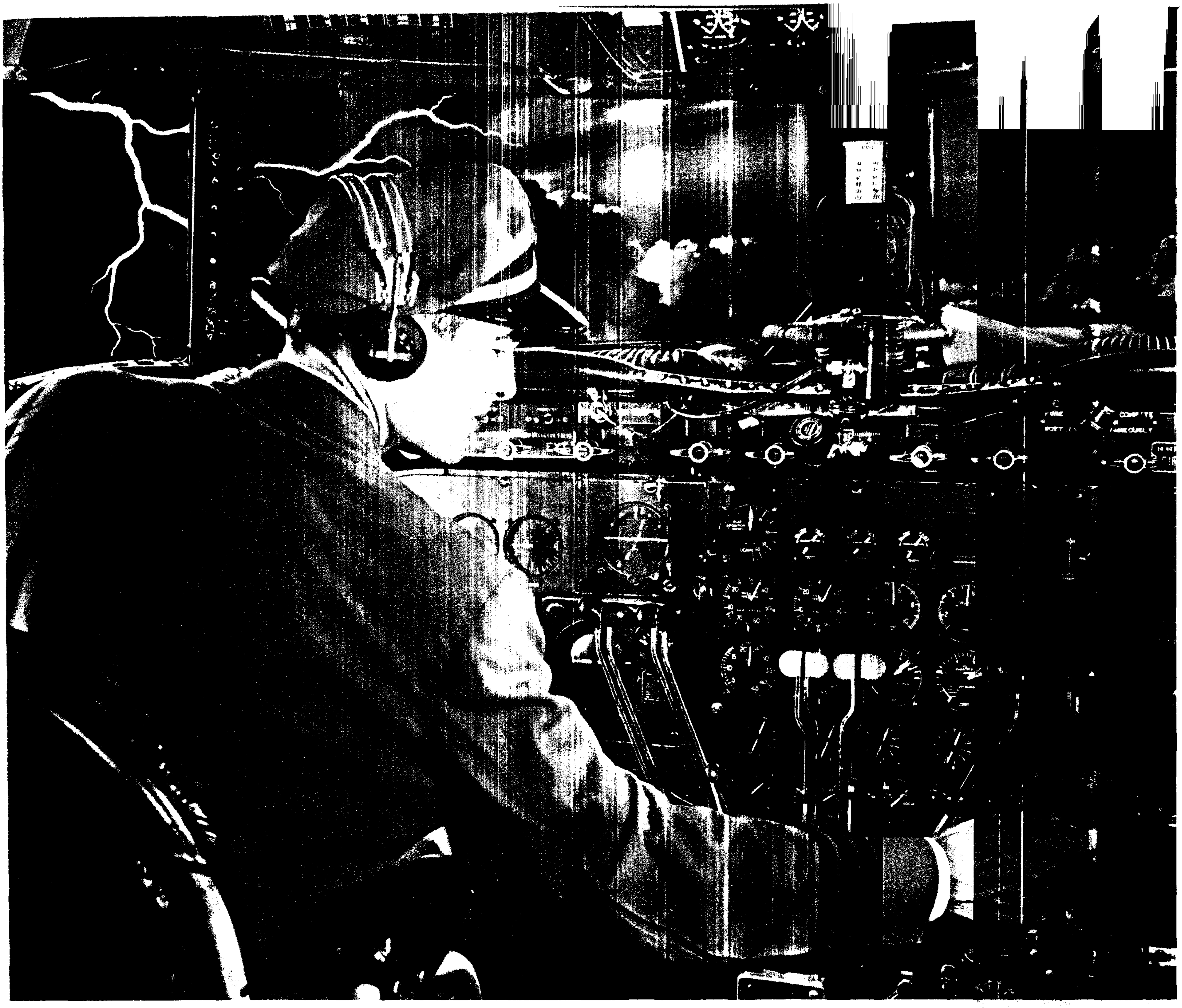
Ruark claims to be the only veteran alive who was readjusted ten days before he got out of the service. A pal of his in charge of transport bumped a buck general off a VIP aircraft, and sent Ruark home. Ruark, by the way, had ordered himself home.

As final proof of his screwiness, Ruark writes a daily column for the Scripps-Howard newspapers for anyone who wants to enjoy Mr. Ruark's iconoclassical remarks.

So we leave this unsavory character, with his 13 hunting dogs and no children, his beautiful secretary, his profiteering ways (he sold his house at the top of the boom). He plans to put his wife back to work the day he runs out of columns. . . . TED SHANE

Jingle bells! Telephone bells! Yuletide's on the way,
Be sparing of Long Distance calls on Christmas Eve and Day.
Jingle bells! Telephone bells! A million thanks to you
For easing up on greeting calls so urgent calls get through!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



# He flicks a switch and hushes a storm

**ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP**

Static is annoying enough on your home radio. But you can imagine what it means to a pilot who depends on good communications. Clearing up static can be a big step forward for the aviation industry.

Scientists at the Goodyear Research Laboratory went to work on the problem. They have developed a Static Limiter for use in planes, ships, two-way police radio sets—any place where long-range reception and transmission of signals are mighty important.

You simply flick a switch and—presto!—the static interference is practically gone.

The Goodyear Static Limiter operates on any signal level or frequency. It cleans the noise pulses out, steps up the power of a weak signal and makes it possible to receive signals of better tone quality.

Development of this new Static Limiter emphasizes again the vast variety and scope of Goodyear operations . . . men and women working in laboratories, factories and offices around the world—toward one objective: To make Goodyear products better today than they were yesterday, better tomorrow than they are today.

***A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear has also worked for years in metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics, electronics and in many other vital fields . . . always seeking a better way to serve you.***

GOODYEAR

**THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER**

# THE SWEETEST TOWN ON EARTH

### BY W. B. COURTNEY

**The comparatively modest community of Grasse, in southern France, has the perfume industry by the nose. And "parfumerie," believe it or not, means even more to the economics of la belle France than it does to the large and fragrant feminine populace of the modern world**

**Grasse, France**

YOU will find, in the ensuing treatise, certain information that even your best friends might hesitate to give. This reporter, being a best friend of nothing save the fragrance and charm of his fair readers, is under no such wraps.

Therefore, let us be frank.

The truth is that people don't naturally smell nice.

Also naturally, this is not their fault—not always, that is—for reasons we shall presently contemplate.

On this truth has grown one of the oldest, most widespread, exacting and scientific of industries—perfume, and its manifold associations with soap and the entire scale of cosmetics and toilet goods for ladies, gentlemen and poodles.

Perfume was a big and mysterious business thousands of years ago. It is a huge business today, and still crammed with more secrets than a diplomat's hat. In the United States alone its countless branches pluck several billion dollars yearly from the burghers, and give pleasure to all except very small boys.

The perfume industry—or the "Odor Racket" as it is known in the trade—has an important influence on the birth rate. It is also helpful at Christmas to American men, who, renowned for last-minute panic in anniversary emergencies, give perfume oftener than any other kind of gift.

To understand the odor industry, its basic character should be admitted immediately. It is a war industry. Its true strength—and tasty profits—bed in its redolent alliance with the artful against the artless in mankind's oldest and most enjoyable campaign. This is the only warfare in which the nose is more important than the brain. Therefore, within the industry, to be called a "Nose" is a higher tribute than to be called a genius. It is generally agreed there are no more than a dozen *Nez Véritables,* or authentic Noses, in the world. And that most of these live and sniff happily amid their *flacons* and flowers in the city of Grasse in southern France.

This was the home town of Admiral Count de

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROGER COSTER

This French perfume worker is tossing carnations into a distilling machine. Flowers are hermetically sealed in the tank, and petroleum ether pumped in under pressure. Then the essence is distilled by evaporation

Gathering tuberoses for the perfume factories. Since Grasse has only a very short winter, cultivating and harvesting flowers is a year-round occupation for peasants

A woman watches while her day's crop of jasmine is weighed. She will get $1.35 a pound for blooms, which must be gathered just before the morning sun strikes them

Grasse, the French naval hero who, with unprecedented foresight, assisted our War of Independence so that we could become the biggest foreign market for his village.

Many American metropolitan suburbs are larger than Grasse, which has only 20,000 inhabitants—who eat 60,000 meals a day composed entirely of garlic. Yet this small city handles more foreign mail and cablegrams than any other place in France, including Paris. You'd have to search the atlas with a microscope to find a speck of land to which it does not export, or from which it does not import. And its specialists are constantly wandering through every continent, nation, colony and island on the lookout for something new to sprinkle on dames. For Grasse is the capital of the international perfume industry, the holy city of the ancient lore of alchemists, mystics and sorcerers. It is the Detroit of Scent.

### Making U.S. Perfume-Conscious

There is probably not a single home in the United States that does not make daily use of either the actual products of Grasse or the fruits of its experience. While Grasse confects some whole perfumes, also base compounds for others, its chief activity is the manufacture of natural-flower essential oils, vital to quality perfumers in America and elsewhere, and represented in some measure in smelly toilet articles. Though you have never bought a French perfume, things of Grasse may reach you. They are in spices, flavorings, medicines and liqueurs.

Grasse is draped on a mountainside, 1,200 feet above the Mediterranean. Nowhere else on earth is there such a concentration in so small an area of the most fragrant known species of flowers, cultivated expressly for perfume.

The sun is the great perfume distiller. It is he who looses the sweetness of flowers and meadows, of forests and gardens, upon the winds. But what the sun distills the perfumer cannot hold captive for the strategy of woman.

So Grasse is the battleground of a unique scientific contest—between sun and men. At times the sun is their ally. He nurtures the flowers toward the moment of their perfection. But at that moment the men of Grasse turn and cheat him of fulfillment. "Moment," to them, means just that; not day or hour. The moment differs with varieties. Carnations, for example, require exactly three hours of uninterrupted sun. It is around jasmine, however, that the main tussle rages. The jasmine is *the* flower of Grasse. But it has a peculiarity. If it is so much as touched by the rising sun on the day of its consummation it will lose more than twenty per cent of its precious dowry between bush and factory.

Fortunately, however, a phenomenon exists in Grasse alone, which gives the full ripeness of the jasmine to the perfume industry instead of to the sun. The shore of the Mediterranean near Cannes forms the base of a twenty-mile valley that is compressed by the hills until it comes to a dead end at the precipices of the Alpes Maritimes. Grasse fills that end, like a cork. Every midnight a mist evaporates off the cooling surface of the sea and is funneled by the air currents and the topography up the valley until it is stopped by the mountains. From the streets of Grasse you can look down upon that low, unfailing mist as upon a snowy coverlet tucked in at your feet.

Under it a natural humidity is created, akin to that simulated in a hothouse, and the jasmine blooms are forced to open at their best in the hour before dawn. The mist remains until it is burned off by the rising sun. By then, that day's crop of ready jasmine is lying in the shade on the floors of the great factories. Before noon the essential oil has been processed from the blooms and the thefted flowers, brown and withered, are thrown back to the sun to become fertilizer.

Each night the breath of the unfolding jasmine steals up through the mist and presses over the town. It is particularly during those nighttime hours of sheer magic that Grasse earns its title as the "sweetest town on earth."

As might be expected, the Noses are the leading citizens of Grasse. But they are more—its heroes. Workmen get into fist fights over the merits of their respective factories' Noses. Children follow Noses on the streets. Any Grasse lad would rather grow up to be a Nose than president of the Republic or engineer on old *Soixante-neuf,* the Paris-Nice Express.

A Nose must be able to distinguish, and name accurately, at least 7,000 separate odors. He must take highest college and postgraduate degrees in chemistry. But not one in a thousand perfume chemists ever becomes a Nose. Only by a preliminary training which requires a minimum of 15 years can it be discovered whether a nose is a Nose. That is why the profession is largely a matter of family inheritance. A Nose will take his son into the fields as soon as he is able to walk. He is watched carefully to find if he is developing the genuine love of flowers which is basic. If not he is quickly given up, because the training is tedious, painstaking and costly.

### What Women's Noses Lack

In formal schooling a Nose must specialize in botany, anthropology, history, geography and meteorology—in addition to chemistry. The Noses do not seek to train daughters; they boldly assert there is not and never has been one authentic female Nose, the reason being that women cannot "see" a smell.

For a real Nose is a "Seeing Nose." He can actually "see" a scent. In his throes of creation, he mixes odors with his nose as an artist mixes paints.

All Noses, however, have an occupational disease; and once or twice a year each must go to Vichy to take the cure. Liver trouble. They are, medically speaking, alcoholics—although most of them never drink a drop. They absorb more alcohol into their systems by smelling alcoholic perfumes and compounds than you could hootch aboard with a shakerful of Martinis at every meal.

A Nose's hardest work comes after he "sees" his idea for a new scent. The perishable fragrance of flowers can't just be squeezed into a bottle. It must be extracted and changed into a durable, commercially useful form. A finished perfume must have a body, or compound of various odors, to gain its precise secret note; feet, to hold this mixture of scents equally and lastingly (otherwise you might get a dubious succession of aromas while using up a single bottle); and a head, of alcohol, to dispense the scent.

The birth of the chemical industry, in particular the strides made in synthetics after the first World War, had tremendous influence upon the perfume industry. It knocked perfume out of the ultraluxury class and made possible its mass production at prices that will be within the means of most women. But synthetics cannot wholly replace natural flower essential oils and natural fixatives in quality perfume.

The fragrance of flowers is a real substance. It can be photographed; and, in the laboratories of Grasse, it can be weighed. Recent photographic experiments in the United States reveal it as a kind of ectoplasm. Invisible to the human eye, it rises from minute droplets of essential oils that exist sometimes in petals, sometimes in leaves, stalks, roots, seeds, fruits, bark, stems; and often in more than one of those places.

Many scientists believe that odor, more than color, attracts pollen-carrying insects.

Virtually every known flower has a variety which is fragrant, including orchids. Within varieties the odor may differ, according to place of growth or color. A Nose can tell you in the dark the color of any flower.

The rose and the jasmine remain the indispensable flowers of perfume manufacturing. One or both, in some measure, are in the compounds of every quality scent. With either, a Nose can precisely reproduce the scent of any flower; and each can be used to get a reasonable approximation of the other. But they share one feature. The *exact* odor of the rose or jasmine cannot be imitated, by synthetics or by combinations of other flower essences.

Besides pretty flowers, however, many things go into the base compounds of perfume—hay, ginger, camphor, pepper, cinnamon, resin, juniper, vanilla. You might not suspect it from a whiff of that little chypre who passed in the night, but some perfumes have a vigorous suggestion of tobacco. The Noses say they devised these for divorcées and other husband-traps beyond the forget-me-not age.

Central European birch-tree bark flavors the *cuir de Russie*, or Russian feather types; as oak moss, scraped from trees in the Austrian Tirol, does the chypres.

In one perfume immensely popular in the United States and clamored for by all G.I.s in Paris, the star is castor oil. This outstanding American preference bewilders the odor trade; but at least it should allay the general suspicion that, because of its high alcoholic content, the Yanks drink perfume.

Several methods of reducing flowers to essential oil absolutes are practiced. Enfleurage is the oldest: blossoms are laid on fat—pork or mutton from the United States—which absorbs the fragrance. When fully charged, the grease is "pomade." The oil is obtained by washing the pomade in alcohol and distilling. Another very old method is distillation by subjecting the blooms to steam. After condensation the water and essential flower oil are separated by an ingenious arrangement—taking advantage of the floatability of oil—of high and low drainage taps.

Petrol extraction is the newest squeeze. Ether vapor, from a special gasoline obtained in the United States, is passed through the flowers in sealed vats to pick up their fragrance, which is presently recovered by distillation.

### The Death Toll of Vanity

It would be nice to report one weapon for distaff commandos that didn't cause suffering down the line. But sailors have died in lonely oceans, hunters in wild mountains and jungles, and countless animals are slain or tortured in the search for ambergris, civet and musk—three animal products that give "life" to perfume as no other fixatives, synthetic or natural, can.

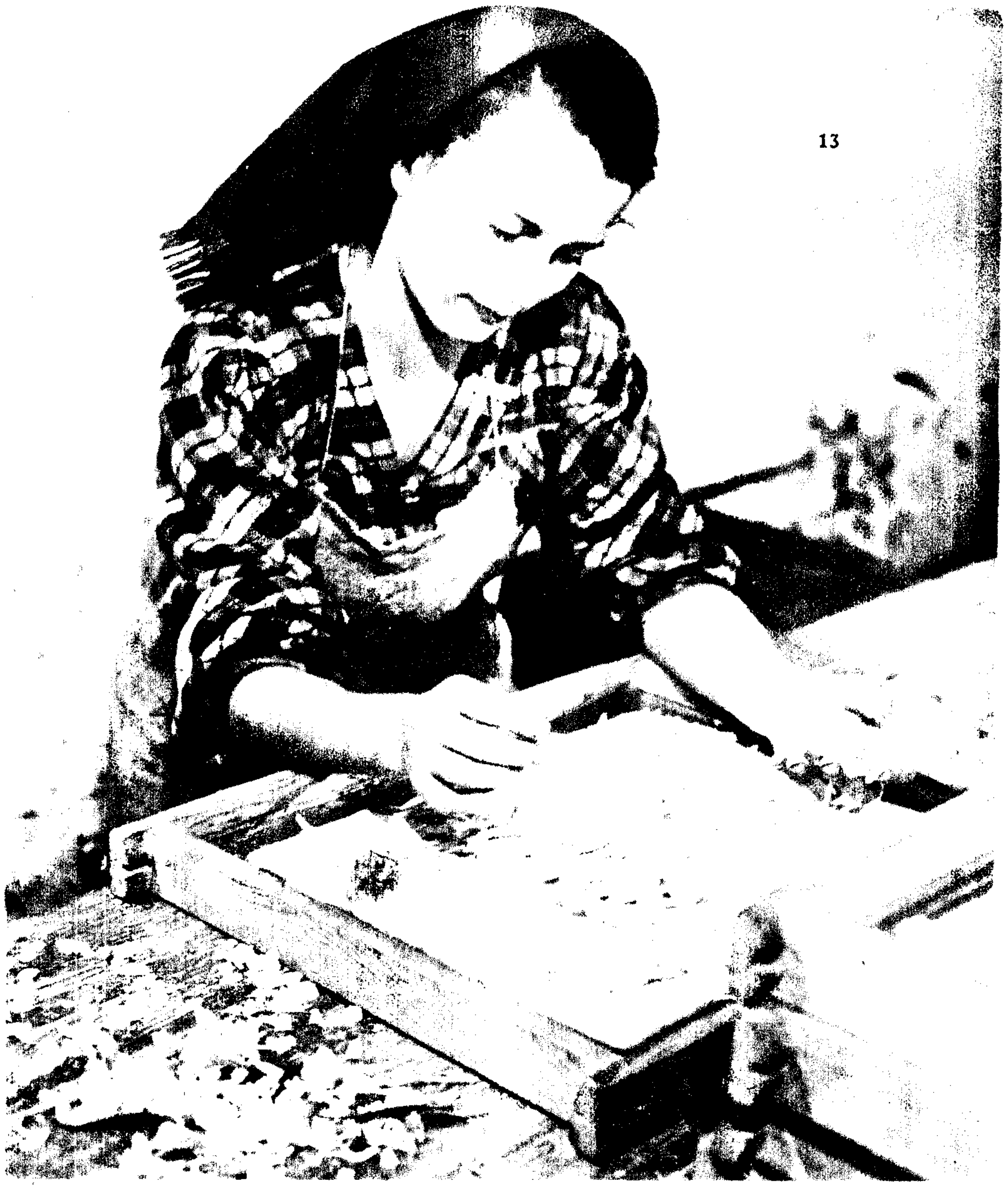
Ambergris is a substance that comes from the sperm whale, although nobody seems quite sure from which end, or what it is. Sometimes it is found on the surface and it would be worth stopping the Queen Mary to pick up a big chunk, at 100,000 francs per kilo. Ethiopia is the principal source of civet, a secretion from the big male and female cats of that name. They are kept in tight confinement and robbed once every two weeks. Musk is made from dried sacs of the male musk deer, which is killed by Tibetan hunters in the Himalayas so assiduously it is in danger of extinction. Civet is now 40,000 francs a kilo, musk, 70,000.

Alcohol makes up 84 to 88 per cent of that ounce of seduction on your bureau. The remaining 12 to 16 per cent is the base compound of fixatives, essences, synthetics; but it may contain from 30 to as many as 2,000 different elements.

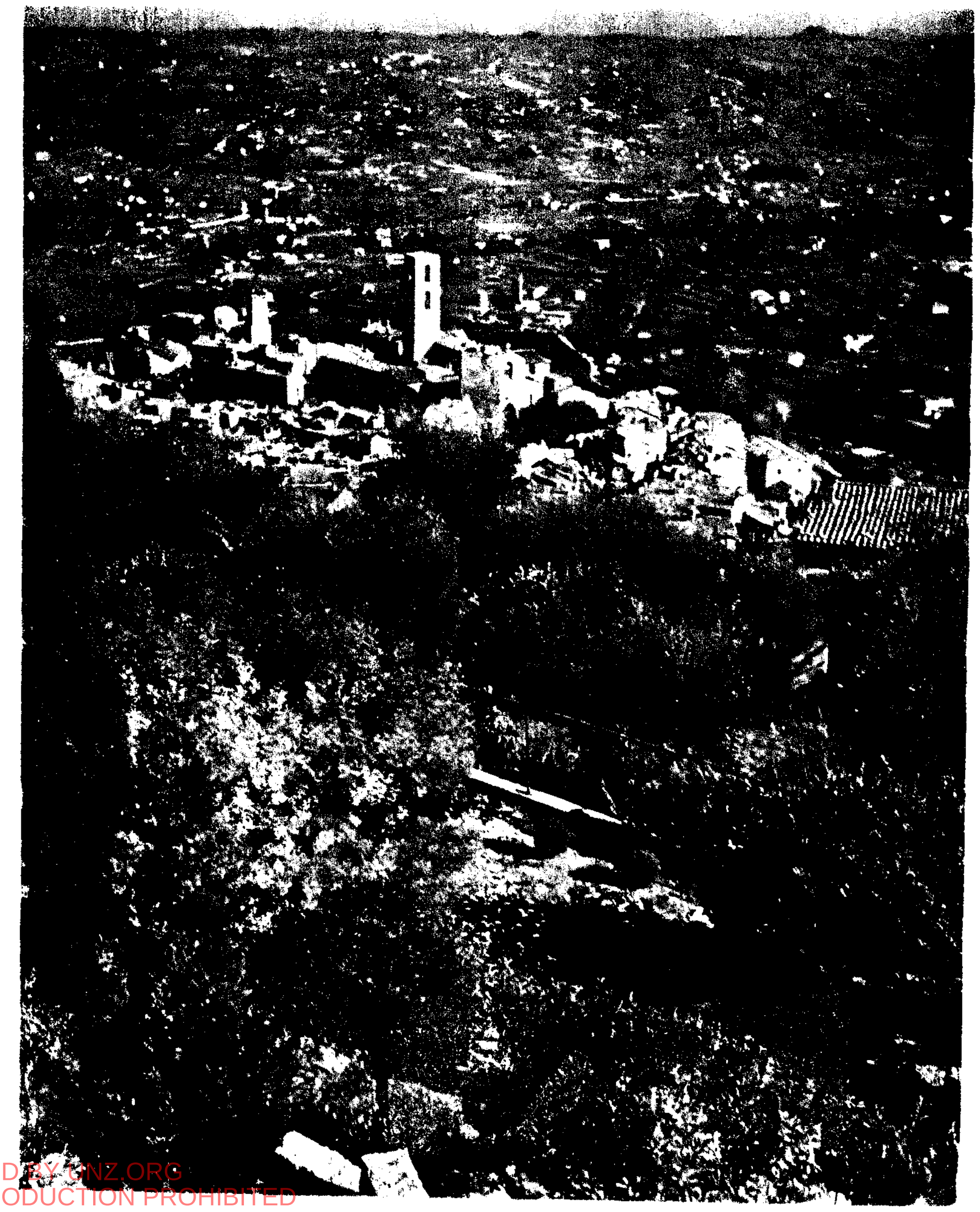
In Grasse I was shown formulas, each of which filled a thick book. These formulas are the top secret documents of the odor industry, more elaborately guarded than general staff files.

It is utterly impossible to "steal" a formula by chemical analysis. Accustomed to hiding formulas from one another, even from their own staffs, perfumers are mindful of other mischances—fire, earthquake, war. So the working copies in Grasse safes are not the only ones. Each firm has

(Continued on page 58)



Another method of capturing the essence of flower odors is "enfleurage." Blooms are placed on trays coated with lard and allowed to stand. Essential oils are retained



This is Grasse, draped on a hillside high above the Mediterranean. About 2,000 of its total population of 20,000 work in the perfumeries, the rest in related activities

### HOW TO USE PERFUME

**Here are hints from an expert "Nose," who creates some of the exotic odors treasured by women the world over.**

**"Enlist nature to help you broadcast your favorite perfume. Swab it generously under your arms. Atomize it lightly over your coiffure. Take a tip from Cleopatra—moisten the spaces between your fingers and toes and at the back of your knees. A last faint dab behind the ears and under the chin won't hurt.**

**"Don't get too sunburned. Tanned skin doesn't 'send' well. Since no two skins react the same with identical perfume, don't buy one just because it smells nice on your friend. And don't let the salesgirl wet her wrist and shove it under your nose. Test it on a neutral part of your skin—the palm. Don't either test or use it ever on clothes. Different materials give varying and often disagreeable results with a scent. Moreover, quality perfume—because of its essential oils—stains. You should have a complete wardrobe in perfumes to suit different times of day, seasons and moods."**

# THE BOSOM OF ME FAMILY

## BY LOUIS PAUL

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

**It isn't every day you meet a man like Tim Denning, as merry and irresponsible an Irishman as ever made a Christmas pilgrimage**

TIM DENNING said, "I want me pay."

"You're drunk," said the timekeeper.

"True." Tim shook his head slowly from side to side. "But I'll take me pay anyway."

"You'll have to see the foreman."

"If I was the trouble-makin' kind, sonny, I'd offer to go a round with ye on the spot."

"Go a round with the foreman," said the timekeeper. "I got all this work to do."

Dressed in his tight new street clothes, Tim went into the shop to look for the foreman. "There's the slave-driver," he muttered to himself. "Ah there, Jack Strunsky." Tim stepped carefully, maintaining a pretty equilibrium, as was his habit when tight. "I'll have me time, Jack."

Strunsky wiped his fingers on a piece of waste. The *whoosh* and the *whack* of the great presses stamping out metal automobile parts made conversation difficult. "Why don't you go home and—"

Tim cupped his hands over his mouth. "I want me time! Tell that lily-livered pen pusher in there to make up me time."

Strunsky walked with him to the office. "What's the matter?"

"Nothin'," said Tim. "It come to me all of a sudden in Moriarty's bar. I[illegible] homesick. I guess it's the Christ[illegible] season that done it. There's a family somewheres that needs me."

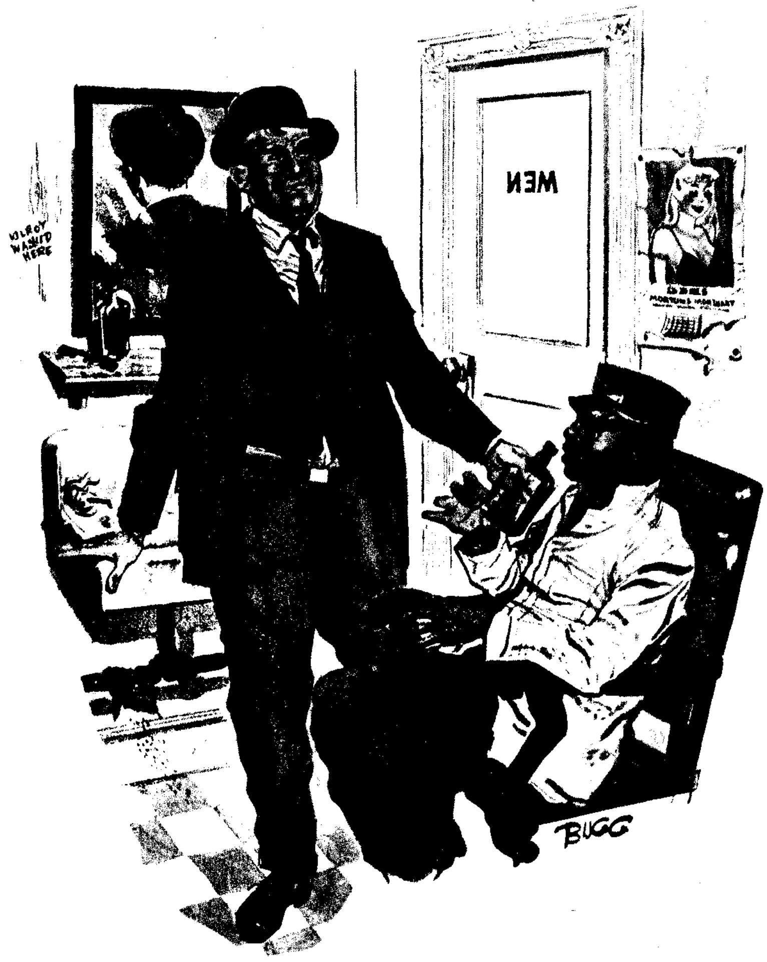
"I thought you was a bachelor."

"Say, I got two—wait a minute—I got *three* of the prettiest kids you ever laid eyes on. One day about five years ago," he added reminiscently, "I went off to look for a job in a war plant, and damn me if I didn't get it. Me, I ain't much of a hand at letter writin', so I guess they think I'm dead. Little Oliver ought to be about nine by this time. Might be my daughter Helenmarie's married. And Walt—I expect Walt's plumb growed up to manhood." He sighed. "Time flies, don't it, Jack?"

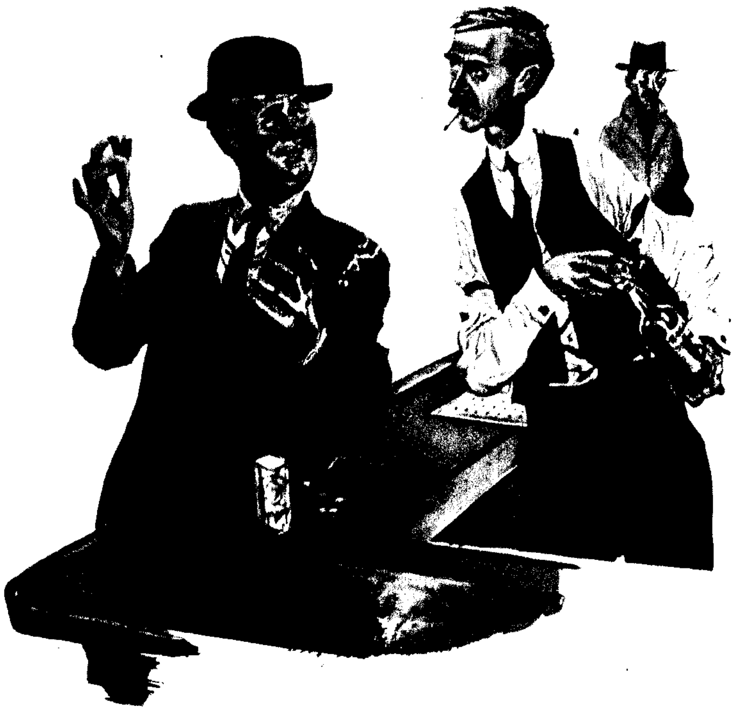
"You really want your pay?"

"Once I make me mind up, drunk or sober, I'm like a lighthouse in a storm. I'm beyond argyment, I am."

Strunsky turned to the timekeeper. "Figure him up his time, Joe, and I'll okay it." The foreman nodded at Tim. "This was an easy snap you had here, what with union pay and all the overtime you wanted."



Tim handed over the bottle. "Well, have a swaller, anyway, Willie"



"Moriarty," Tim said, "me entrails is twisted up with homesickness"

"I got a sum of it tidied away."

"The plant don't like to keep changing men. Why don't you bring your folks out here?"

"It ain't them that's homesick, Jack. This year I'm spendin' Christmas in the bosom of me family." Tim grasped the foreman's big hamlike hand. "Partin'," he mumbled sentimentally, "is such sweet sorrer—that's a sayin' from the pen of Longfeller. Ye're the salt o' the earth, Jackie boy. I never worked seven whole straight months with nobody before in me life, and that's the truth, may I be struck down by a belt o' lightnin' if it ain't. Ah, Jack Strunsky, I'll remember ye on me deathbed."

"That's mighty thoughtful of you."

Out in the clear winter sunlight Tim counted his money, sighed again, and began talking to himself as was his custom. "After the stress and strain of everything, me belly cries out for a nip o' the medicine, it does. I think I'll saunter back to Moriarty's for a quick one . . . Well, well, 'tis friendly Moriarty himself that stands behind the bar!"

"I thought you'd quit and gone."

The bartender set out the tumbler and Tim blew into it to rid it of clinging lint. "Moriarty, me entire entrails is twisted up with the gripe o' homesickness. D'ye know what the hills look like at Christmastime where I come from?"

"Just about what they look like where anybody else comes from."

"Moriarty, you're no poet."

"True enough," admitted the saloonkeeper. "It's a shortcomin' I never took much pains to conceal."

"And the clear blue skies above the snow-covered medders— Why, if the church'd give me absolution, which I doubt, I'd as lieve lay down and die in order to get a closer view of them skies above Piney Ridge."

"I'll hate to lose your trade."

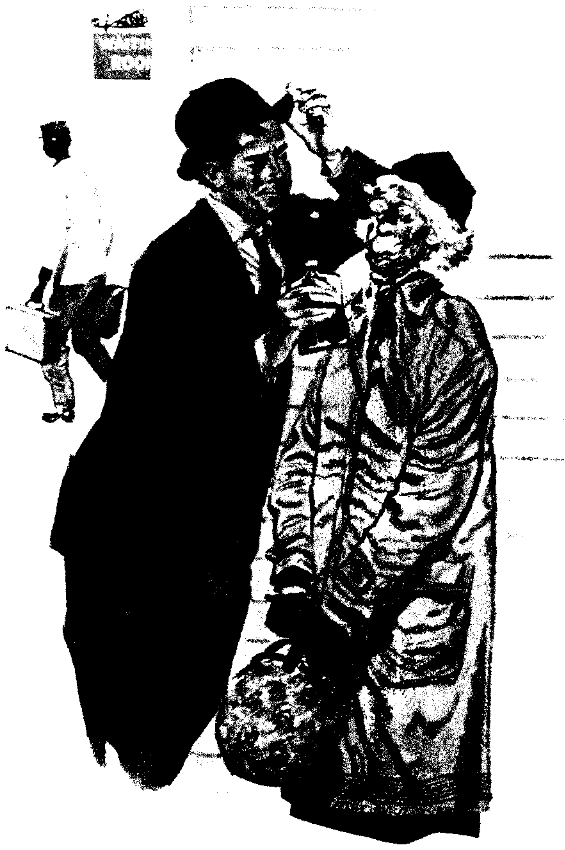
"It's as long as it is broad, John. Who do you think'll take the pennant in the National League next year?"

"Who would I, now?"

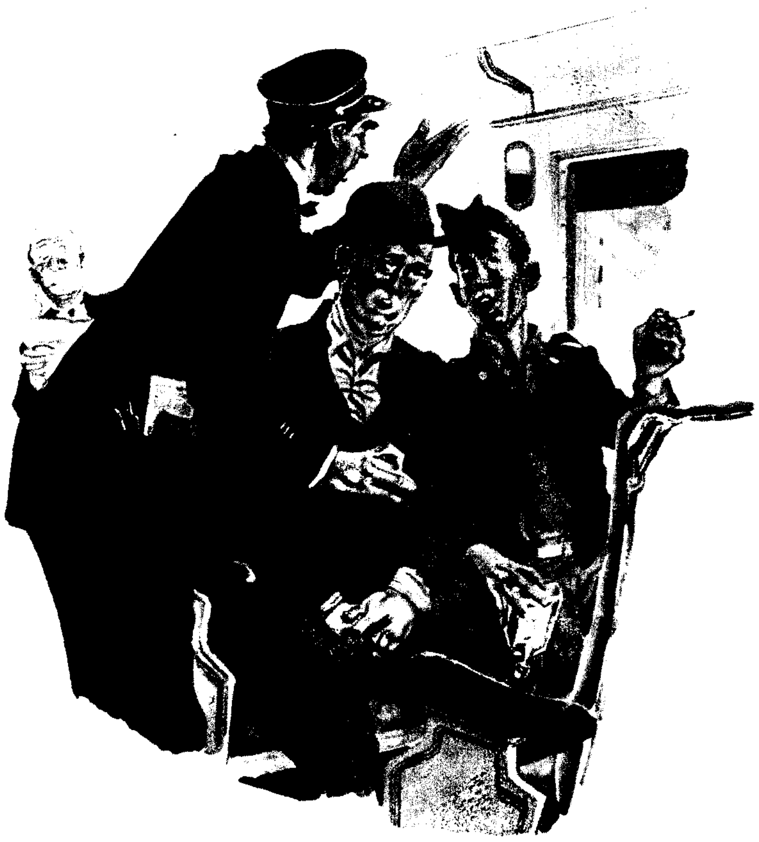
"Yes, but they're not what they was in McGraw's day."

"Neither is any of us. Well, goodby. And good luck."

These libations to the holiday spirit had merely the effect of causing Tim to walk with a more calculated balance. Like a ballet dancer, he strolled toward the ticket office at the station as though he were certain of receiving



“Pst,” Tim said whipping out his bottle and presenting it to the old lady



Then together, the three of them chorded out one chorus pianissimo

appreciative notices from discerning critics for his performance. “Skinner's Falls, ma'am,” he told the lady behind the window.

She had to look it up on a large chart. “Skinner's Falls. Oh, yes. I shan't be able to give you a through ticket. You'll have to change at—”

“Say what it costs and have done with it!” Tim exclaimed. “I'm a man with homesickness eatin' away at me very vittles.” He slapped a hundred-dollar bill down before the wicket.

“Here you are, sir,” murmured the lady, trying to keep her face away from the direct line of his breath. “It leaves on Track One in half an hour.”

Tim said, “Tell me, have the Republicans any chance at all, ma'am in the forthcomin' elections?”

“I'm sure I know very little about pol—”

“May I?” said a voice behind him.

“Certainly,” said Tim. “You got the same right to buy a ticket here that anybody else has. This country still isn't a dictatorship. I was just leavin' anyway.”

“You're very considerate.”

“It's second nature,” asserted Tim. “Now for a nip of the old medicine.”

IN THE bar across the street, he thought he'd prepare for what the future might bring, and had a pint wrapped up to put in his back pocket. “You ever been in a Ohio jail?” he asked the bartender.

“Not me. I never leave any clues.”

“Then there's nothing more to be said on that score.” Tim blew out his glass. “What time does this 3:53 train usually pull out?”

“On the button.”

“Well, here's to the United Nations. See you if you're ever in my neck o' the woods.”

A whistle blew, and Tim hurried over to the platform. It wasn't the 3:53, but another one going the other way. He decided to pay his respects to the washroom before train time. Tim woke the colored attendant, who was dozing in a converted shoe-shine chair. “Here's a quarter before I forget it, Willie.”

“Yassuh. Lemme fetch you a towel.”

“Thanks. You ever been homesick, Willie?”

“My name's Paul. Nossuh. Ain't no excuse to. I was bo'n about a square and a half from dis rareroad station.”

Tim unwrapped the new bottle of Irish and quickly had the cap off. “Well, have a swaller anyway, Willie.”

The Negro lifted the skin on his face in some surprise. Gingerly he accepted the new bottle and drank for the sake of sociability. Tim gulped down a healthy swig.

“What do you figger's the best thing in life, Willie?”

“My name's Paul, suh. Ah expect it's what you ain't got that's the best thing in life.”

“How's that?”

“Oh, like not bein' in the lockup, like not owin' the finance comp'ny or bein' wolf-hongry or mad at somebody who gonna cut you wid a knife some dark night.”

“Well, much obliged for the lend of the towel.”

Out on the platform again, he looked up and down the tracks, but the 3:53 was not yet in sight. Tim, who could never bear to remain silent when another human being was present, sidled over to a gray-haired old lady in a black bonnet. “Is it the 3:53 you'll be takin', ma'am?”

“What the hell's it to you?”

Tim smiled broadly. “I'm a humanitarian.”

“You're a drunk.”

“Well, they ain't mutually exclusive, as I ever heard of.”

“I *could* do with a small snort,” admitted the old lady. “It's blowin' up cold. By heaven, these Toonerville trains are enough to give a person the jivvers.”

“Pst,” said Tim. Motioning her behind the corner of the waiting room, he whipped out his bottle and presented it to her.

She took a healthy one, wheezed, and handed him back the bottle. “What manner of a bunko boy are you, Mister?”

“Me?” said Tim. “I'm a bum with a bellyful of work, if you must know.”

“I'm up for Christmas to see my grandson in the State Penitentiary,” the old lady told him. “He'll be out the end of next January. Then we're off to New York. It's been a long time.”

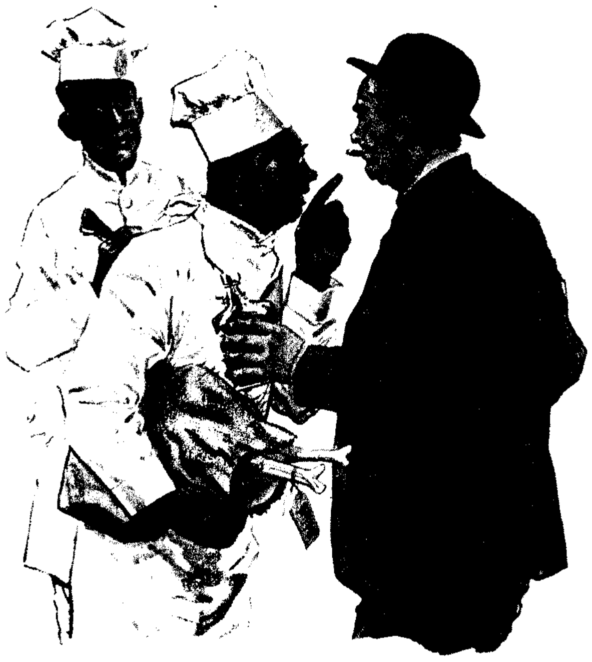
“Have another,” said Tim. “I'm practically a New Yorker meself. Spent seven months on Welfare Island.”

“Do you want the warden to smell it on my breath, man? I can see you're a dumb Irishman.”

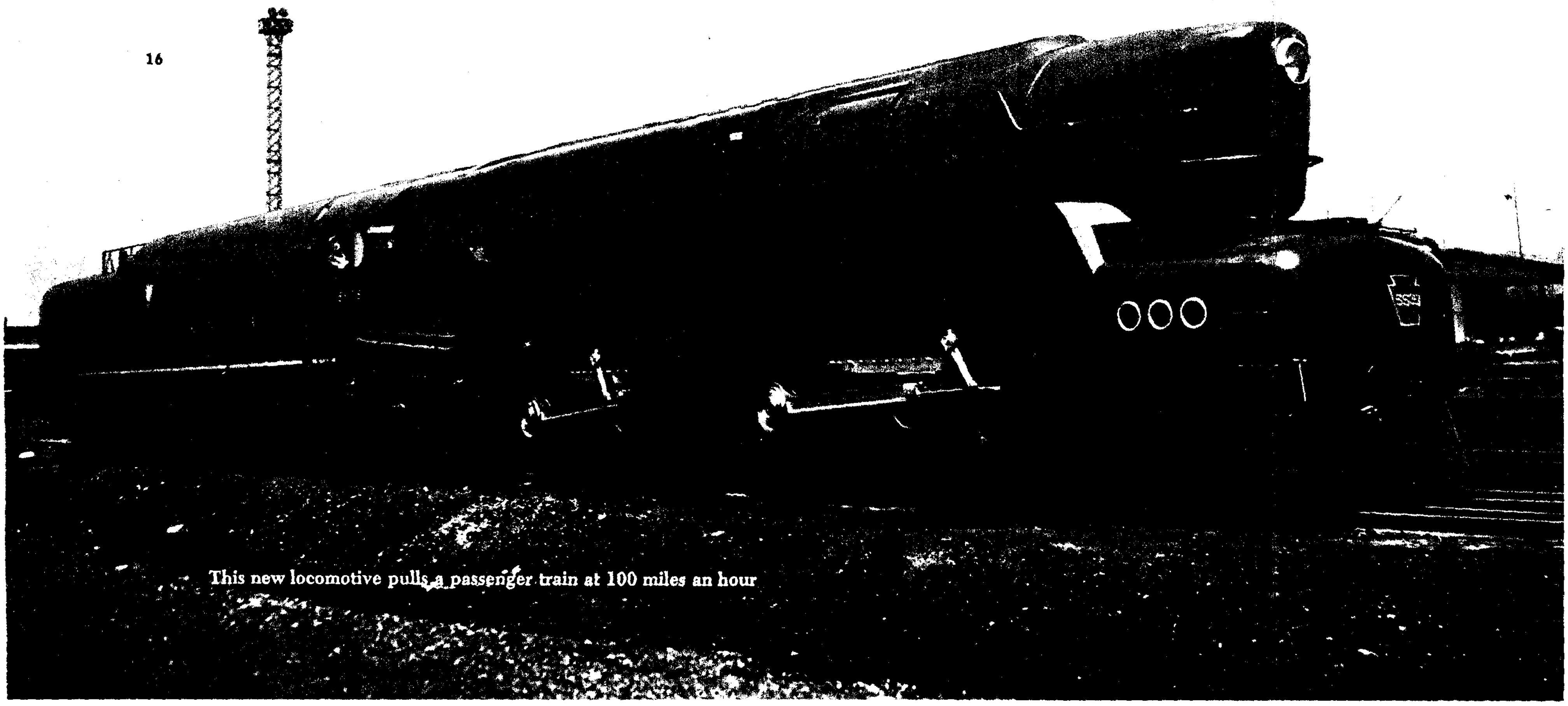
“'Tis only the dumb kind ye can trust. The smart ones are all in politics, and I don't have to tell you what politics is.”

A whistle blew in the distance. “I hear the rattletrap now, so make yourself scarce, bunko boy. If an officer

*(Continued on page 33)*



“We keep yo' turkey safe for you, boss, don't worry,” said the chef

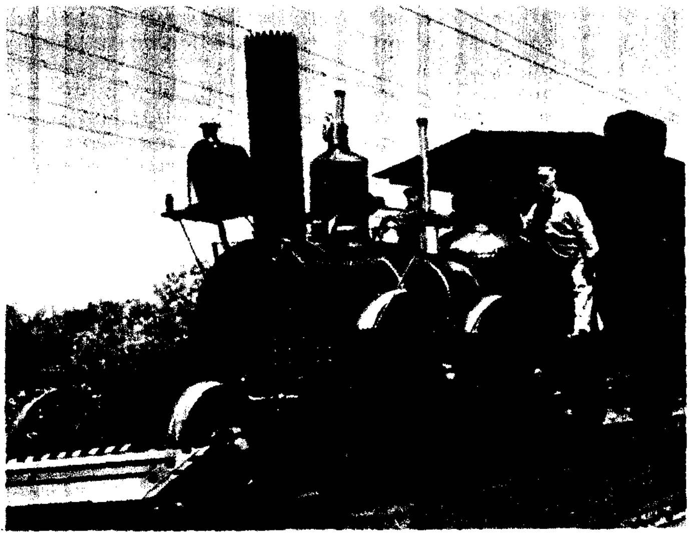

This new locomotive pulls a passenger train at 100 miles an hour

# THE RAILROADS FIGHT BACK

### BY KYLE CRICHTON

**Faced with stiff competition by planes and trucks, busses and barges, the railroads aren't scared. They're headed by a group of aggressive fighters who are set for a tough battle**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN


**A replica of America's oldest locomotive, the wood-burning John Bull. Its speed was 15 m.p.h.**

THE American railroads came out of the war battered, weary and greatly in need of rehabilitation. The praise they received for their war job was impressive and sincere, but it was plain that the Iron Horse was still far from being the Nation's Sweetheart. Not only had the airplane captured the country's fancy by its part in the fighting, but the railroads were faced with greater competition than ever before from busses and trucks.

In view of this, it might be felt that in all decency the railroads should conduct themselves with modest decorum, but it seems they have other ideas. Any airplane enthusiast, for example, who cherishes the notion that the railroads are on the run, should get himself invited to a session of executives of any of the major railroads.

If these are gentlemen intent on burying a railroad system, they are a most energetic lot of pallbearers.

These are the committees or groups that are wrestling with the railroads' postwar problems: replacement of war-weary equipment, development of new rolling stock for greater service, comfort, convenience and safety, and speeding up of traffic to meet the growing competition of the airplane, bus and truck.

Nearly fifty per cent of the railway mileage of the United States is operated by eleven systems. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe is the longest, with 13,092 miles of lines. Next are the Southern Pacific with 12,580, the New York Central with 11,820, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul with 10,723 and the Pennsylvania with 10,690. The Union Pacific, Missouri Pacific and the Chicago & Northwestern rank next with 9,780, 9,698 and 9,688 miles respectively. They are closely followed by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy with 8,987 miles, the Southern with 8,240 and the Rock Island with 7,749. The Pennsylvania, however, on account of the concentration of business that moves on its lines, has the greatest trackage: 26,109 miles of single, double and multiple track and sidings.

The Pennsylvania Railroad System has been selected to make the points in this discussion because it carries the heaviest traffic, both passenger and freight, in the country. In late years it has dropped the slogan "The Standard Railroad of the World," but it is still regarded in that light by most railroaders.

Its lines make up less than five per cent of the railroad mileage in the United States but it handles over eleven per cent of the nation's freight and normally eighteen to twenty per cent of its passenger business. It employs about 150,000 men and women, and operates in thirteen states and the District of Columbia. It owns approximately 5,000 locomotives, 240,000 freight cars and 7,000 passenger cars. The investment in the physical facilities that constitute the Pennsylvania's transportation plant approximates $3,000,000,000.

The Pennsylvania celebrated its one-hundredth anniversary this year. When the executive staff meets on Monday afternoons in the Broad Street Station Building, Philadelphia, it resembles the cabinet of a small empire sitting down with the prime minister to thrash out the problems of the kingdom. As he sits at the head of the table, M. W. (Martin Withington) Clement, president of the Pennsylvania, can look down a row of vice-presidents and other department heads, most of whom are large, physically strong and romantically attached to railroading. After a century of success they might be pardoned a slight hardening of the intellect, but instead they are tough, aggressive competitors, very hard to handle in a clinch.

When General Atterbury turned over the presidency of the Pennsylvania to Mr. Clement, he called Clem "unquestionably the ablest railroad executive in the United States"—but this is no eulogy of Clement. For the purpose of this article, he is a symbol of railroad executives. As a class they are a group of hard hitters who have come up through the ranks. Furthermore, they are paying for the sins of their predecessors. The railroads were originally a monopoly and acted like one.

There was a day when they practically ran America. They controlled legislatures, governors, United States senators and even Presidents. They tossed good will around so recklessly that eventually they found they had none. As recently as General Atterbury's time, he was both president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and a member of the Republican National Committee for Pennsylvania. Clement's first action as president was to make it known that the railroad was no longer the right arm of Pennsylvania's G.O.P.

### Must Wage Aggressive Warfare

It would be an exaggeration to say that the point has been reached where the railroads must either regain their old eminence or become a secondary form of transportation, but it is certainly true that only by carrying the fight to their competitors can they hold their position. That battle began even during the depression when innovations in equipment began to turn public favor again toward the railroads. The new streamlined trains, initiated in the West by the Burlington, were soon followed by similar ones on other roads, and postwar improvements are expected to add to their attractiveness and beauty.

"For years we carried people on their vacations," says Mr. Clement, "but the vacation only started when they reached their destination. Before air conditioning and electrification, you had to dig the cinders out of your eyes before you could see the scenery. Now the vacation starts when you get on the train. Trains are spacious and you can move around. In addition to good food and air conditioning, we're going to have amusements and entertainment en route. It'll be a vacation from the minute the passenger leaves home."

Before the war, the Pennsylvania had started to pour out millions for passenger equipment introducing new designs and appointments. The road pioneered in the adoption of roomette and duplex-room sleeping cars, and it is no secret that the management believes the time is not very far distant when open berths will entirely disappear from all standard types of sleeping cars and every passenger will have a private-room accommodation of some kind.

On the Long Island lines, experiments were tried with double-decker commutation cars. These proved successful, and an additional number are being constructed. Each of the double-deckers will hold 132 passengers, as against less than 80 in the old-style coaches.

The Pennsylvania is now resuming its equipment program and has already placed orders for 326 cars of various types, but so far has made no announcement concerning details of any new designs that may be on the way.

However, it is well known that the car builders of the country, in consultation with the engineering staffs of the large railroads, have worked out a variety of new plans and arrangements. For example, American Car & Foundry has developed a radically new treatment of interior lighting for day coaches, which is equally applicable to daylight or artificial light through a process of diffusion. Pullman has produced a day-night coach with chaise seats and curtains that give semiprivacy to passengers. Pullman is also building diners with tables placed diagonally, so that passengers can reach inside seats without having to squeeze behind other patrons.

There will be club dining cars with semicircular snack bars and cocktail lounges. There may be self-service grill cars and cafeterias complete with soda fountains. Pullman has developed a play car for children. American Car & Foundry has a "junior room," with bed for Mother and fenced-in cot for the baby. Pullman has a recreation car with cocktail lounge, night-club appointments and moving-picture theater. There will be cars with beauty parlors and barbershops. Many trains will have public-address systems, radio music and recorded music.

### Progress in Depression Years

In short, the railroads are not going to surrender; they are already in the fight up to their ears. Clement has been in the battle from the start, because he took over as president of the Pennsylvania in 1935, just after the depth of the depression.

For years the road had been faced with a problem on its New York-Washington line. Though multiple-tracked, traffic was getting too heavy for it. There were the alternatives of constructing new tracks or increasing the capacity of the existing trackage. Decision was made to electrify from New York, through Philadelphia and Baltimore, to Washington, and the project was then extended to include the main line from Philadelphia to Harrisburg, Pa. The total cost was $150,000,000.

Work had already started when the stock market crashed and the bottom fell out of American business. Railroads were going into bankruptcy right and left, but Clement, by drastic cutting of overhead and controlling all costs of operation, not only finished the electrification program but managed to pay a dividend every year and had the road in wonderful condition to take care of the enormous and unparalleled business of the war years. The Pennsylvania has paid a cash return to its stockholders in every year since 1847.

Clement is a tough, competent six-footer weighing around two hundred pounds. He is in his sixty-fifth year, but when anything goes wrong on the road his secretaries lash down the furniture and prepare for the storm. Nobody is spared, from vice-presidents to baggagemen. He has a large, extensive and sulphurous vocabulary which is the envy of milder men. His mind works so fast that he is often rough on men not so agile, but he likes a fight

*(Continued on page 30)*

**Executive meeting of the Pennsylvania. Going around the table from extreme left of picture: John Dickinson, vice-president and general counsel; J. F. Deasy, vice-president in charge of operations; M. W. Clement, president; W. M. Pomeroy, general traffic manager; C. D. Young, vice-president in charge of real estate, purchases and insurance; J. C. White, vice-president, New York; T. J. Ross, adviser in publicity; J. R. Downes, vice-president, assistant to the president; George H. Pabst, Jr., vice-president in charge of finance and corporate relations; Elmer Hart, comptroller; and J. Taney Willcox, secretary**

**How does today's ex-G.I. compare with the doughboy returning from World War I? What does the bobby-soxer have that the flapper lacked? A veteran of World War II presents some of the answers**

# THE FLAPPERS' CHILDREN

### BY ROBERT C. RUARK

Jitterbugs, while not truly representative of modern youth, have a terrific impact on the public consciousness

MORSE

The teen-age girl of today affects sloppy clothes, likes to be with her kind and still patronizes the soda fountain

JERRY COOKE

ALONE of the three popular spokesmen for the Jazz Age, the generation following World War I, Anita Loos is actively kicking. F. Scott Fitzgerald, who wrote starkly of that first experiment into chaos, is long dead. John Held, Jr., the cartoonist who memorialized flaming youth as brief-skirted flappers and coonskinned sheiks, has hung up his pen.

Fitzgerald, Held and Miss Loos capsuled the defeatism, the uncertainty, the roistering and rebellion of the Jazz Age, the Roaring Twenties, the Era of Wonderful Nonsense and of the Lost Generation. Only the last title was misleading; they weren't really lost—they were mildly puzzled and overfond of dramatizing their bewilderment.

Miss Loos, whose pen easily captured the youth of the twenties, confesses she is fumbling when she attempts to draw a comparison between that generation and this, the bobby-soxer as contrasted to the whoopee girl.

"They are dissimilar social types, and they differ in age," says Miss Loos, the writer who still affects a short, 1920 bob. "But at least, the flapper wore clean underwear. The bobby-soxer is a bundle of all the appetites, in a permanent frenzy to achieve them. There the similarity stops."

For a period of goldfish eating, flagpole sitting, dramatic despair, whoopee, raw gin and prohibition's by-products, such as idealized gangsterism, the various tags were apt and incisive. They wrapped the decade into a nice neat package.

### No Moniker That Will Fit

Unfortunately, neither Miss Loos nor any other expert has been able to define the post-World War II generation. That's due either to a lack of creative imagination or the fact that we have become so complex that nobody can hang an all-inclusive handle on us. The closest has been that overworked word "atomic."

What sort of people are we, anyhow, the legatees of World War II? Can you trace the profile of America after two wars?

Well, here's one title for our age, The Era of Considerable Confusion. Another is The Decade of Muted Merriment, or The Age of Uneasy Riches. Ours is the period of intangibles. False prosperity, meaningless money, consumer-goods shortages. People wonder aloud if a small, quiet crash, or recession mightn't restore again the speaking power of money in the kick. It is a fidgety interim between two orders, with yesterday's security quivering before a new unpredictable age.

There's no neat caption for a year of conversion from triumphant war to uncertain peace. Rich and poor couldn't buy soap and houses, red meat and pants. In a season of voluntary unemployment among some veterans, employers screamed for help, because the ex-G.I. preferred to take it easy on relief rather than sweat for a take-home salary of $40 or $50. Maids got a dollar an hour, and were as scarce as soap flakes. Hash slingers walked off with a nontaxable $100 and up in the week's tips, while white-collar folks barely met the rent. A political party was kicked out of office, partly by housewives, irked at the infrequence of diapers and butter. Black markets and shortages began to disappear when the economics of the land tumbled back into the hands of the consumer.

We attempted to feed millions abroad and went sporadically hungry at home. Our ambassador to Yugoslavia toted an engraved tommy gun as the government's gift to Marshal Tito. He thanked us by ordering American aircraft shot down. We rioted because of nylons and Tennessee politics. A governor of Georgia, through a political technicality, strode into office over the popular vote. It was a nightmare of queues—meat queues, sugar queues, butter queues—of shirt, pants, stocking, flour, lard, diaper, mink-coat, moving-picture, night-club, soap and shoe queues.

### Queer Doings Everywhere

There were unexplained plunges in the stock market, the first being blamed on the broadcast of a Broadway columnist. Divorce leaped to the alarming proportion of one for every three marriages. The year included a play-off for the pennant in the National League; graft scandals in Congress; public sneers at the President; senseless strikes and paralysis in industry.

The popular adjectives of our generation are confused, subdued, bewildered and hesitant. We have been sober in the face of heavy drinking, and our gaiety has been forced. For the first time, a man felt limited glee in a sackful of money, because it bought him very little.

The principles of Horatio Alger, Jr.—that early rising, industry and frugality are cardinal points on the high road to health, wealth and marital bliss with the boss' daughter—are wasted on a brood which is both hamstrung by taxes and unwilling to bet that there will *be* a 1955.

Pregnant mothers fret unduly about the chances of seeing Junior through high school, and the insurance companies mope quietly, hoping the atom will go away.

Miss Loos ventures that our new postwar generation is wiser, less prone to self-pity, more capable of being adequate parents, less moral than the heroes and heroines of her confrere, Mr. Fitzgerald.

"Scott's people were horrible and dull," she says. "I think this crop is less likely to lie down and moan 'What's the use?' They are, at least, harder in the head than the young folks of twenty years ago."

We are smarter and more bitter in our knowledge, since so many more millions of us had intimate contact with the world and war. We went everywhere, saw everything.

"My God, we were a dumb bunch in the twenties," a veteran of World War I was musing not long ago. "We never read anything except financial pages, sports pages and comic strips. The peak in prestige was to know a good speak-easy and own a tubful of nonexplosive gin. Politics was something other people were concerned with. There was some vague talk of Wilson and the Fourteen Points, but the points we talked about applied mostly to football games."

We are surely more curious and better informed today than our uncles and fathers two decades past. We read more; we worry more about the caliber of our hired hands in Washington, and less about the width of our trouser cuffs and the quality of our private stock.

Our mental age has sharply tilted, which is provable by the feverish correspondence aimed at editors. Rarely, now, does a columnist receive scrawled post cards saying: "Mr. Jones, you are a stinking dirty rat." He gets, instead, a carefully penned or typewritten treatise on why he, Mr. Jones, is off-keyed in his thinking, with staggering arrays of facts and figures to prove the writer's point of view.

"Veterans" of the first World War could scarcely be called representative of the nation. The draft was a formal joke. The fighting was nearly over before we got into it. Few of the population took part—and it ended while a great many of our disappointed youngsters were down with the flu before they got overseas. That war's locale was largely European, forbidding a wide acquaintance with the rest of the world. It was an isolated conflagration so far as America was concerned, and it never bit very deeply into our hides. It was somebody else's fight, not ours.

We live today among a population which is sophisticatedly conversant with Everywhere. The garage mechanic was a Marine on Bougainville. The milkman was the only survivor of his platoon at Cassino. The doctor was at Bastogne; the grocer was a supply sergeant on Tinian; the cab-driver pushed a B-29 from Guam to Honshu, and the lawyer packed a dagger for the Office of Strategic Services.

Remote dots on the atlas have forced 140 millions of us to recognize that a civil war in the Balkans or a blood-letting in Indo-China no longer may be dismissed as the odd vagary of a bunch of furriners. Whereas the Americans of post-World War I could be splendidly, if a bit stupidly, aloof from the rest of the globe, the present incumbents are as close to the British Labor party as to a primary in Oklahoma. Mr. Willkie's One World has strapped a burden to the national back which was at least 90 per cent unperceived twenty-five years ago.

### From Zoot Suiter to G.I.

The ecstatic moans of a group known as bobby-soxers, and the violent physical exertions of its jitterbug male counterpart are heard and felt, but still cannot be called representative of national youth. The bobby-soxer, far from growing into a formal flapper, has shown considerable talent for settling soberly into the routine of a business girl. The zoot suit fits only a small section of thwarted youth. It's not a universal uniform, because about the time said youth had become too big for his reet pleats, a benevolent Uncle scooped him up and thrust him into a common denominator called G.I.

The bobby-soxer is a product of wartime stress. When the draft was shuttling her male contemporary into uniform, the teen-aged girl spent her emotions on a few draft-exempt symbols like Frank Sinatra and the other warty-voiced baritones. Inchoate emotions were transferred to voices

*(Continued on page 61)*

KEYSTONE

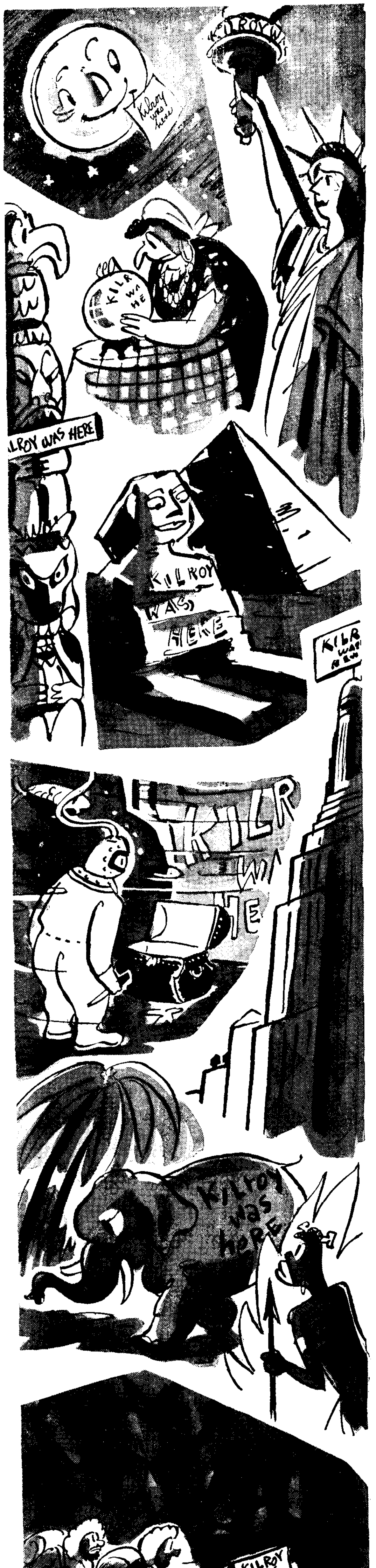
In the twenties, the peak of prestige was to know a good speak-easy, or to own a tubful of gin. Nowadays drinking is less frenetic but steadier

KEYSTONE

The Walkathon of the post-World War I era was a none-too-refined form of torture. Flagpole sitting was also popular about this time

Below, three smart racing fans of the 1920s. Flappers often dressed as though they were trying to be very devilish but didn't know exactly how

KEYSTONE



If men ever land on the moon, they'll find that Kilroy was there first. Any G.I. will bet on it

# WHO'S KILROY?

### BY BILL DAVIDSON

LAST summer, when the first of the atomic bomb tests was held at Bikini Atoll, everything went pretty much according to schedule, except for one minor item. The venerable old battleship New York was towed into the target area, checked by its crew, and then abandoned, like the other target craft, when every human being was ordered out of the target area. The crew took one last affectionate glance at the famous battle wagon and noticed nothing untoward. The next day the bomb was dropped.

According to the record, not a single human being reapproached the New York until Admiral Blandy pronounced the area safe a few days later and sent in a boarding party bristling with Geiger counters and other protective devices. When the boarding party reached the New York, it emitted a long, collective gasp. For chalked in huge letters on the port side of the New York, were the words, "Kilroy was here."

This is the most famous of the "Kilroy was here" stories, but it is only one of several million times that that strange inscription has mysteriously appeared in incongruous places all over the world. Nobody really seems to know its meaning, or who writes it, or why. The only positive factor is that it originated with G.I.s during the war, and it is largely ex-G.I.s who continue to scribble it now.

And scribble it they do. "Kilroy was here" is lettered on the very tip of the torch of the Statue of Liberty, on the bullet-scarred base of the Marco Polo Bridge in China, and, reverentially, near the eternal flame of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. When a famous steeplejack was hired recently to do some work on the topmost structure of the George Washington Bridge in New York, he found these words, tauntingly inscribed in the most inaccessible section of one of the towers.

When the first boatload of Americans poured onto the Queen Elizabeth for that seagoing giant's first trip as a transport during the war, they found "Kilroy was here" neatly carved into the fine wood railings of the ship, and they immediately proceeded to follow suit by adding their own initials.

Today, you can see "Kilroy was here" written on sidewalks, houses, trucks and packing cases, including those in which the Belgian government sent three young wild elephants from the Congo last September. A woman recently caused a sensation by walking down Michigan Boulevard in Chicago with the words chalked boldly on the back of her coat. She swore to the police that she didn't know it was there, or how it got there.

German *Fräuleins* know the phrase, and in the Pacific, American soldiers have observed tiny Polynesian and Melanesian children spelling it out with coral beads. In China, an anti-American riot was suddenly and peacefully broken up when a local police chief pointed to a faded "Kilroy was here" chalked on the side of a building, thus graphically reminding the rioters that millions of Kilroys had contributed to their liberation.

It is in the washrooms of the world that Kilroy seems to flourish best, however. There probably isn't a men's room or latrine on any of the islands or continents that has not borne his imprint. In some strange way, he has managed to get into powder rooms, too, to the accompaniment of many a lifted feminine eyebrow. Perhaps the best of Kilroy's washroom excursions took place at Potsdam, Germany, during the postwar meeting of the Big Three.

As in all Army installations, the latrines in the conference palace were graded according to the rank of the users. There were several enlisted men's latrines (in the servants' quarters), a handful of better latrines for company-grade officers up to the rank of captain, a couple of de luxe latrines for majors, lieutenant colonels and colonels, an ultrafancy bathroom for generals, and a breath-taking, ballroomlike, marble chamber for the VIPs (Very Important Personages—in this case, Truman, Attlee and Stalin). Guards were posted on this VIP bathroom day and night.

On the second day of the conference, Generalissimo Stalin came popping out of this magnificent lavatory, spouting in Russian to one of his aides. An American interpreter standing near by swore to a Yank correspondent that what Stalin was trying to find out was: "Who is this Kilroy?"

This same question has been asked by several million other people on several million other occasions. So many people have written to the Army's Adjutant General in Washington asking, "Who is Kilroy?" that on September 27, 1946, a major of that department announced to the Associated Press that, though the Army had the complete low-down on 10,000,000 World War II G.I.s, it knew absolutely nothing about Kilroy. "As far as we are concerned," the major concluded, "this Kilroy simply doesn't exist."

This is a verdict open to much dispute on the part of the above-mentioned 10,000,000 ex-G.I.s. Nearly all of them claim to have some knowledge of the original Kilroy, and how he got started on his mad campaign of scribbling.

## Some Versions of the Legend

One of the most widely accepted theories is that Kilroy was a sergeant in the Pacific who went A.W.O.L. while his outfit was engaged in island-hopping. By the time Sergeant Kilroy got back from his little excursion, his outfit had moved on, and Kilroy has been trying to catch up with them ever since. Wherever he goes, he writes "Kilroy was here" in order to keep his company commander informed as to his whereabouts, and to let that harried officer know that he is honestly attempting to find his way back to his outfit.

Another basic theory is that Kilroy was an Infantry sergeant who got tired of hearing the Air Forces—and especially the Air Transport Command—brag about their accomplishments, and decided to take them down a peg or two. Thus, whenever the ATC made ready to set up a new base in some godforsaken part of the world, Kilroy took it on himself to get there first and scribble his message that he had already been there, and that the Air Forces, by implication, weren't such hot potatoes. Actually, the ATC *did* find such a sign at practically every base they opened.

Conversely, the Air Forces claim that *they* had a Sergeant Kilroy who was responsible for scrawling the message on every new beachhead, just to keep the Infantry properly in its place. The Infantry *did* find "Kilroy was here" on the beaches at Casablanca, Gela, Anzio, the Philippines and Okinawa. They found it in hundreds of newly won French towns and on top of the Owen-Stanley Mountains of New Guinea. The 4th Division found it scrawled on a pillbox on Utah beach in Normandy, and the 1st Division found it on a pillbox on Omaha beach—both at approximately the same time.

However the legend got started, Kilroy has emerged as the new Paul Bunyan of the 20th century, to whom no place is too inaccessible nor any deed impossible. He is beloved of all ex-G.I.s—with a few exceptions. These exceptions, it seems, are all former servicemen whose names happen to be Kilroy. One of these, ex-Sergeant Joseph Kilroy of Seattle, Washington, recently told of a nightmarish experience in which he tried to register in hotels on his honeymoon trip.

## Family Name a Load of Grief

Ex-Sergeant Eugene Kilroy also had a few words to utter on the subject, speaking for himself and his brothers John, William and Raymond. "That Kilroy," roared Eugene, "gives us all a good stiff pain in the neck." He then went on to recount some of his difficulties in the Army. It seems that every time he met up with an MP, the conversation went something like this:

MP (to Kilroy): Hey, you! What's your name?

KILROY: Kilroy.

MP: Oh, a wise guy, eh? Let's see your pass, wise guy.

KILROY (showing MP the pass): Here we go again.

MP (reading pass): Now, look, wise guy. Either show me your pass, or I wrap this club around your noggin.

KILROY: But that *is* my pass. My name is Kilroy.

MP: Oh, it is, eh? Let's have a look at your dog tags. (Looks at dog tags) Well, I'll be damned. So your name *is* Kilroy.

KILROY: That's what I've been telling you.

MP: Okay, go ahead. (Pause) Hey, wait a minute! So you're Kilroy, eh?

KILROY: Yes.

MP: So you're the guy who's been defacing government property? (Triumphantly) All right, wise guy, let's take a walk down to the station.

But aside from annoying his namesakes and providing a certain amount of amusement to the world, Kilroy managed, on at least one occasion, to make monumental good sense. In the ruins of Hiroshima are several signs proclaiming: "Kilroy doesn't *want* to be here." ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY BARNEY TOBEY

KILROY WAS HERE

### BY MAURICE J. PHILLIPS

# COCKTAILS FOR ONE

**She had never seen his face; she couldn't remember his name. But she kept the date**

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

TOWARD the end of the day I like to drop in and say hello to Harry. No man I know is a better listener, and his presence alone is as soothing as the mellowest liqueur he serves.

One evening, strangely enough, Harry began to talk, and I sat up and listened for Harry is generally as chary with his speech as a six-year-old with his first allowance. . . .

Harry—I am setting this down in my own words from his interrupted, laconic version—did not see her at first. He was busy at the moment setting up a drink for Gibson, the reticent, serious-faced young man who had been coming in for about a week. Harry was conscious only that a warm, soft-scented figure had floated in, and when he turned around from putting a bottle away, she was already perched on the stool next to Gibson's, fumbling in her bag for a reassuring cigarette.

Approaching in rather ominous stride was Gregory, perturbed by the lack of patrons and nettled that she had escaped his officious vigilance.

"I'm sorry, miss," he said in his precise, dry voice, "but ladies are not permitted at the bar unescorted."

Without turning, the girl slowly removed the unlighted cigarette from her lips, her erect shoulders growing perceptibly more rigid. Harry had not seen this type at the bar in a long time, but he had observed them, young and eager and palpitatingly brave, in the subways; had seen them standing in defiant solitude at the Goldman Concerts on the Mall.

"She's a friend of mine, Greg, who just wants a Manhattan," Harry said without belligerence. "Besides, we're hardly beginning to fill up yet."

Gregory's face was a mask. "Rather sudden, your entertaining friends here, isn't it?" But he padded away.

The girl's smile was warm and frankly grateful. "Thanks," she said. "Did he think," she asked when he placed the cocktail before her, "that I wanted to pick up somebody?"

Harry, benevolent and exuding trust, wordlessly struck a match for her cigarette.

"As a matter of fact," she admitted with a wry smile. "I'm looking for a man whose name I don't remember, whose face I've never seen."

The folds in Harry's heavy-featured countenance creased indulgently. He nodded as though what she was saying made sense.

"I was in a general hospital in France," she said quickly, "working with the Red Cross. He came to us from the Ardennes. He was, well," she paused to sip the Manhattan, then her voice sought a protective monotone, "he'd got it pretty badly in the face. All you could see was his eyes, his lips, short brown hair standing up like weeds. The rest was bandages."

She returned to the cocktail and Harry glanced at Gibson who, he knew, could not help overhearing most of what she said. But the young man's face was even more impassive, more impenetrable than usual.

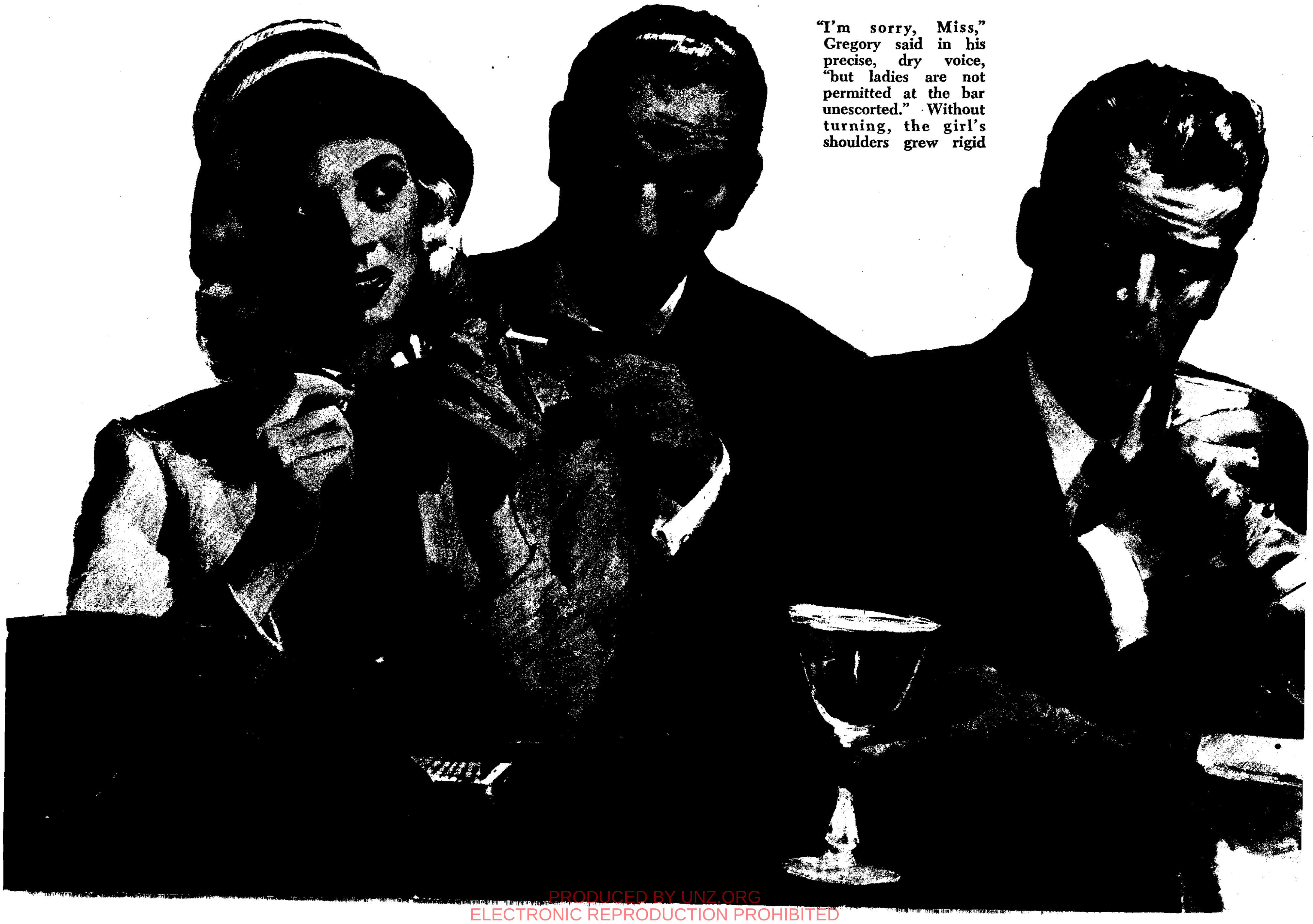
The first barrier of silence broken, the girl's reserve gave way more easily. During the hospitalization, she continued, she had done the usual things. Placed a lighted cigarette between his lips, talked to him, read a little, wrote a few letters to his mother. He'd had no girl.

"He seemed happy when I was with him. He couldn't talk but I did enough for both of us. He was a swell fellow—inside. I've seen enough. I can tell."

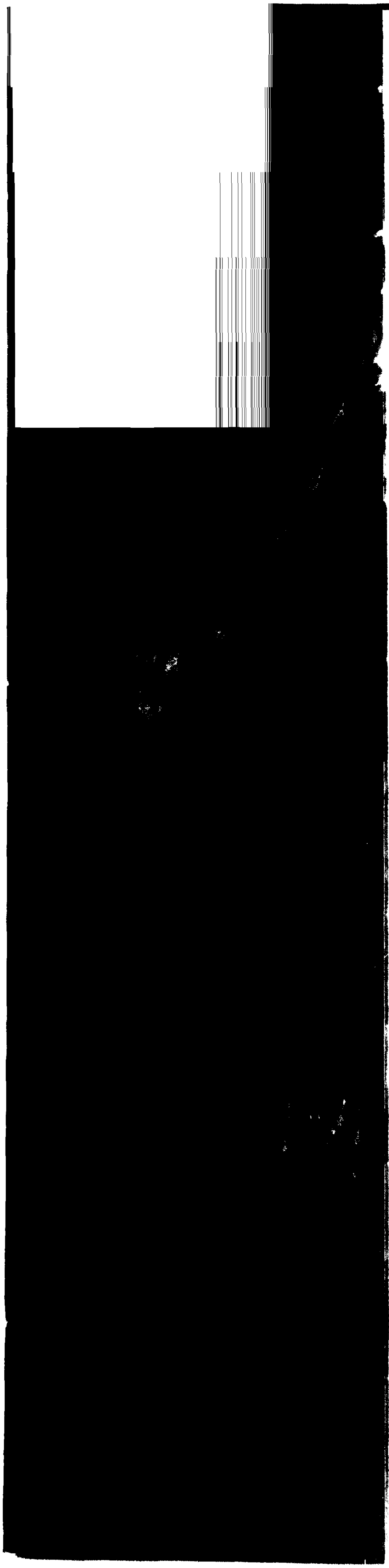
Harry nodded. He thought he could tell himself. "Do you remember his name?"

She shook her head. "I used to see so many soldiers, talk to them, often write their letters. It wasn't always easy. I guess I repressed their names so—" her eyes dropped to the circles she had been making on the bar with

*(Continued on page 71)*



"I'm sorry, Miss," Gregory said in his precise, dry voice, "but ladies are not permitted at the bar unescorted." Without turning, the girl's shoulders grew rigid



"Let me take your stuff," Eben said struggling with the luggage. "Looks like you aim to stay a spell." "Just a stopover," Carla assured him

# SLEEPING BEAUTY

## BY FAITH BALDWIN

*The Story:*

DR RICHARD KENT returns from Army service determined to ask fabulously beautiful CARLA FENTON to marry him. Before he finds an opportunity, however, Carla, now a graduate nurse, tells him she is going to marry one of her former patients, wealthy HARRY TRASK. Their marriage is a blow to Kent and also to MAGGIE EDWARDS, a girl who has loved Trask for years. After a few months, Carla and Harry's marriage begins to break up, and Harry is seen with his former mistress, divorcée LUCILLE STANLEY. Carla announces she is leaving Harry. He answers, "I'll never let you go . . ."

### II

MAGGIE EDWARDS opened the unlocked front door, and came into the tiny entrance hall, almost part of the living room. She had no time to call, because voices struck her like a blow: Carla saying, "It doesn't matter *what* you do, Harry"; and his shouting, "Before I let you leave me, I'll kill you!"

This pleasant room, with the lamp and firelight, the paneled walls and the bowls of greenhouse flowers, with the books and livable furniture, was not a room for shouting or violence. It was a room for laughter and for living, for friends, for happiness.

Maggie shrank back. Perhaps if she turned and went out, very quietly? She shivered, inside a greatcoat of soft gray fur. The scarf which bound her hair felt tight, constricting. There was snow on her galoshes and on her mittened hands. The figures in the lighted room, Harry's face convulsed, Carla's as she had never thought to see it, were oblivious of her entrance; they would not heed her departure.

The wind betrayed her. It had been blowing all day with a sulky, rising persistence. Perhaps it had smothered the sound of the brass knocker which she had let fall against the door. It rattled the storm windows; and now it betrayed her, for she had not closed the door. The bitter wind crept in, following her, making its chill presence felt and then slammed the door, suddenly, maliciously, loud as a pistol shot.

Harry's hands fell from Carla's shoulders and they both turned. Maggie looked at them voiceless. She had been smiling as she entered, having seen the lights, and Harry's car outside. Now the smile was frozen on her little face, quite without meaning, as if it were she who had shouted, she who had been apprehended in a naked situation. She flushed, but managed to say, in the placating and appealing way a child speaks, "I *did* knock, Carla!"

Harry said, "It's obvious that we didn't hear you." His voice which was, even now, louder than normal, dropped with an effort. He cried, with the sort of impatience familiar to her through her long knowledge of him, "For heaven's sake come in, then, don't stand there shuffling your feet!"

Maggie advanced with great reluctance, but Carla's face was now perfectly composed and Maggie said, quickly, "I got stuck just past the lower gate. It was easier to walk up the short drive than to the other house, and I thought Harry might have come home."

"Indeed," said Harry agreeably, "I did, and sooner than expected. I dropped my father off and rushed right home full of enthusiasm for my little love nest. Want a drink before we tackle the car, Maggie?"

She said, "No, no thanks. I'm on my way to dinner."

Carla said, "Take off your coat, Maggie, or you'll roast I can phone Mrs Trask and she'll send Jenkins down. He's a good mechanic."

"It's just stuck," Maggie said faintly.

"I'll take a look," Harry told her. He was conscious for the first time that he still wore his overcoat. He stooped and picked up his hat. When he straightened, his face was dark. He said, "Don't make with the innocence, Maggie. How long have you been here?"

She said anxiously, "Only a minute, Harry, then the door slammed."

"A minute's long enough," he said grimly. "Okay, talk it over. I'll be back."

He opened the door and left. They heard his car start, stop and start again and then drive off with the bumping, metallic clatter of chains.

Maggie said again, "I'm sorry, Carla. I wouldn't for the world—"

She was very close to tears. Carla said, "Do take off your coat. Here, let me help." She added, "It doesn't matter. You would have known, sooner or later."

Maggie said helplessly, "But what does it mean?"

Carla said, "Just what you heard, I expect; that I am going to leave Harry although he says he won't let me."

Maggie asked, "How could he?"

Carla put the coat on a chair. She said, "Please sit down. Are you sure you don't want something? A glass of sherry—?" Maggie shook her head. "Stupid, isn't it, to be practical and hospitable? But you look so stricken. Maggie, don't. It's best all around, believe me."

"Is it because of Lucille Stanley?" Maggie asked, and flushed again and went on quickly, "Don't answer that, I haven't any right, none at all."

"Of course, you have," said Carla. "You're Harry's friend and mine, too, I hope. And it isn't because of Lucille."

Maggie said, "I shouldn't even have mentioned—but people will talk, over the silliest things, and if it had reached you, you might not understand and if you accused Harry of anything, he'd get sore and—"

CARLA said, "You don't have to protect him, Maggie; nor me. I know about Lucille. Now, and before. She hasn't anything to do with this except indirectly. She's a symptom perhaps."

"I don't get it," Maggie said. "If it isn't because of the gossip, and people were bound to gossip, because of all that happened before he went overseas. Everyone knew it; and pretended they didn't. My—my family was furious. Everyone had assumed that we were engaged, just hadn't announced it. Mother tried to make me go on a round of visits—I wouldn't. I was a nurse's aide by then, and liked it. It was all pretty silly. Anyway," said Maggie earnestly, "it wasn't really his fault; Lucille's so much older. She made a play for him—and he was going away. If he hadn't been, I don't think that anything would have happened."

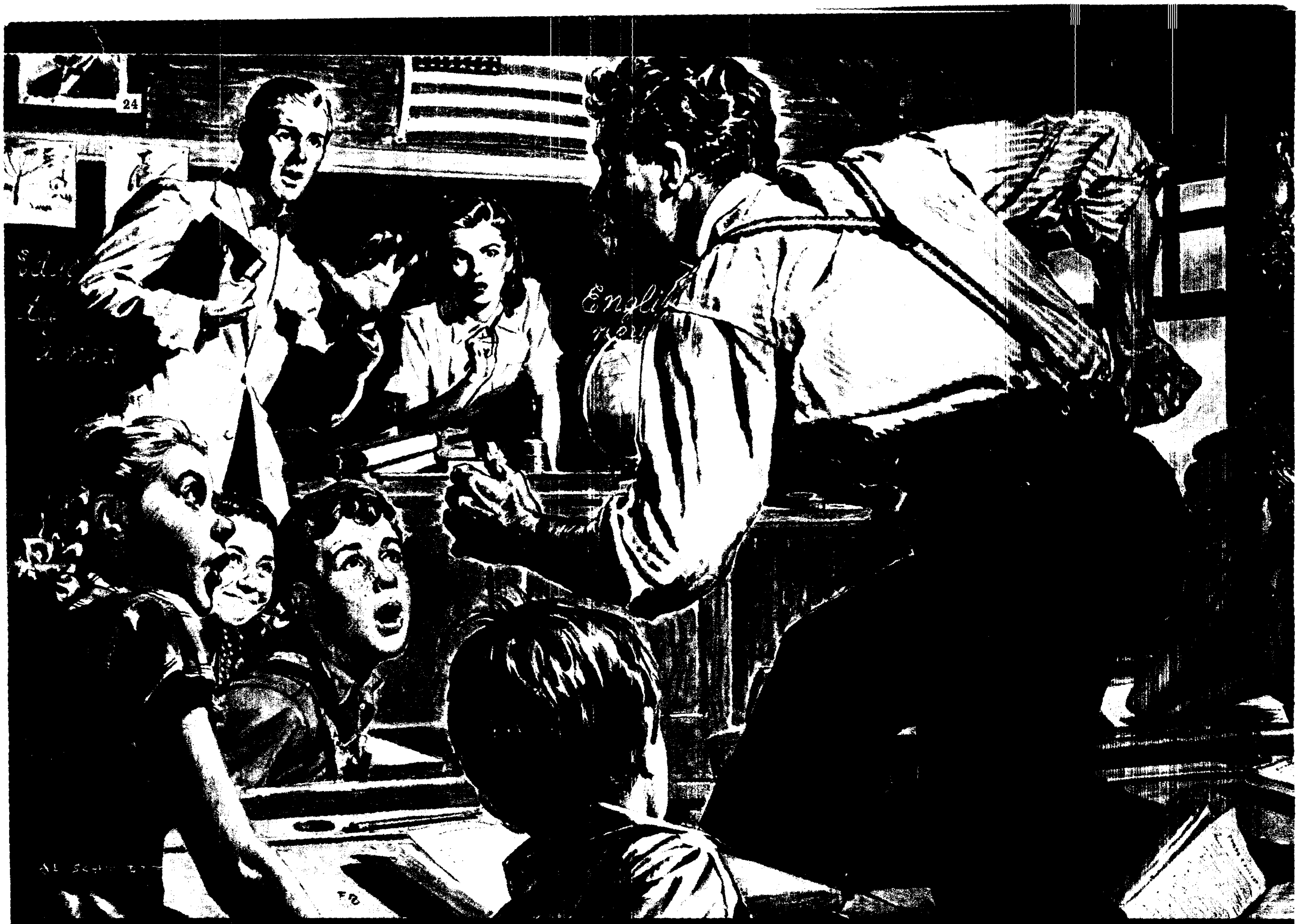
"That's all right," said Carla. "I understand it."

"Then," asked Maggie, "what else could there be? He adores you, no matter *what*, and you have everything."

"But, he hasn't," Carla said. She thought: It's crazy, Maggie's a year or so older than I, yet I feel like her mother. She said, "I'm not good for him, Maggie Better to know it now."

"You are!" cried Maggie. "You're wonderful. He was so restless after he came back, before he was ill. After you were married, *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Orrin was breathin' hard as he started up the aisle. "Don't you lay a hand on me!" Martin said. "Don't hurt him, Orrin," Beth sobbed

# LIFE, LIBERTY AND ORRIN DOOLEY

### BY WILLIAM FULLER

"You're presumptuous!" she said. "Call me what you like," he said, "but, honey, kiss me again!"

ORRIN DOOLEY was a hurryin' boy. He went off to camp in a hurry and he came home from the wars in a hurry. He didn't waste no time. He kissed his daddy hello, he rassled his old yard dog around the stoop and he shook howdy with the help. Then he started in to shuckin' off that khaki uniform.

His paw sat down. "Now tell me, son. I want to hear of the war. I want to know about them distant lands. You best to set down and tell me was them little fellers as mean as we'd hear."

Orrin said, "Paw, it was easy. I've gone and I've come and that's all." He pulled on his old Sunday serge.

His daddy said, "Now shorely, son—"

Orrin said, "Paw, I've been far—now I'm back. There wasn't nothin' in between." He pulled on his Saturday-night slippers.

His paw said, "You fixin' to go on off—now?"

Orrin said, "Paw, it's Saturday night. Saturday night is frolic night. I'm far back on my frolickin'—and that's where I'll be." Orrin left his daddy. He climbed into the old pickup and he drove on into town.

When the folks saw Orrin at the frolic, then they knew that the war hadn't changed him. That boy Orrin was a sport. His feet was quick and his laughter was quicker. The old ladies cackled to see him. The young girls blushed when he spoke. There wasn't a one of them, young nor old, who didn't sigh and wish he was hers. Georgia-pine tall and twice as stout, that Orrin. A high-cotton feller, that boy.

Orrin was sweet-talkin' old Miz Gribble when Beth Rathbun came into the dance. Orrin was tellin' Miz Gribble how his mouth had purely watered for her sweet-potato pie—from the Marshall Islands to Tokyo Bay—when he saw Beth Rathbun single-footin' along on the arm of Martin Baxter. Miz Gribble—a talkin' woman—was cluckin' like a hen that had laid a two-pound egg, when Orrin noticed Beth Rathbun was as proud and as pretty as a ten-thousand-dollar blooded mare.

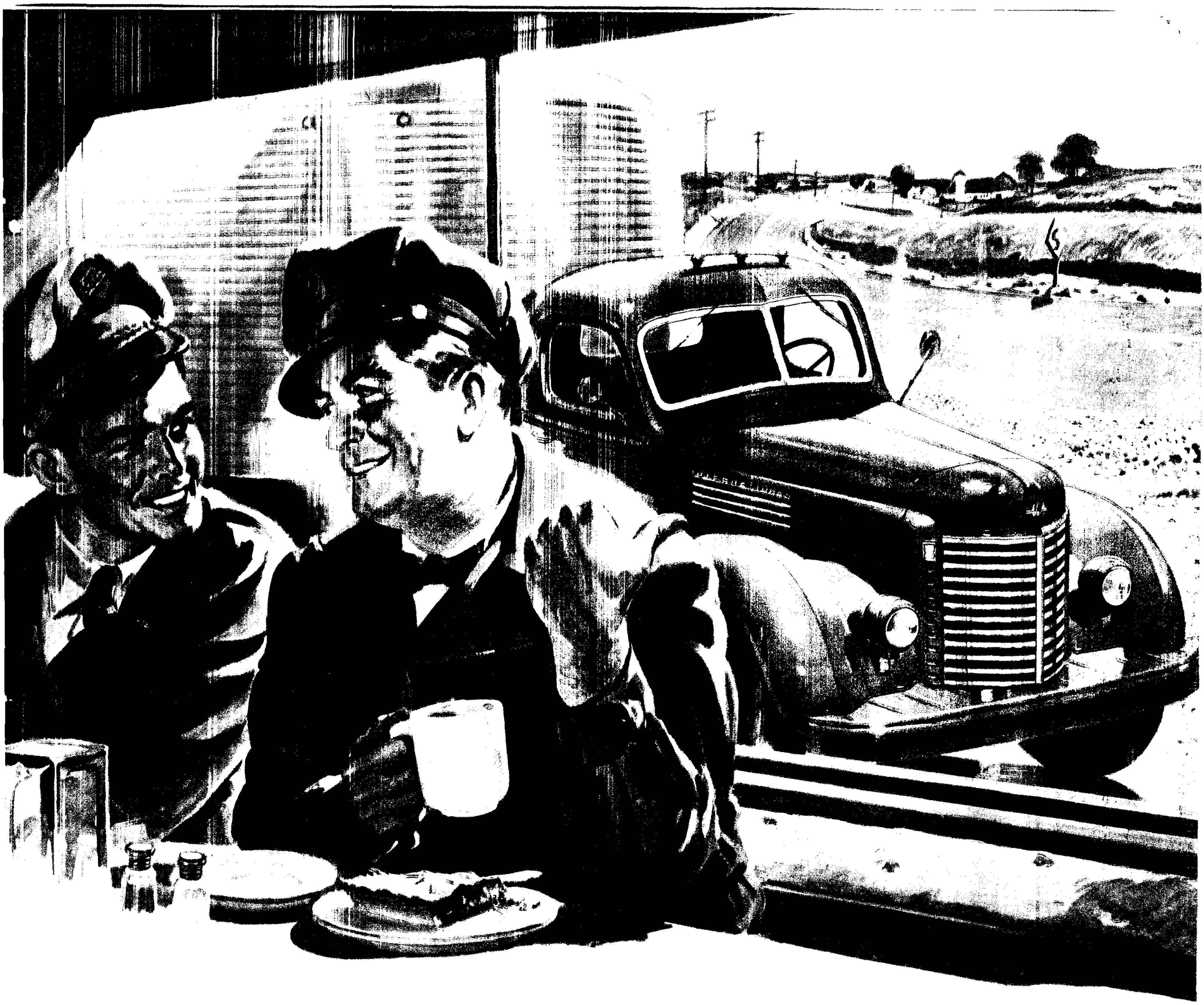
He turned to Miz Gribble. "Now shuck my shuckin's and call me from Georgia," he said. "I thought I'd seen a pretty thing when last I saw the butt end of a rain-ribbon hangin' from the top of a moss-growed cypress. Little did I know! If that there is a girl, then what does she go by?"

Miz Gribble was a fixer. "Now, mind your heart, Orrin Dooley! That's Beth Rathbun. She teaches down to the school."

"Who's that high-steppin' scofer she's courtin'?"

Miz Gribble clucked, "You best mind your

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



## YARDSTICK OF TRUCK COMPARISON

# THE INTERNATIONAL K-7

"MAN! Did that International K-7 of yours take that last hill!"

"That's a truck, my friend—a *truck,* I mean!"

"I'll say! That's the truck to measure others by."

Yes, the International K-7 is the yardstick for truck comparison. Ask *any* highway driver. He'll tell you without hesitation that the K-7 can't be beat on the jobs it is built to do.

Check among truck operators—and this is what you will find: Two out of every five trucks on the road in the K-7 class are International K-7's.

But the K-7 is only one model in the complete International Line, which includes everything from light-delivery models to giant off-highway haulers that weigh in at 90,000 pounds for truck and load.

And every International, from smallest to biggest, is of the same rugged, dependable quality.

So dependable is International Truck quality that, for the last 15 years, *more* heavy-duty Internationals have served American commerce and industry *than any other make.*

Equally dependable is International Truck Service—available from thousands of International Dealers and from International Branches, the nation's largest company-owned truck-service organization.

International Trucks and Service are yardsticks—standards of comparison, to measure all others by.

*Motor Truck Division*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

**Other International Harvester Products**
**FARM MACHINES**
**INDUSTRIAL POWER**
**REFRIGERATION**

*Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday, NBC Network. See newspapers for time and station.*

INTERNATIONAL

# INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

talk, Orrin Dooley. That's Martin Baxter. *He's* principal down at the school. He's a man with some learnin'. He's a round-dance man. He's a college-bred boy from upstate. He came here for a job when most of the men were away. Now him and Beth Rathbun's declared—"

"Why the pretty scaper has done beat my time!" Orrin howled. "I tell you I shouldn't have gone on off. I'm far back on the things that a man must do—my farmin', my courtin' and all. I've got to make up for the time that I've lost. I tell you I sure got to hurry!"

"Now, Orrin, don't do nothin' wrong. Now, my Bettyjo—"

"Miz Gribble," Orrin said, "I'd be pleased, would you dance with me?"

They joined the set that was startin'. Orrin's laughter rang loud and true above the sound of the music. The look on Miz Gribble's face belied her age by fifteen years. That boy was rightly a *one!* . . .

Beth Rathbun's box was close to the top when it came to the rafflin' of suppers. It was pretty and heavy and neat.

"I'll bid fifty cents," Martin Baxter said. He reached for the box.

Orrin leaned at the door. "I'll bid a dollar."

There wasn't a sound in the room.

"Two dollars!" said Martin.

There hadn't been a box supper put up in that town go for more than a dollar since Uncle Willy Crump got drunk with the Indians and thought he was biddin' on a Georgia mule.

"I'll say five," drawled Orrin.

Martin was silent for a moment. His big, handsome face was pale. Then, "Six!" he shouted.

Old Man Strout dropped his fiddle bow to the floor. It sounded like a piece of the chimbley had fallen out.

*"Ten dollars even!"* Orrin said.

Bettyjo Gribble giggled—high and unnatural.

Martin licked his lips. He opened his mouth. Then he turned and walked away. He was whipped.

Orrin paid for the box. He went to Beth Rathbun. "If things ain't changed none, Miss Rathbun, we share this. The buyer shares with the maker."

Beth's big, brown eyes was studyin' deep. "The understanding is such," she said.

Orrin was bold. "There's settin' space on the dock by the lake. We can speak in the quiet."

Every woman within thirty yards—and most of the men—was strainin' to hear what she'd say.

Beth kept on with her studyin'. She studied the breadth of his shoulders. She studied the shine in his eyes. She glanced at Martin Baxter across the room and she showed pretty white teeth to his scowl. She turned to Orrin. "It's the custom," she said.

THE frogs was croakin' low and sweet and it looked like you could scoop heavy moonlight off the surface of the lake with a spade.

"This chicken is fine," Orrin said. "This chicken here is mighty fine eatin'. A girl that can put up a supper like this for a man is wastin' her time in a schoolhouse."

Beth was enjoyin' the night. "Some folks say, Mister Dooley. Now do eat your supper and shush!"

A heavy cloud hemped off the bright of the moon. Orrin stared at the now-dull water. He wasn't a one to be shushed. He felt the strength in him, he felt the hurryin' drive, the ready-to-fight-or-to-frolic in him, and for the first time in his life he felt that these things wasn't enough. This girl and her cool studyin' ways had him bothered. Martin Baxter and his book-learnin' had him worried. He struck out at the things that was hecklin' him. He spoke of the things he had always thought true.

"A man don't have to have learnin'," he blurted. "I saw it there in the islands. Folks there didn't have no learnin'. Folks there had never been to school. They lived by the feel of the soil. They lived by the touch of the wind. They was happy."

Beth turned cool brown eyes upon him. "Are you arguin' with me, or yourself?" she asked.

Orrin's doubts were leavin' him as he aired his views. "There are things you can't learn in a book. Now me, I'm a farmer. I know what to plant and I know when to plow. I know the needs of the stock. I know the swamps, I know the hammocks—I know the marsh and the river. I can take you to gators and painters. I know where the black bass lay. What learnin' I've had from the books—you can write out on six sheets of paper."

Beth figured to stand up for her job. Her eyes were no longer cool. Her voice was no longer calm. "Now that's just the trouble with you," she said. "You think strength needs nothin' to guide it. You think laughter needs nothin' behind it—"

The heavy cloud edged off of the moon. The night turned bright again. Orrin felt the smooth ripplin' in the muscles of his back. He felt the hurryin' surge like always before. He was tall again and he was sure. Now, Martin Baxter was a man with a head full of useless knowledge. Now, Beth Rathbun was a girl with flashin' eyes—and with long black hair full of stars.

**BUTCH** by LARRY REYNOLDS

"What red pants and whiskers? I'm afraid you kids got me confused wit' somebody else"

COLLIER'S

"Beth," he said, "I reckon we'd better talk about likelier things. I reckon we'd better talk about what them old frogs is singin' so happy about." Orrin edged closer to Beth. The clean pretty smell of her hair mixed with and livened the sweet, drunk smell of the magnolias that grew by the lake. "I reckon we'd better speak of you and of me."

Orrin touched her hand.

Beth trembled. "You and I are friends who have met. Martin Baxter—"

"Things are different. Things have changed." Orrin took Beth by the shoulders. "Things are different now, honey. I've come home."

He bent close to her. Beth could feel the strength of him. The silver-black night was in her eyes and the frogs sang low and happy.

Beth whispered, "Martin Baxter and I are engaged to be married—"

"I've come home now, honey." Orrin kissed her—full on the mouth.

Beth Rathbun went soft for a moment. Then she shook the night-music out of her head and she came up fightin' mad. "You're presumptuous, Orrin Dooley!"

Orrin felt the soft roundness of her shoulders beneath his hands. He grinned. "Honey, I just reckon I am. Call me what you like—but kiss me again!"

BETH stamped her foot. "Are you too ignorant to understand me? You're presumptuous! You're spoiled and you're ignorant. *I'll not have to do with an ignorant man!*"

A freshenin' breeze gave a chill to the night.

Beth looked at Orrin. She knew by his look she had hurt him. She started to speak. Orrin turned his darkened face to the far side of the lake. . . .

Two days later Orrin Dooley showed up at the schoolhouse. Martin Baxter was sittin' in his little two-by-four office. He was studyin' how he could get shut of old lady Phyall, who taught first grade through the fifth and taught them just like she had been teaching them for twenty years—in spite of what he tried to tell her of modern, progressive ways. He was studyin' how he could get some relief for Beth Rathbun, who taught sixth through eighth—and seemed to be so busy gradin' papers that she had little time for her intended. He was studyin' how he, himself, could get more money for teachin' all the high-school grades, in addition to bein' principal. He was studyin' these things when Orrin Dooley bust into his office.

"You ought to learn to knock on a man's door, Dooley," he said.

Orrin said, "Now, never mind about that knockin'. I'm a man that's in a hurry, Baxter!"

"What's on your mind?"

Orrin sat down. "Baxter, I'm fixin' to get me some learnin'."

Martin turned red in the face. "How old are you, man?"

"I don't rightly know. I can remember the '24 blow. I'm somewhere midway between twenty and thirty. I been share and share alike on the farm with my daddy for fifteen years. That don't make no nevermind. There's a bill for veterans that want schoolin'. I'm a veteran and I want some schoolin'. Now what are we waitin' for?"

"Hold on there, Dooley," Martin said. "How much schoolin' have you had?"

Orrin looked the principal square in the eye. "You might think it's right funny. I'd be pleased not to hear you laugh. They tell me I finished the third."

He tossed his records on the desk.

The mumbled drone of children recitin' their lessons in flat, dull voices in the adjoinin' room was the only sound in the office. Orrin sat straight in his chair. He clenched his big fists and waited for the principal of the school to crack his face in the wrong kind of smile.

Martin Baxter looked like a man who had swallowed his chew. Then he got holt of himself. He shuffled through Orrin's papers and records. He looked at the ceilin' and said, "Far as I can see there's nothin' to keep you from school. That bill wasn't meant for a big, strappin' man like yourself. It wasn't meant to send a man of your age to the grammar. If you feel no shame, then there's nothin' I can do. The government says you can go."

"Well, now," Orrin said, "let's you and me get a hump on, Baxter!"

Martin cleared his throat. He leaned back in his chair and pointed a pencil at Orrin. "I want to tell you one thing though, Dooley. I am the principal of this school. My word is the law. You call me *Mister* Baxter. You speak when you're spoken to—you go by the rules. You have no more privileges in this school than any child. You understand what I'm sayin'?"

Orrin felt the muscles ripplin' across his back and up and down the length of his arms. He closed his eyes. In the front of his mind was Martin Baxter's grinnin' face—but in the back of his mind he saw himself there on the dock with Beth Rathbun. His mind felt the freshenin' breeze and Beth Rathbun was shoutin', *"I'll not have to do with an ignorant man!"* The muscles of his back stopped jumpin'. He opened his eyes.

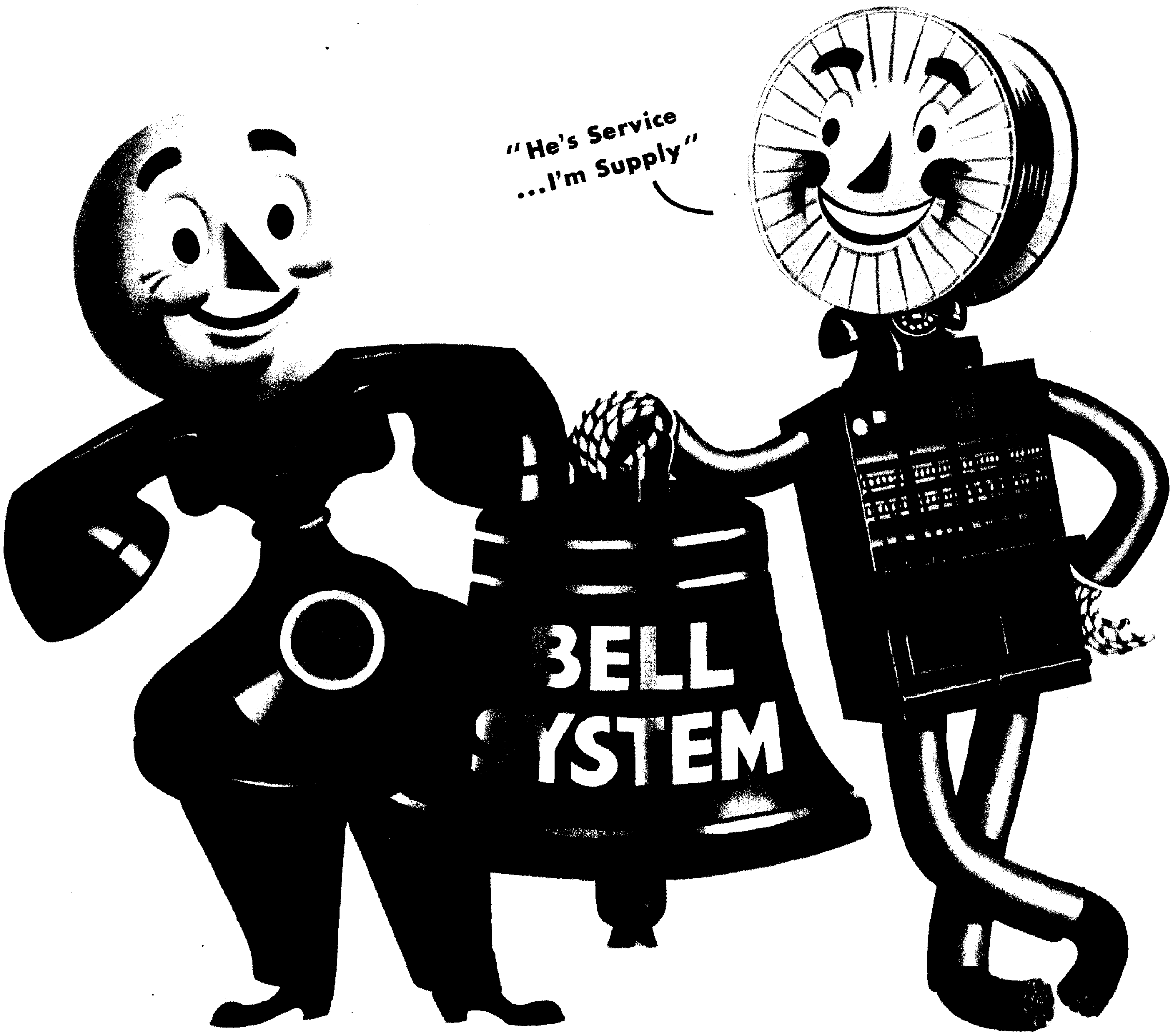
"Yes, sir, Mister Baxter," he said.

Martin smiled smuglike. "All right, Dooley. You see you remember. You're in the fourth grade. Go on to your class!"

ORRIN worked hard. He was bound to make up for the time he'd lost. He puzzled the sums. He learned words, places and dates. He learned them good. He learned them so good that Miss Phyall was obliged to promote him at the end of a week. Old Orrin was in a hurry. He got to goin' and he wouldn't stop. He'd grit his teeth and break his face in a lopsided grin when his classmates called him *Mister* Dooley. He'd study all night if a child half his size was quicker to answer a question. Ten days later he was out of the fifth and into the sixth.

Having Beth for a teacher made it easier. She helped him a lot. She seemed to feel out the rough spots. She showed Orrin easier ways to study. She showed him that each separate date in a history book wasn't a snag to catch a man on as he struggled. She showed him the big picture. She had him comparin' Jeb Stuart's flankin' tactics in Virginia with MacArthur's New Guinea campaign. She had him comparin' Gettysburg with Okinawa. She had him tellin' the kids of the places he'd seen. The kids loved it, and it made old Orrin feel good.

But all the time it wasn't nothin' but *Miss* Rathbun and *Mister* Dooley between the two of them. All the talk was learnin' talk. The both of them acted like what had happened there on the dock was a thing that was dead and was buried. Beth didn't mention it. Orrin



# "Teamed-up for you since '82"

"WE'RE symbols of a unique industrial team that has been working for you for 64 years. With our research teammate — Bell Telephone Laboratories — we've helped to give you the world's best telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

"My part of the job is to supply high quality products that meet exacting standards.

"I *manufacture* telephone equipment . . . *purchase* all manner of supplies for Bell Telephone Companies . . . *distribute* equipment and supplies to them from stocks maintained at my factories and my 29 warehouses . . . *install* central office equipment.

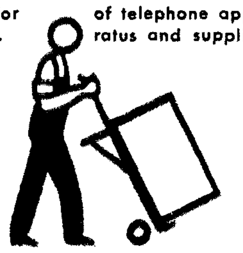
"Right now, I'm providing more telephone equipment and supplies than ever before. Using all my knowledge and skill, gained through years of experience, I'm going at top speed to catch up with the greatest demand on record.

"Remember my name . . . it's Western Electric."

**MANUFACTURER . . .**
of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

**PURCHASER . . .**
of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

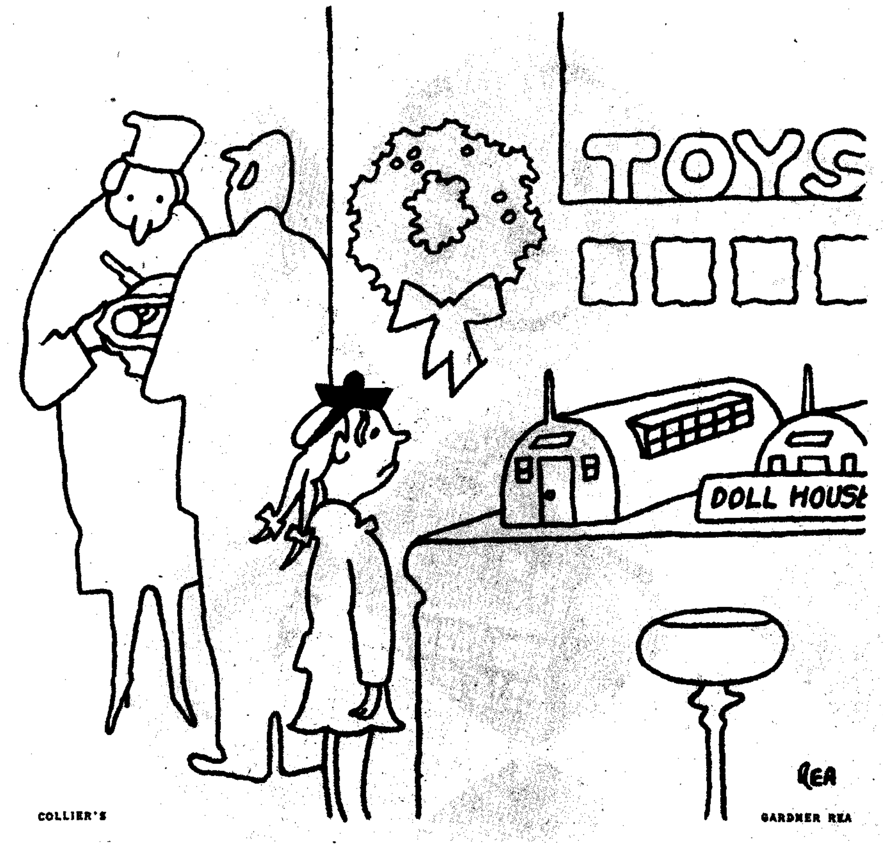
**DISTRIBUTOR . . .**
of telephone apparatus and supplies.



**INSTALLER . . .**
of telephone central office equipment.

**Western Electric**

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

didn't mention it, but the thought of it was drivin' him hard.

The day after he got to the seventh, Orrin ran into trouble. Martin Baxter took over Beth's class in English literature.

"Children," the principal said, lookin' at Orrin when he said it, "we are goin' to read this afternoon from one of the greatest plays in our language. We're goin' to read Romeo and Juliet, by William Shakespeare. William Shakespeare, Dooley, was an English author."

Orrin squirmed on his bench.

"Maybe you have heard of him, but I doubt it."

The kids giggled as Martin assigned the parts.

Orrin braced himself for the words, and they came: "Dooley, you're to read Romeo."

Orrin's lips became clumsy and numb. He was a man who could see poetry in a black snake crossin' a trail. He could see poetry in flame-vine heaped bright orange and green on the sun-baked timber of a country fence. He couldn't see poetry on the page before him. The sweat was runnin' down his back long before they even got to Romeo's first lines.

Maybe nobody had ever heard old Romeo sound like a back-country dirt farmer before, but Orrin was tryin'. Made out, too, till he got part way through the first long speech.

" 'Why, then, O brawlin' love! O lovin' hate!' "

Orrin was sweatin'. He was standin' first on one foot and then on the other. The sweat was runnin' off his face. He turned desperate eyes to Beth Rathbun, but the schoolteacher wouldn't meet them. She looked out of the window.

" 'O anything, of nothin' fust create!' "

Orrin was strugglin'.

Martin Baxter started givin' him the spurs, the way he always did—especially when Beth Rathbun was there to see the fun. "Hold on there, Dooley. You want to put a little expression into that verse. You don't sound like a man grievin' for his love. You sound like a man orderin' coal oil and side meat from the store."

Orrin slapped sweat from his brow. He tried again.

" 'O heavy lightness! Serious vanity!' "

A little girl laughed.

Orrin held onto the corners of that book until the knuckles of his fingers turned white. It seemed like he just couldn't see the page for the hot throbbin' in his head. He was thinkin' of how he just had to go ahead on and get out of the grammar. He had to prove it to Beth. He had to show her that what she had said there on the dock was no longer true. There was nothin' more important. He just had to get out of the grammar!

"Hurry up there, Dooley! I told you to read that poetry. Don't stand there like a plow ox. If you got any brains then use 'em! Go on and read that verse!"

Orrin looked at the page. He couldn't see a line of the writin'. He couldn't see a thing but Martin Baxter's smug, grinnin' face. He opened his mouth. No sound came out. Now, Orrin felt Beth's eyes upon him. He felt the pity that was in them, and shame struck him dumber and hopelessness choked his mind.

"Sit down, Dooley! Your mouth is gapin' like a speared mullet's. There's no hope for a man who's too stupid to read what's before him. Sit down!"

MARTIN BAXTER'S face swam on the page. Orrin threw his book to the floor. The little girl who had laughed looked into Orrin's face. Her eyes were big and scared at the sight of his anger.

Orrin started up the aisle toward Martin. His big hands were clenchin' and unclenchin'. He was breathin' hard.

Beth Rathbun's scream was a far-off sound.

Martin paled. "Don't you lay a hand to me, Dooley!"

Orrin didn't hear.

Martin stood his ground. "You're through here!"

Beth sobbed, "Don't hurt him, Orrin, don't hurt him!"

Orrin stopped. "I wouldn't hurt nothin' that was precious to you, ma'am." He looked deep into Beth's eyes. In their depths, he saw mirrored his failure; in their sadness, the end of his hope.

Martin said, "Some men are born to grub in the fields—"

Orrin turned to him.

"And it's useless to try and teach them!"

"Every man has his rights—" Orrin said.

"You can't give the same rights to all!"

The students were silent, wondering.

Orrin said, "Every man must have his chance—"

Martin shouted, "The stupid are a burden to those who can learn. You had no business in this school. You took advantage of a law that wasn't meant for a man of your age and background. You've wasted enough of our time!"

Orrin said, "I'll go. Could be, I'm ignorant. Could be, I'll never learn. But my rights here are the same as another's. If they're not, then four years of war were sure wasted."

Martin laughed.

Orrin turned to the children. "It's been given me—this day—that an ignorant man is lost in the midst of great thinkin'. It's been given me, just now, by a man who should know, that one man's rights are not the same as another's—"

Beth's startled gasp came to Orrin.

He faced the principal. "Schoolmaster! You're a man of books. You're a man of education. Tell these children what I'm tryin' to say! Give these children to understand the meanin' of dignity! You're a man that brags on great writin'. Now give them the finest writin' I ever heard. Give them the second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence!"

Martin's laugh was high and forced.

*"I said give it to them!"*

That room was hot and it was still.

The children waited. Beth Rathbun waited. The principal's sureness melted away before the strength of Orrin Dooley's steady gaze. Martin's lips trembled. He swallowed loud.

"I guess I just don't know that second paragraph of the Declaration of Independence."

"You don't know . . ." Orrin said.

A thin, nervous laugh started somewhere in the back of the room. Orrin turned to the class. The laugh broke against the tension in the room as Orrin gripped the edge of the desk before him. He reached for the words and when he found those words they were heavy and hard-won and powerful.

" 'We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal . . .' "

Orrin paused. He scoured his mind for the words. He looked over the heads of the children before him. He looked through the door and across the fields to another faraway field, where the voice of an Army chaplain had given those words to worried men. The once-heard words were hard to find—but he found them.

" '. . . that they are en . . . en . . .' "

The muscles in Orrin's jaw stood out in white knots as he struggled to remember the words.

" 'Endowed,' " Beth said.

Orrin's eyes were grateful. " '. . . endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.' "

Orrin looked down.

One of the older boys jumped to his feet. "You tell him, Orrin. You tell him, boy!"

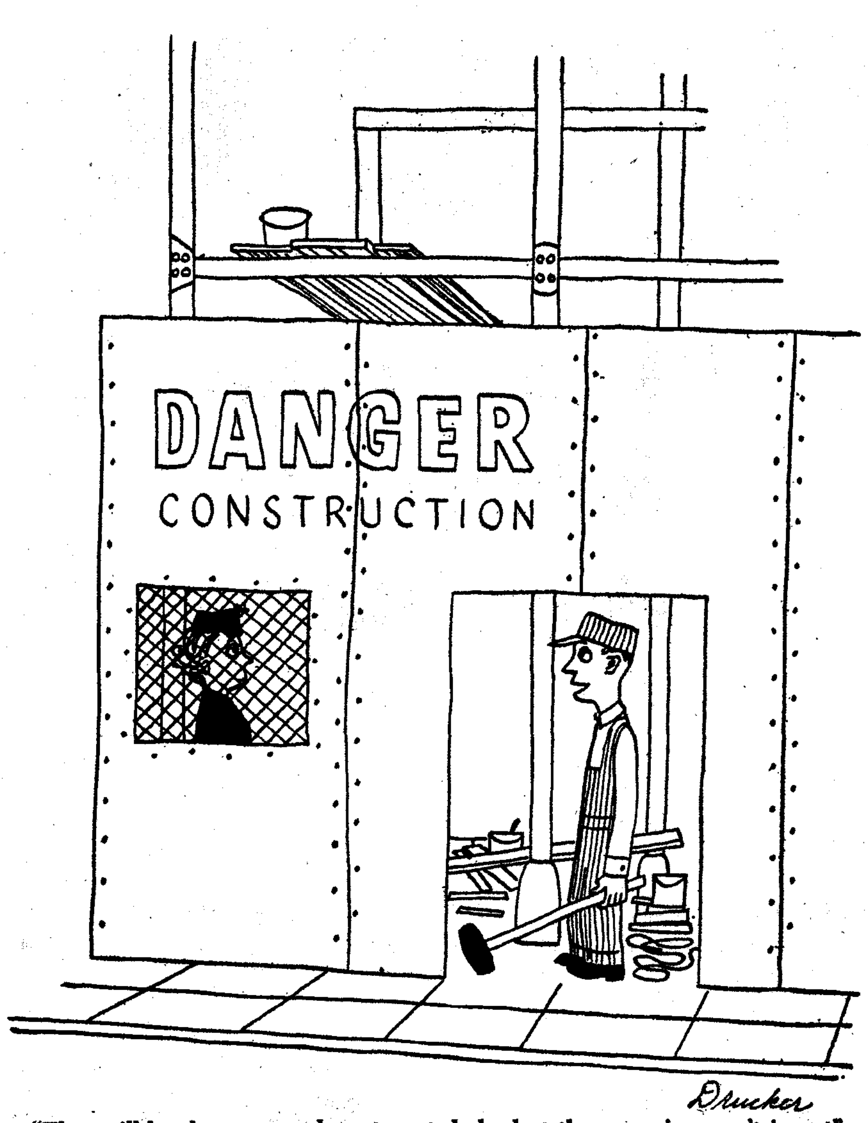
ORRIN didn't wait. He slouched through the door. The dust rose as he trudged through the schoolyard. It rose and swirled and disappeared in the hot air like the dreams that Orrin had built of meetin' Beth Rathbun as an educated man.

He didn't look back. He didn't know that Beth Rathbun was coverin' the field behind the school like a frightened deer. He didn't know she'd even left the school, till he saw her waitin' at the far side of the first curve when he scuffed around it.

Beth stood there in the hot sand of the road and looked at him.

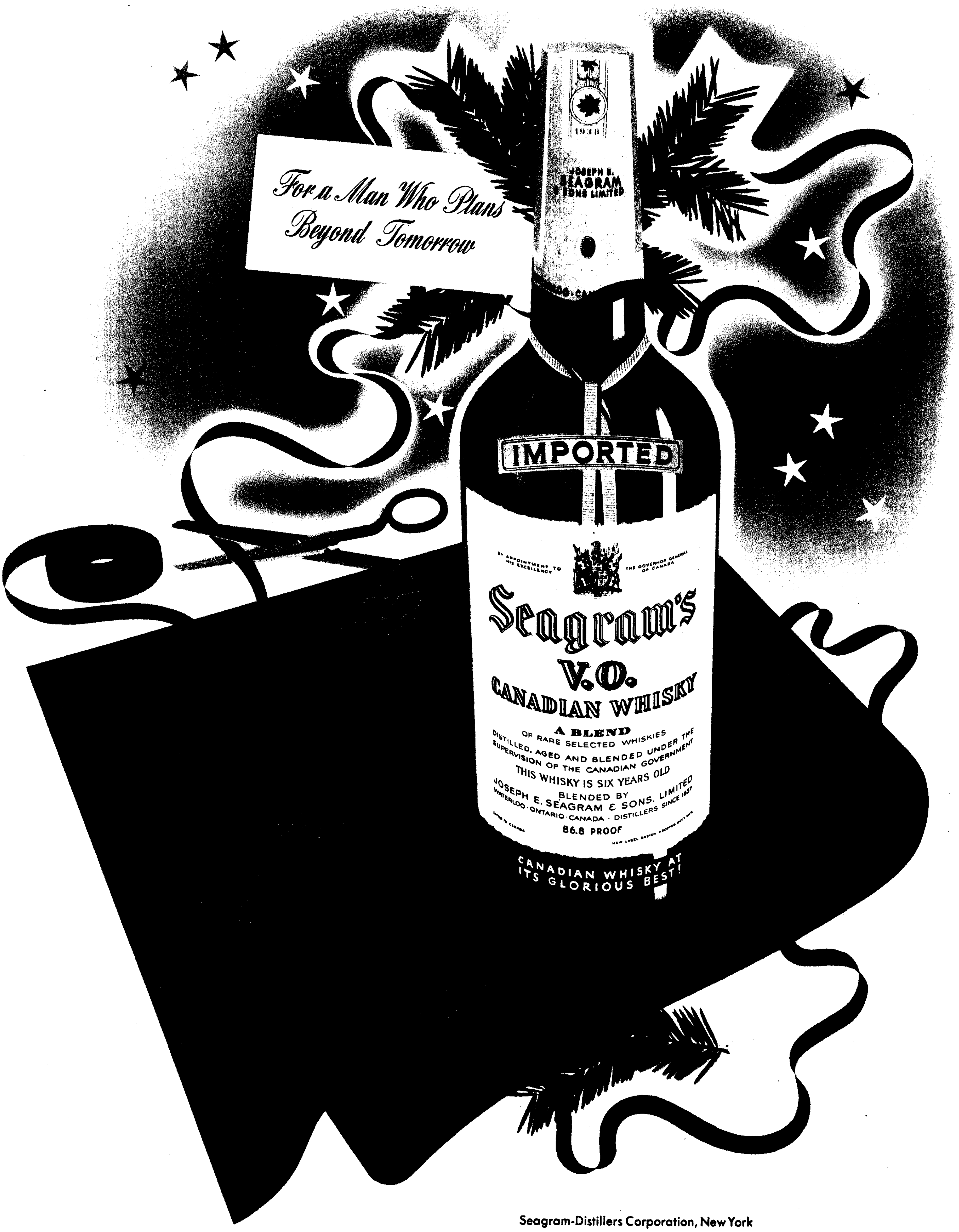
Orrin saw the tremblin', shy look on her face, and the quick, happy laughter rose in his throat. He saw the brown softness of her eyes, and the hurry came into his heels. The sand was like clover and the hot sun was like spring water, and Orrin held the schoolteacher close as she whispered, "For a man with such learnin', you're slow to see things as they are!"

THE END



**"That will be the snuggy department, lady, but the snuggies aren't in yet"**

COLLIER'S DRUCKER


For a Man Who Plans Beyond Tomorrow
1938
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS LIMITED
IMPORTED
BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO · ONTARIO · CANADA · DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

# THE RAILROADS FIGHT BACK

Continued from page 17

and often gets it from his associates, who themselves are no shrinking lilies. However, after a problem has been thrashed out, Clement makes a decision and that is Pennsylvania policy.

At one time Clement took up golf but soon dropped it.

"When your best friends begin telling you you're the worst player in the world, the fun somehow goes out of it," he says.

He sedulously avoids all forms of exercise and keeps to himself his opinion of men who go gamboling about with their tongues hanging out in search of health. His diversions are gardening, Western stories, duck shooting, cards and railroading. On a recent vacation trip to Canada, he spent two days going through the motions of loafing and then his family lost track of him; he was back at his old love of interviewing shippers and chewing the fat with brakemen, trackwalkers and station agents of the Canadian National.

"If the railroad isn't a part of your life," he growls, "what the hell's the use of being a railroad man?"

He is a native of Sunbury, Pa., where his father, Major General Clement, was a prominent lawyer. General Clement, who was in command of the Pennsylvania National Guard, was mustered into the federal service in the summer of 1917. He organized and trained the famous 28th Division—Pershing's "Iron Division"—for service in France. He served overseas himself for two months until retired for physical disability.

All of General Clement's sons have been in the Pennsylvania Guard troops, the present Clement serving six years as a private and finally working up to being an officer. He went to Trinity College, Hartford, and came out as a civil engineer. He also had a firm grounding in Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, a book that has colored his life quite a little. After the inauguration of the New Deal, which as a stanch Republican he loved only lightly, he thought often of Gibbon.

"Lots of parallels between Rome and us," he says gloomily.

His job with the Pennsylvania was an accident because he thought he was headed for Westinghouse, where an uncle had a good position. A Sunbury friend talked him into joining the Pennsylvania Railroad's engineering corps. He worked as a rodman for $45 a month and after four years worked up to $88. They had him down at Jersey City, which was then the end of the line, and eventually he was working on the tunnels under the Hudson that were to bring the Pennsylvania into New York City.

That feat was the eighth wonder of the world when it was pulled off by President Cassatt and his right-hand man, Samuel Rea, who afterward headed the Pennsylvania. And it wasn't done in a day. It took years of quiet and canny trading to acquire the site for Pennsylvania Station, and, as a preliminary, control of the Long Island Railroad had to be purchased.

### The Bridge Over Hell Gate

The project was completed in 1910 at a cost of over $112,000,000. The pattern was rounded out in 1917 with the opening of the Hell Gate Bridge, built in collaboration with the New Haven to provide all-rail access from the West and South to Boston and New England.

Last year Pennsylvania Station, New York, handled 109,350,000 passengers. The Sunnyside Yard in Long Island is the largest in the world and a train can be operated through the tunnels every three minutes.

"I don't wish to be quoted and don't quote me on that"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

FOR HER
GIFT ADVISER
Robert Day

"Well, if he has everything, what about a nice hamper for him to keep it all in?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

"Conditions are what change railroad habits," says Mr. Clement. "Mr. Cassatt was fearful of a wreck in one of the tunnels and said flatly that wooden cars would never go through the tubes. Our railroad produced the first steel passenger car in 1906, four years before the New York tunnels and station were opened. The steel car was made standard and the Pennsylvania built no more wooden ones. Soon steel cars became standard equipment everywhere."

The same thing happened when General Atterbury said he wanted dining cars without noise, without dirt and without changes in temperature. "That," says Mr. Clement, "was the forerunner of modern air-conditioning of railroad equipment." The railroad found it very costly, but went ahead. Nearly all Pullman cars and a large number of coaches are now air-conditioned on American railroads. "As a result," Mr. Clement says, "a situation has been created in which public demand will necessitate the air-conditioning of practically all of our passenger equipment."

Clement has made himself a tax expert and a rate expert since becoming president, but he is fundamentally an operating man. Ever since he was stationed in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in charge of the section of track from Gallitzin, at the top of the Allegheniès and just beyond Horseshoe Curve, to New Florence, he has known what makes a railroad tick.

"Did you ever stand by the track and watch a big engine hit a curve?" he asks. "That's when you wake up to it. The curve has to be right, the wheels have to be right, the rails have to be right."

Clement had his engineers working for years on the redesign of the track rail to incorporate higher beam strength and make easier riding. The new designs were worked out on the basis of carrying safely 100,000 pounds weight per axle at a speed of 100 miles an hour. That has resulted in the 152-pound and 131-pound rails now standard with the Pennsylvania.

He also inspired the testing and designing of electric locomotives of the articulated type with greater power than any previously built. The recent purchase by the Pennsylvania of several Diesel locomotives was received with lifted brows, because the Pennsylvania is the greatest coal-carrying road in the world and certainly would not be eager to promote the use of crude-oil engines over steam locomotives.

The Pennsylvania already has a coal-burning steam locomotive, capable of cruising speed of at least 100 miles an hour with the heaviest passenger trains; also, it has pioneered in developing a direct-drive steam-turbine locomotive, capable of similar performance with passenger trains, and adaptable also to high-speed freight service. Perhaps more important still, the Pennsylvania has joined with several other large railroads and a group of bituminous coal operators in experiments with a new gas-turbine locomotive, which will use pulverized coal to produce the gas. If it succeeds, it may put the Diesel in the shade as to cost, efficiency and power. That may be the answer of the Pennsylvania and other great coal-carrying roads to the threat of oil.

Clement is no maniac about speed or lightweight equipment. His theory is that speed is essential, but what is even more desirable is lack of delays.

"A man came in here the other day to congratulate us on our new daylight train from Pittsburgh to New York," he says. "He said he'd never had such a fast ride in his life. Well, he was merely mixing things up. That train is no faster than some of the others; the difference is that it makes almost no stops."

### Many Passengers; Few Casualties

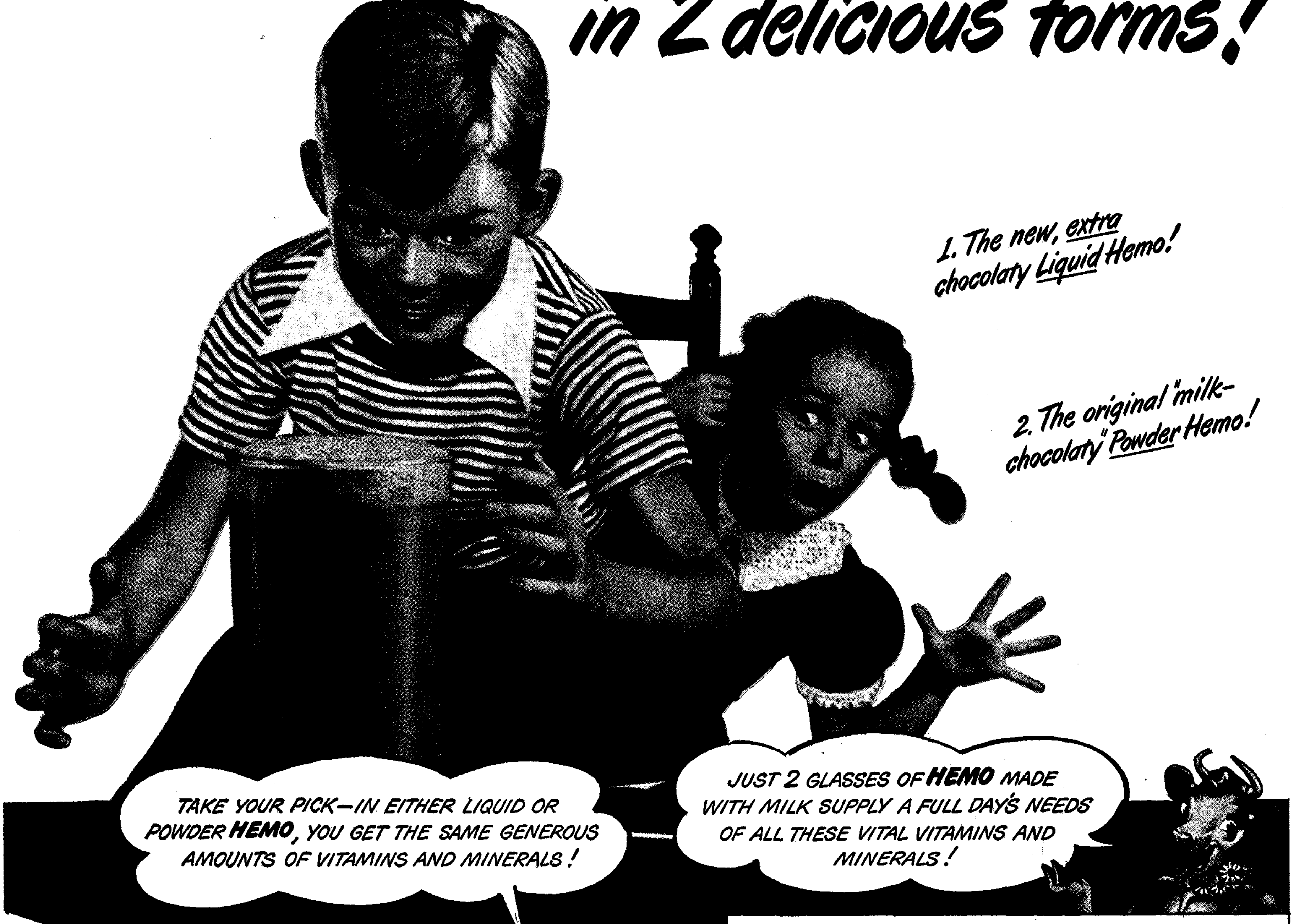
The furor for lightweight cars has not swept the Pennsylvania away. Although it carries more passengers than any other privately owned railroad in the world, there have been eleven complete calendar years since 1923 in which not a single passenger was killed anywhere on the Pennsylvania Railroad in a train accident. However, during the war, there were three bad wrecks, two in 1943 and one in 1945.

"We make a thorough investigation after any wreck," says Mr. Clement. "The result in this case is that we have been reinforcing the body bolsters and cross-bearers in the coaches by putting in gussets and flanges. Another wreck proved that the car tops were not strong enough and they are being reinforced. That adds 12,000 pounds to the weight of the cars but it won't cut down our speed. Our trains between Washington and New York do 226 miles in 215 minutes, with five intermediate stops. That isn't exactly crawling.

"When the first lightweight cars appeared, we said we'd be glad to make them standard equipment if they'd allow us to try them out between two of our regular cars. They wouldn't do it. Our new cars, even with the additions I've mentioned, are much lighter than the old ones, but unless they can withstand a compression of at least 900,000 pounds, we don't want them."

Clement and other railroad executives

# YES! Now you can get HEMO in 2 delicious forms!


1. The new, extra chocolaty Liquid Hemo!
2. The original "milk-chocolaty" Powder Hemo!
TAKE YOUR PICK—IN EITHER LIQUID OR POWDER HEMO, YOU GET THE SAME GENEROUS AMOUNTS OF VITAMINS AND MINERALS!
JUST 2 GLASSES OF HEMO MADE WITH MILK SUPPLY A FULL DAY'S NEEDS OF ALL THESE VITAL VITAMINS AND MINERALS!

According to U.S. Government figures, *3 out of 4 families may not get* the proper amount of vitamins and minerals in their daily diet today.

That's why it's wise for every mother to serve her family HEMO—Borden's wonderful vitamin-full, mineral-rich food drink!

Whether you use the Liquid or Powder, HEMO offers most of the important vitamins and minerals so essential to your family's health.

HEMO's so *glorious-tasting*, too, grownups, as well as children go for it! Serve it hot or cold, at breakfast, lunch, dinner, or any time during the day.

Only 59¢ for 24 delicious servings . . . about 2½¢ a serving!

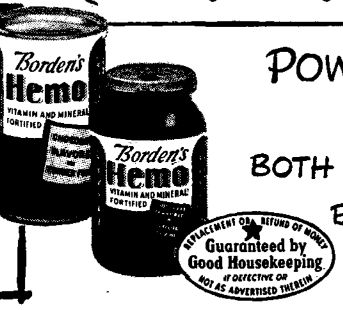
**Slumber suggestion:** A soothing cup of hot HEMO just before bedtime may help you relax. Try a cup tonight.

## JUST ONE GLASS of Hemo gives you:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!
PLUS
The Vitamin $B_1$ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!
PLUS
The Vitamin $B_2$ (G) in 4 servings of spinach!
PLUS
The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!
PLUS
The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!
PLUS
The Iron in ½ pound of beef!
PLUS
The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

**HEMO exceeds adult requirements!**

| Minimum daily needs set by U. S. nutritionists | | 2 servings of HEMO, made with milk, give |
|---|---|---|
| 4000 USP units | VITAMIN A | 4900 USP units |
| 333 USP units | VITAMIN $B_1$ | 400 USP units |
| 2 milligrams | VITAMIN $B_2$ | 3 milligrams |
| 400 USP units | VITAMIN D | 410 USP units |
| *(Not set)* | NIACIN | 10.3 milligrams |
| 10 milligrams | IRON | 15.7 milligrams |
| 750 milligrams | CALCIUM | 950 milligrams |
| 750 milligrams | PHOSPHORUS | 750 milligrams |


Borden's Hemo
VITAMIN AND MINERAL FORTIFIED
Borden's Hemo
VITAMIN AND MINERAL FORTIFIED
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

## Borden's Hemo

*The all-family vitamin pepper-upper*

POWDER OR LIQUID
BOTH LUSCIOUS
BOTH SAME VITAMIN RICHNESS
BOTH MAKE 24 SERVINGS

© The Borden Company

# Caught for keeps— in TRUE COLOR!

**Can't you almost** *feel* the tingling frostiness of the air in this living-color picture. It was made on glorious new Ansco Color Film. This new film captures colors *as your eye sees them!*

**You'll find** it hard to get a "wrong number" with a model like this, a camera with an f6.3 lens or better, and a roll of Ansco Color Film! You can get 16mm Ansco Color for movies, too!

**The aliveness** of your Ansco transparencies can be transferred into color *prints*, on Ansco Printon. Ask your dealer about these "natural color memories" when you buy your Ansco Color Film.

**You can almost** *hear* them laugh, can't you!

And you can expect this amazing naturalness whenever you take pictures on the glorious new Ansco Color Film!

The *true* color . . . the *living* flesh tones . . . the *accurate* reproduction of colors by this glorious film have made possible a new kind of color photography—true color photography!

Try Ansco Color Film, today!

You'll find this magnificent *true* color film at your dealer's in 35 mm cartridges, 120 (B2) and 620 (PB20) rolls, and standard sheet sizes. Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation, General Sales Offices, 11 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

## Ask for ANSCO color film!

DAYLIGHT TYPE FILM
ANSCO COLOR
FOR POSITIVE TRANSPARENCIES
Ansco
COLOR FILM

are not stupid enough to simulate joy over airplane, bus and truck competition, but neither are they petrified by the thought of it.

"My own feeling," said Mr. Clement, "is that the airplane will stimulate travel in general, and we will get our share of it. You can't hold progress back, and we would be silly to try. We think the airlines get a break in being able to use such advantages as municipal airports and government weather information, while we have to build our own terminals and track, and pay taxes on them.

"If you'll think back, you'll remember that we helped to make the first long-distance scheduled flights possible. We worked out a plan with T.A.T., in which we had a moderate financial interest, by which we carried passengers by overnight train from the East to Columbus, Ohio, where the planes picked them up. At that time, we built our own airfields and lighted our own air lanes. That's old-fashioned now. Airline facilities are now provided from public money."

The Pennsylvania met bus competition in its own territory by acquiring a fifty per cent interest in the Pennsylvania-Greyhound Lines, and it met truck competition by stepping up its own freight hauling. Clement completely reorganized the handling of freight by eliminating "peddler" freight trains, those slowpoke conveyances that used to bump their way aimlessly from station to station.

He replaced them with trucks, which gather shipments from outlying sections and bring them to a central freight depot, where they are quick-loaded and dispatched in freight cars. At the same time, he jacked up the process of classifying and dispatching freight trains to save time in yards and at terminals. Then he put all through freights on schedules as rigid as the best passenger trains.

The most spectacular development in passenger travel is the new through service from coast to coast and from the Eastern seaboard to the Southwest. The subject was the cause of much hullabaloo, centering about a series of advertisements by the Chesapeake & Ohio asking why a hog could get the through service denied to man.

"I can understand why a hog would be alarmed at stopping over in Chicago," said Mr. Clement, "but as a matter of fact we were working on the idea of through service to the West Coast as far back as 1938. It would have come then if the war hadn't interfered."

The hot conflict between the Chesapeake & Ohio and the other roads has furnished a controversy that has elated the spectators and may have good results for the railroads. Robert R. Young of the C. & O. has been whaling about with gusto at what he terms the failings of the railroads and it must be left to historians to determine whether he is talking through his hat or really has new ideas to contribute to the industry.

The established leaders plainly have no love for him and resent the implication that they have been loafing on the job. They point to the prewar campaign to build new equipment and ask if Young was also responsible for that.

### The Pennsy's Poor Relation

The thing that really gives the Pennsylvania a headache is the Long Island Railroad. They own the thing outright and although it made a little money through the war it lost $11,000,000 between 1935 and 1942. The commuters keep hollering for better service and the Long Island says they can't have it unless they pay higher commutation fares. In short, it's a mess and nobody is happy.

The railroads are extremely unhappy about taxes. They emphatically don't like what they call the advantages trucks and busses have from state-paid highways and are no more elated by municipal airports for airlines, but what really gets them down are the inland waterways.

"When the government goes into business with barge lines," says Mr. Clement, "they get out no rate schedules of their own but merely say, 'Our rates will be eighty per cent of the railroads' rates.' You can't beat that kind of competition. They practically always have deficits, which are made up out of taxes. The railroads get it in the neck from the rates and then have to pay their share of the taxes."

In their loyalties, the Pennsylvania people are old-fashioned. They started painting their cars red back about 1870, under John Edgar Thomson's regime, and, with few exceptions, have stuck to it ever since. There was a great row several years ago when a builder of stainless-steel cars protested vehemently about painting his silvery cars red. There was loud yelling on both sides, with the builder refusing to ruin his beautiful product, and the Pennsylvania saying he either would or the order would be canceled. It ended with the cars being painted red.

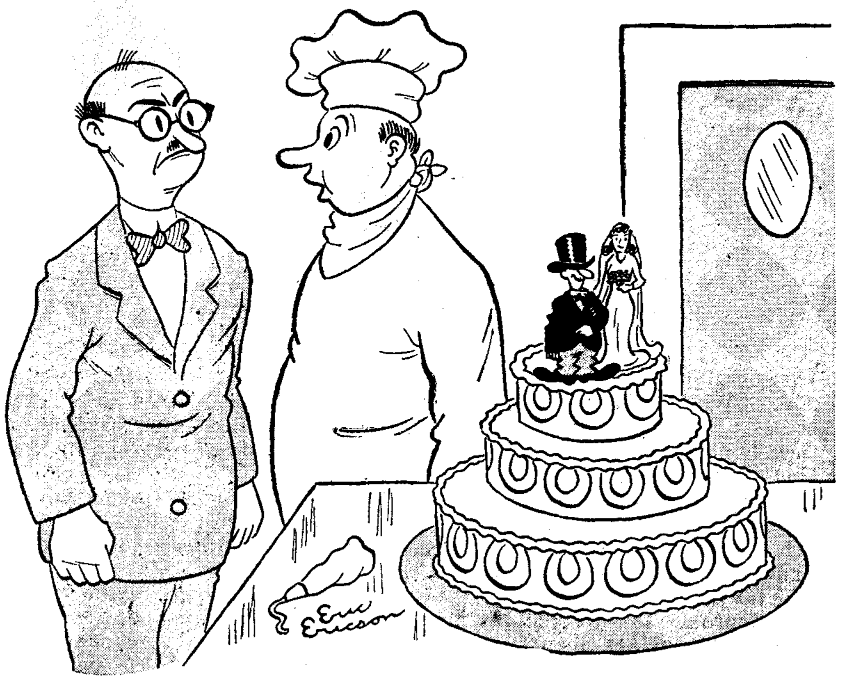
Clement is a forthright man but there are many other outstanding figures in the railroad field, and the transportation battle in America is going to be a merry one. Atomic energy may someday replace coal, and America may take to the air completely, but if there is fear in the realm of the Pennsy it doesn't show around the Broad Street conference table.

"Worry?" says Mr. Clement. "The hell with *that* kind of philosophy! You can't even run a switch engine on fear."

THE END

## THE BOSOM OF ME FAMILY

Continued from page 15



COLLIER'S "It's okay—she's marrying a comedian" ERIC ERICSON

should report me for associatin' with disreputable characters, the lad'd never get his parole."

Tim walked away, laughing. "Disreputable, she says. Ah, the queer ones a man meets all because of a burnin' homesickness rampant in his vittles!"

"Abo-a-rd. All abo-o-oard."

HE PICKED out a place in the middle of the day coach, put his feet up comfortably on the opposite seat, then removed his collar and tie and thrust them into his coat pocket. A youngster of about ten returned from somewhere and looked at Tim in surprise.

"That's our seat."

"Once Communism gets here, sonny," said Tim, "you won't be so cocky."

"That's our seat," maintained the boy stanchly. "My Aunt Letty's seat and mine. We been sittin' there all the way from Wheaton. Aunt Letty and me got our suitcases in that rack. She went to the ladies' room or something."

"Why ain't you in school?"

"I got let off. We're going to a funril."

"The pity of it," sighed Tim.

"Your breath smells like a saloon," declared the youngster.

"How old is this Aunt Letty of yours, Bill?" said Tim, ignoring the criticism.

"My name's George Pennington Asgard. I'm in fifth grade."

"How'd you like to bite the end off of a cigar for me, G.P?" Tim denuded a cigar of its cellophane wrapper and held it out to the youngster.

"No, thank you," said George Pennington politely.

"Well, here's a quarter then, in view of the approaching holidays," said Tim, getting up.

"I am not supposed to take anything from strangers," said the youngster, promptly pocketing the coin.

"Who do you like in the Eastern Conference this year, G. P.?"

"Columbia," said the youngster readily. "It's in the bag. Why?"

"Just like to have outside opinions on these things, that's all. One more thing. Who's dead?"

"Dead? Oh, Grampa Asgard."

"Well, we all got to go sometime, G. P I think I'll set down across the way and strike up a conversation with that lonesome soldier. So long, G. P."

"So long."

"Mind?" Tim said to the young fellow in uniform.

"Go right ahead."

"Home on furlough?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm purchasin' agent for a big company that owns some brass mines out in Colorado. Travelin' east to pick up a smelter or two. I see," added Tim, examining the soldier's jacket insignia, "I see you're in the Signal Corps."

"Yes, sir. Radio."

"Radio. Well, it's a small world."

"How do you mean, a small world?"

"What with radio and so forth. I got a son about your age, boy by the name of Walter. Colonel in the Intelligence. Practically planned the Normandy invasion. Eisenhower'd been sunk without him."

"Is that so?" said the soldier. "I like to enlisted in the Air Corps, only they said I was physically below par. Then they turned right around and drafted me for the Signal Corps. I used to work on radio sets in a store that sold radios."

"How long since you been home?"

"Eight months. My sister's marryin' somebody, so I put in for a furlough."

"Marriage. There's a serious business. How about us slippin' out to the platform for a refresher?"

"A drink?"

"Well, I don't hanker to tell the priest on me deathbed that I corroded anybody's morals. Bow out gracefully, an' we'll still be the best o' friends."

"I guess one's all right."

"Ah, the wonder of life, Fred," sighed Tim, wiping his lips as they returned from the platform. "The very wonder of it all! I suppose ye've noticed I'm a poet at heart."

"I wrote a girl friend a poem once," Fred admitted. "It started off, 'Your lips is fairer than rubies, your face haunts me all night through; your eyes is divine, I sure wish you was mine, as I'll never love no one but you.' Then I lost track of her when I went out for the baseball team."

"I can see I need a renewal here," observed Tim as he slipped the empty flask under the seat. "Do you sing?"

"Yes, sir," said Fred. "Either baritone or tenor."

"I sang professionally with a quartet once," said Tim. "We called it the Welfare Island Four. I'll take bass. Down By the Old Mill Stream."

"Here," said the conductor. "You'll have to lower your voices. There's other people on this train."

"Insult me, but don't insult the uniform," said Tim. "I guess you think all our boys had to do was to go out and fight and die in foxholes just so you could hold on to a soft job."

"I'm not insultin' the uniform. All I'm sayin' is that there's other people on this train. Just keep your voices down. Uh—I'll take the tenor for one chorus." Lowering their heads together, the three of them chorded one out pianissimo.

"Nice goin'," said Tim. "Sorry I can't offer you a snort. When's the next stop on this dingus?"

"That's all right," said the conductor. "I never drink to excess while on duty. Three minutes at Clinton."

"Three minutes is plenty . . . Decent enough feller," Tim summed him up when the conductor had left. "A mite flat on the high notes, but a sound man otherwise."

AS PREDICTED, three minutes at Clinton was sufficient. He got a new bottle. Fred said goodby an hour or so later at Georgetown, and Tim Denning was left alone for the moment with his thoughts. He'd as soon have been locked up with a roomful of ghosts on a stormy evening. As a last resort he buttonholed the candy butcher who came lurching down the aisle of the day coach.

"Got any ham sangwides, Harry?"

The white-jacketed lad jingled his

change. "Mister, the first ham samwich I see I'm gonna eat it myself."

"All right, then. Cheese."

"Mister, the on'y kind of samwiches I still got left is lettuce an' chopped liver. You can try one of 'em if you want to. Customers usually takes a couple o' bites and throws the rest of 'em under the seat. Ole Mike, the train porter, counted eleven half-et lettuce an' chopped livers under the seats on one run."

"Then why do they keep on makin' 'em?"

"Search me. I jist take care o' the retail end of it. Egg solids is my prime mover. Mostly they limit me to ten egg solids a run. I could move forty easy."

"Maybe the guy that makes up the sangwidges just don't like people," Tim hazarded. "There's many a louse in this world, Harry. Many a louse. What's your life's ambition, son?"

"Well, my main secret ambition is to play the violin like Jascha Heifetz. I'm workin' my way through musical college right now. They send you the lessons. I'm up to Number Five—that takes in the second position. I got all of Heifetz's records that I keep playin' with this phonograph attachment."

"I'm a poet underneath it all meself," admitted Tim. "Life is a sad business at best, what with the world bein' full o' louses and what not. Sometimes, when I've a drink or two in me, I wonder what it's all about."

"This Heifetz can sure play the violin," said Harry.

"Sometimes," Tim speculated, "I figure we may as well have Communism as the way things are. I mean, take us folks that belong to the workin' class. We get born, we slave all our lives, and what do we get at the end of it? Some wax flowers on a grave. At least under Communism the poverty'd be divided up equal amongst everybody."

"Well, I don't know nothin' about Communism, but this second position on the violin is plenty tough, especially when all you got is a child's-size fiddle. My mother give it to me for Christmas when I was ten. I'd like to own a Stradivarius. You want one of these chopped-livers anyway?"

"All right," said Tim.

"I on'y need eighty-five cents more profit on this run and I'll have the money for a new Heifetz album. The Sibelius conserto." He rummaged in his tray. "How about a candy bar or some of these panatelas, fifteen cents straight. I also got these breath purifiers. Haskin's Lavender Purifiers, they're called."

THE conductor came through to notify his passengers of the train's arrival at Franklin City. "That's me," Tim announced. "Been mighty nice knowin' you, Harry." Carefully he slid the unopened sandwich under the seat. "Well, be that as it may," he murmured as he made his way down the aisle, " 'tis home I'll be before another day dawns, me kids gathered at me feet listenin' openmouthed to such tall tales of adventure as I can make up as I go along. First a few nips to clear the fumes away, and then I think I'll be after pickin' up a knickknack or two for the loved ones. Ah, it's a prodigal father ye are for certain, Tim Denning. What won't they think when they look up to see their old man's smilin' face in the doorway?"

He went into the sort of jewelry shop that sells unadvertised watches and gaudy clasps and wedding rings from $18.75 up. "First I think I'll have me a string of the best pearls in the place," he told the clerk.

"There isn't a better grade pearl on the market than these Elcon cultured pearls," said the clerk, bringing out the tray.

"What's the difference between cultured pearls and just the usual everyday ones that oysters lay?"

"Let's say the difference, my dear friend, between a Lady Astor rose and a wild bramble. This string of Elcons is priced at thirty-three fifteen. You couldn't duplicate them in Chicago or New York for seventy-five."

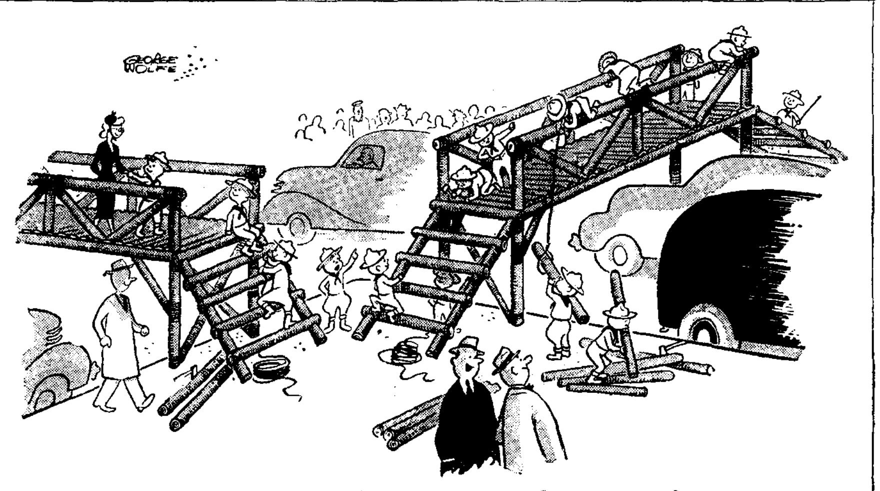
"How can you do it and still stay in business?" asked Tim.

"We don't have to pay Michigan Avenue or Fifth Avenue rents."

"All right. Put 'em in a leather box with a lot o' purple velvet on the inside, and it's a deal. Now how about a thirty-one-jewel aviator's watch that has a lot of second hands and so forth on it?"

BY THE time the new train was ready to leave, Tim had completed his shopping. He'd bought a string of pearls and a couple of watches, a colorful Spanish shawl, a steel sheath knife in a leather scabbard, four pairs of nylon stockings, a red leather pocketbook, and a twenty-three-pound turkey. "I got a turkey here that I'd like you to put in your icebox," he told the colored chef in the dining car. "Here's a couple of bucks apiece for you boys to buy smokes with, only don't let it slip your mind who belongs to that turkey by the time this here train puffs into Skinner's Falls."

"Okay, boss," said the chef, a pleasant Negro with a wonderful grin. "You goin' home to you' fambly fo' Christmas, ain't no guesswork about that."



"Troop 14 decided they were spending too much time helping people across the street here!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

"That's right, Sam." Tim produced his flask. "What about a spot of the ole medicine?"

"I gen'ly happy 'thout the stuff," said the chef. "Howeveh . . ."

Tim handed the bottle around.

"H'yeah come that head conductor!" The chef hastily stepped back into his little kitchen. "We keep yo' turkey safe for you, boss, don't worry."

Tim returned to the coach and checked his belongings, then sat down and glanced out of the window. Night had fallen. Now and again the angry red smudge of a blast furnace lit up the sky. Most of the passengers sat wrapped drearily in mirthless thought. Later the train drew into a desolate station lit by gloomy amber lamps. An oiler hurriedly flashed his light around the wheels. The conductor waved his lantern. Farmhouse windows blinked on and off beyond the snow-covered hills as the line of coaches again gathered momentum. Tim Denning had fallen half asleep. He dreamed that he had come home to a funeral, but no one in the family was dead: there was the smiling face of Ma, of tiny Oliver in swaddling clothes, of Walter in short pants, of spindly legged Helenmarie running in from school. Suddenly it dawned on him that it was Tim Denning who was dead, encased in a coffin lined with purple velvet like the pearl case. Tim woke up yelling. "Lemme outa here!" he shouted.

Everybody in the coach turned to gape.

Hurriedly Tim made his way to the washroom and downed the last of the liquid in the bottle. "Skinner's Falls next," the conductor was calling. "Skinner's Falls."

Tim felt better immediately. "Here's another couple of bucks apiece for you guys," he told the chef as he took his turkey.

"Thanks, boss. Best luck in d' worl'."

The wintry town looked little after Tim's absence of five years. "Damn me if it don't seem like it got washed and shrank down to half size," Tim said to himself. "Taxicab," he called. "Hey, you, taxi!"

"Yes, sir," said the ear-muffed cabman. "Where to?"

Tim mentioned an address on the outskirts of town. The hackman thrust the flag down and Tim settled back with his packages on the well-worn leather seat. "Look," he said, leaning forward. "Pull over a minute, George. I think I'll buy me one of them Christmas trees. Without a Christmas tree in the parlor, it might as well be the Fourth of July."

Tim picked out an immense one, and the salesman obligingly tied it to the running board of the taxi. As the car climbed the familiar hill, Tim tried to make out the shape of things in the darkness. There was the old Belknap farmstead now. Maybe the Dennings had moved away. Maybe Ma was dead. He began to feel queer. Maybe this was all a mistake, an excursion into sentiment. Maybe— "Okay. This is all right, George," he called to the driver.

"Here. Lemme give you a hand with these bundles."

"I can handle 'em. Just set 'em down in the snow." Tim extracted a five-dollar bill. "In view of the holidays, George."

THERE were lights in the windows. Dragging the Christmas tree up on the porch, Tim felt like a man in an old-fashioned melodrama. He regretted not having a nip of the old medicine on him. He hunched the turkey up under his arm. Tim knocked on the door and went in. "Hello," he said.

"Sakes alive," said Ma Denning. She turned to Helenmarie. "Pa's come home."

Helenmarie got up and went over and helped relieve him of the bundles. Walter blinked. Young Oliver stared at his father blankly.

"Somebody say something," said Tim. "I'm a little dumbfoundered, I am. I just come off a train."

There was no visible sign of welcome in the eyes of Tim's family. Self-consciously Walter went over and stirred up the logs in the fireplace. Ma Denning went on with her knitting.

Tim decided it was time to spring his surprise. "Everybody's worries is over with," he announced dramatically. Holding his wallet aloft he said, "There's nigh onto a thousand dollars in this here pocketbook. By damn and by heaven, things is gonna be different from now on, Ma. I'm a reformed man, I am."

This revelation of wealth produced no effect whatever. "Take a seat, Pa," said Helenmarie. "You look tired."

"Is that my pa?" asked Oliver, his brow full of tiny wrinkles.

Tim dampened his lips with his tongue. "You terrible sore at me, Ma?"

Mrs. Denning's needles came slowly to a halt. Putting aside her sewing basket, she looked up. "No. We been gettin' along fine. Walter and Helenmarie's a-workin' steady in the mill, and we got all the comforts we need. You just keep your thousand dollars for a rainy day, Pa. If you're hungry, go out and stir yourself up something in the icebox."

This was not at all what Tim had expected. "I—I brought home a turkey, Ma," he said. "A turkey always makes a kind of a holiday atmosphere in the place. I also brung home the biggest Christmas tree I could find." Tim thought of the splendid presents he had bought, and his spirits rose momentarily. "Look at these here genuine cultured pearls I got for you, Ma." He turned to Walter. "I brought ye a aviator's watch that has an illuminous dial and tells what time it is in London and Brussels and Tokyo."

They glanced casually at the presents and murmured small thank-you's in a way that left poor Tim completely deflated. He went and sat in a chair by the window and stared out into the snowy distance. As always, silence grew inside him until it became a physical pain. Finally he got up and went over to Oliver, and with a little catch in his throat he said simply, "Forgive me, son."

"What for?" asked Oliver.

Helenmarie looked at her mother. Then she said, "You didn't notice the new rebuilt piano we bought, Pa. I been having lessons with Professor Reiner down to the Falls."

"Go ahead and play something on it," said Walter. "Play 'Cindy.' "

She sat down and made the chords. "I wish I was an apple, a-hangin' in the tree—"

TIM went over to his wife. "Come on, Ma. Don't be mad at me no more. Let's all gather round and sing a song."

Ma said something about singing at her age being foolishness, but she got up and went to the piano, and soon he felt her arm about his waist. "Oh, I wish I was an apple, a-hangin' in the tree, and every time my sweetheart passed, she'd take a bite of me—"

"Don't beller, Pa," said Mrs. Denning. "You'll have the neighbors in."

"Don't beller, she says. And me an ex-member of a professional quartet!"

Inevitably there was laughter; their arms were twined about one another, their voices raised in chorus. Somehow the five missing years were forgotten. The scoundrel had somehow become their father again.

"Ah, the wonder of life, Ma!" sighed Tim between verses. "The very wonder of it all! I guess I'm a poet at heart, there's the whole truth of the matter. Why, this very day, as I relaxed in the club car, enjoying a cigar with me old friend Waldo Cartwright, the president of me firm—"

Ma began to laugh. "Ah, you're a poor liar, Tim Denning."

Tim's brow furrowed, but only for an instant. "On the contrary," he said amiably, "I am a very gifted liar, me darlin'. However, let's have another song, one appropriate to the season and to the happy occasion of me restoration to the bosoms of those I love."

He began singing loudly *Adeste fideles.*

"Ah," said Mrs. Denning. "Come All Ye Faithful. Look who's singing that one now!" But soon her moment of asperity passed, and she sang as happily as the others.

THE END

# *Give 18 like this...*

# all in one bottle of Daisy-Fresh Martinis!

HIRAM WALKER'S ready-to-serve Dry Martini is *the* gift for the proudest mixers you know.

An expert gift... for experts who demand the *daisy-fresh tang* of a *just-mixed* Martini.

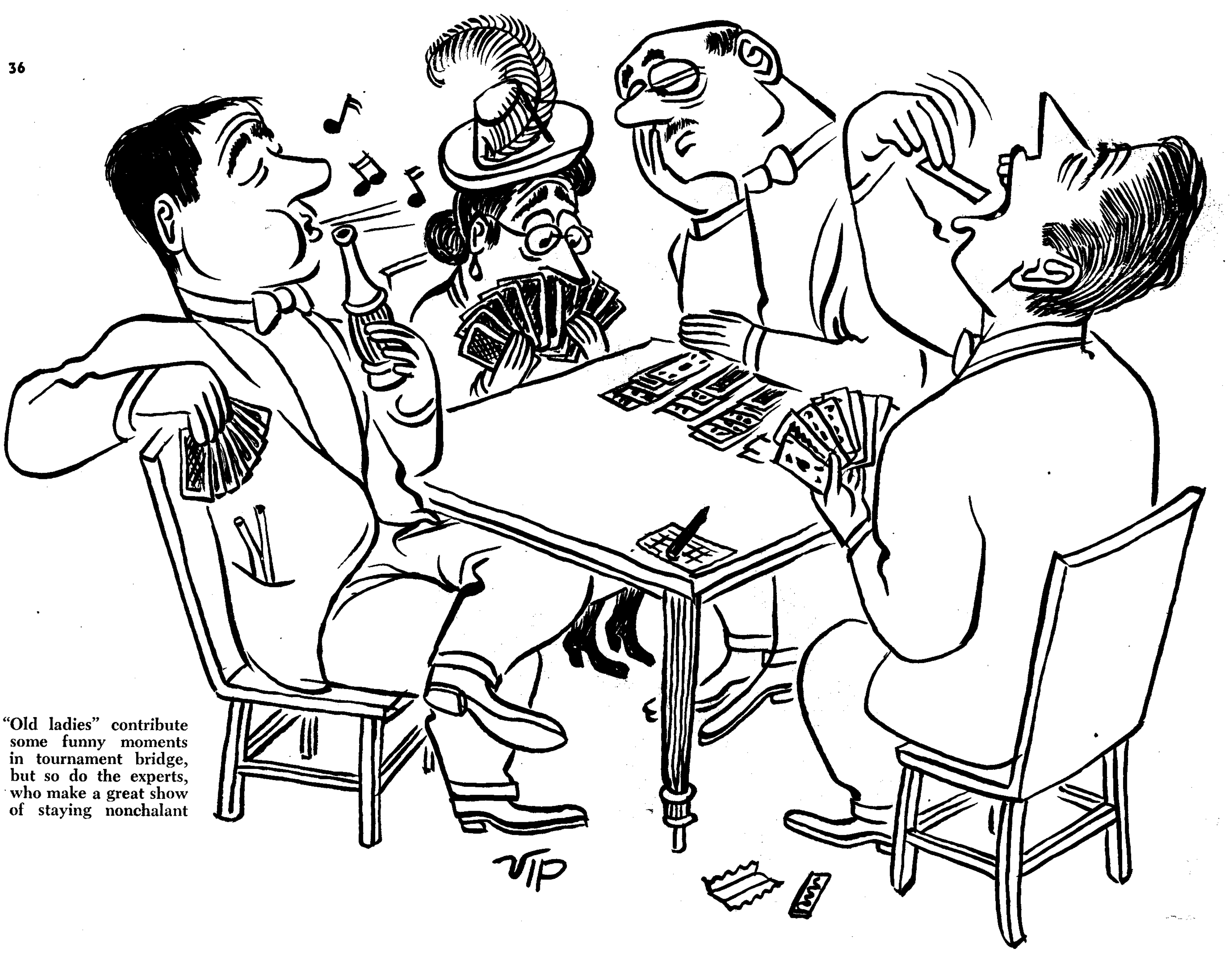
Made from one of the world's finest gins and a great vermouth *and* by experts, Hiram Walker's Martinis are this good: *the best mixers are their greatest admirers!* Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

## *Hiram Walker's* dry martini

Hiram Walker
ALL THE VERMOUTH USED IN THIS COCKTAIL DRY VERMOUTH
Hiram Walker
dry martini Cocktail
Made & Bottled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc.

... the ready-to-serve Martini that tastes *daisy-fresh.* Just stir with ice

66 proof



"Old ladies" contribute some funny moments in tournament bridge, but so do the experts, who make a great show of staying nonchalant

# GRAND SLAM GAGS

## BY LEE HAZEN

AS TOLD TO THOMAS H. WOLF

**No matter how serious they may be about bridge, even the experts see some funny things happen. Here a tournament champion passes on some of his livelier stories**

**Lee Hazen, author of the accompanying article, is among America's leading bridge experts. He has won every major national tournament except the Masters Pairs, in which he and partner Ruth Sherman were runners-up last year.**

**Among Mr. Hazen's many victories are such highly prized championships as the Vanderbilt Cup in 1939 and 1942; Masters Individual Championship of the World in 1941 (after having been runner-up the previous year); World's Masters Team of Four in 1943; the Eastern Championships in 1944; and last year both the Men's Pairs and the National Match Point Team of Four championships.**

**A member of the New York Bridge Whist Club, Mr. Hazen is Chairman of the Committee on Ethics of the American Contract Bridge League. He is among the few players of all time to be rated a Life Master by the League.**

**A partner of the law firm of Dannenberg, Hazen & Lake, Mr. Hazen is general counsel for the American Contract Bridge League.**

THERE are estimated to be 40,000,000 bridge players in America. Many of these are duffers. But even among the top-ranking few, an ordinary stick of chewing gum may make a world of difference.

A stick of gum actually did win one national tournament. It all came about during the final round of the Men's Pairs Championships in 1934. Most of the players were finished and were standing around the half-dozen games still in play in the center of the huge, smoke-filled Grand Ballroom of New York's Hotel Commodore.

I was in a crowd of perhaps fifty kibitzers who were squeezing around the table at which Ted Lightner and Ely Culbertson were playing the crucial hand against David Burnstone and Oswald Jacoby. Lightner had won the bidding at six spades.

Having played this same hand myself a few minutes before, I knew that success or failure for Jacoby and Burnstone depended entirely on the latter's opening lead. And the tournament score was such that the outcome of this hand would determine the championship.

When the experts play bridge, the cards themselves represent only about fifty per cent of any hand's value. The other fifty per cent is psychology. In this tight spot, Burnstone made full use of his knowledge of his opponents' weaknesses.

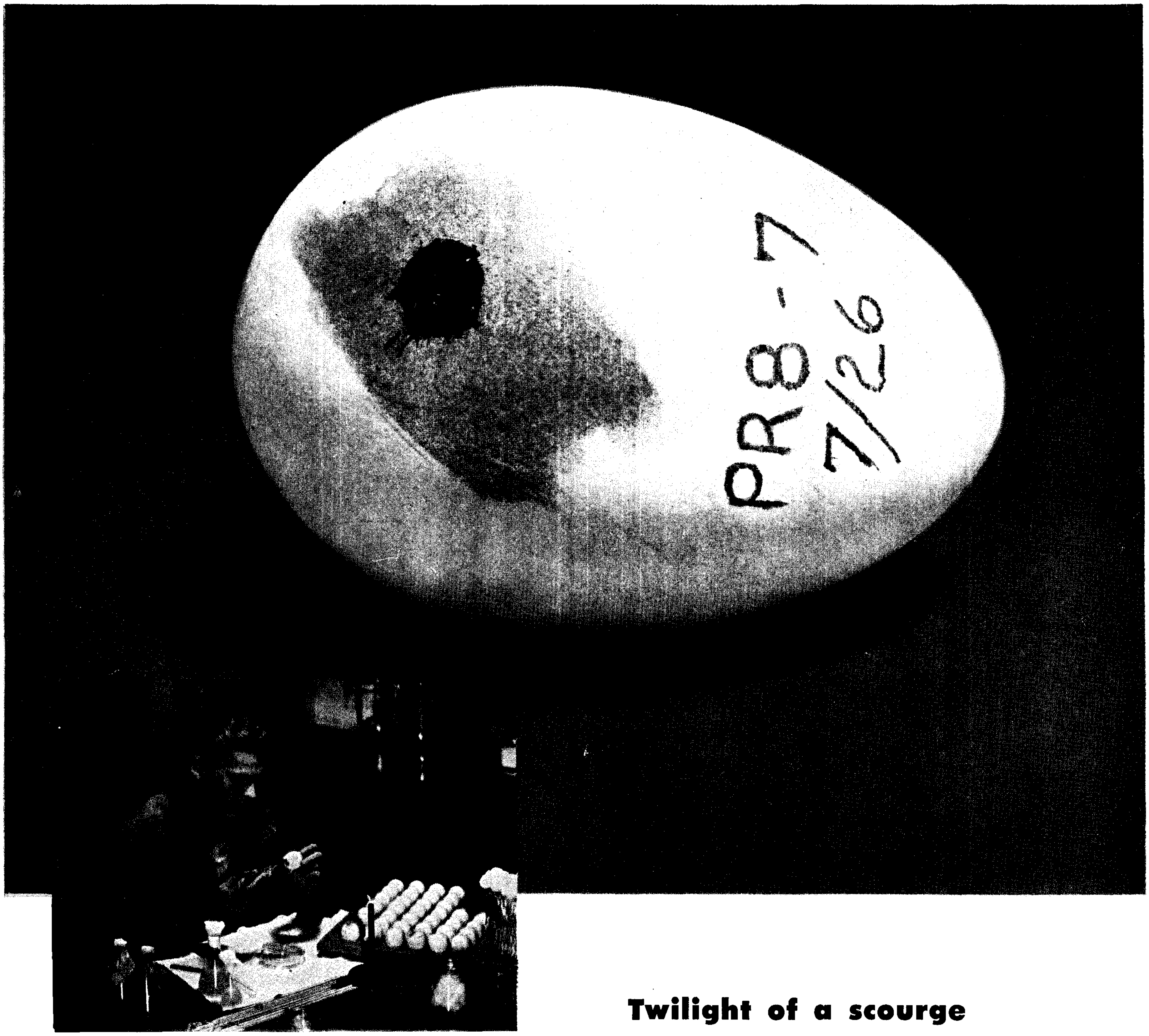
He knew that Messrs. Lightner and Culbertson are among the most nervous players in bridge. Ely, especially, hates to have to wait. When, as in this case, he is going to be dummy, he fidgets and frets until the opening lead is made. Then he flings down his hand, without even bothering to separate the suits, and races away from the table. He can't stand the suspense of watching the hand played.

Realizing that the championship might well depend on his opening lead, Dave Burnstone decided to take his time. Very deliberately he reached into his pocket and pulled out a piece of chewing gum. He carefully unwrapped it, put it slowly into his mouth and gave a tentative chew.

By this time Ted Lightner was actually squirming in his seat. Ely was beside himself with impatience. But still Burnstone couldn't decide what to lead. And, in any event, he couldn't lead until he had disposed of the chewing-gum wrapper. So he threw it down on the table.

*(Continued on page 56)*

ILLUSTRATED BY VIRGIL PARTCH



*U. S. Army Medical Department research is making the whole world safe for the Army man. An enlisted technician shows how chick embryos are given a "shot" of Influenza virus.*

# Twilight of a scourge

20,000,000 soldiers and civilians died of it in the year following World War I.

Twenty million — over twice the four-year toll of guns and gas and bombs of sixteen belligerent armies — struck dead in one year by one disease.

*Influenza* — ever a threat to human life, ever epidemic in the wake of war — was curbed in 1945-46 by the U. S. Army Medical Department, in co-operation with civilian scientists, using an effective new vaccine made from developing chick embryos infected with concentrated "flu" viruses!

In the largest mass vaccinating campaign in history, Army doctors and technicians last autumn dealt protection almost simultaneously to 7,500,000 Army men and women from Tibet to Tangier, Tasmania to Tacoma. Now the score is tallied, and what cheering news it is!

Seventy-five per cent of those vaccinated were found *positively protected* against both known Influenza viruses. What's more, a test of 12,500 Army college students in 13 universities showed that only 1.1% of the vaccinated men were hospitalized for *all* types of respiratory disease, as against 9.9% among unvaccinated men.

These are the results of the genius of American medical science when backed by the world's largest medical research organization, the U. S. Army Medical Department. But Army preventive medicine experts and members of the Influenza Commission are still far from satisfied. They are bent on boosting the vaccine's effectiveness to 100%.

This is the type of stimulating research going on throughout the Regular Army every day of the year. And now, with new higher pay, an Army job is one of the best jobs a man can choose. For men who thrill to the unusual, to ever-changing previews of the world of tomorrow, to a quest for new answers to old problems, *there's nothing to compare with an Army career!*

Any physically fit young man from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent) may enlist. Get full details at any Army Recruiting Station.

---

*Listen to "Sound Off," "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail" and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.*

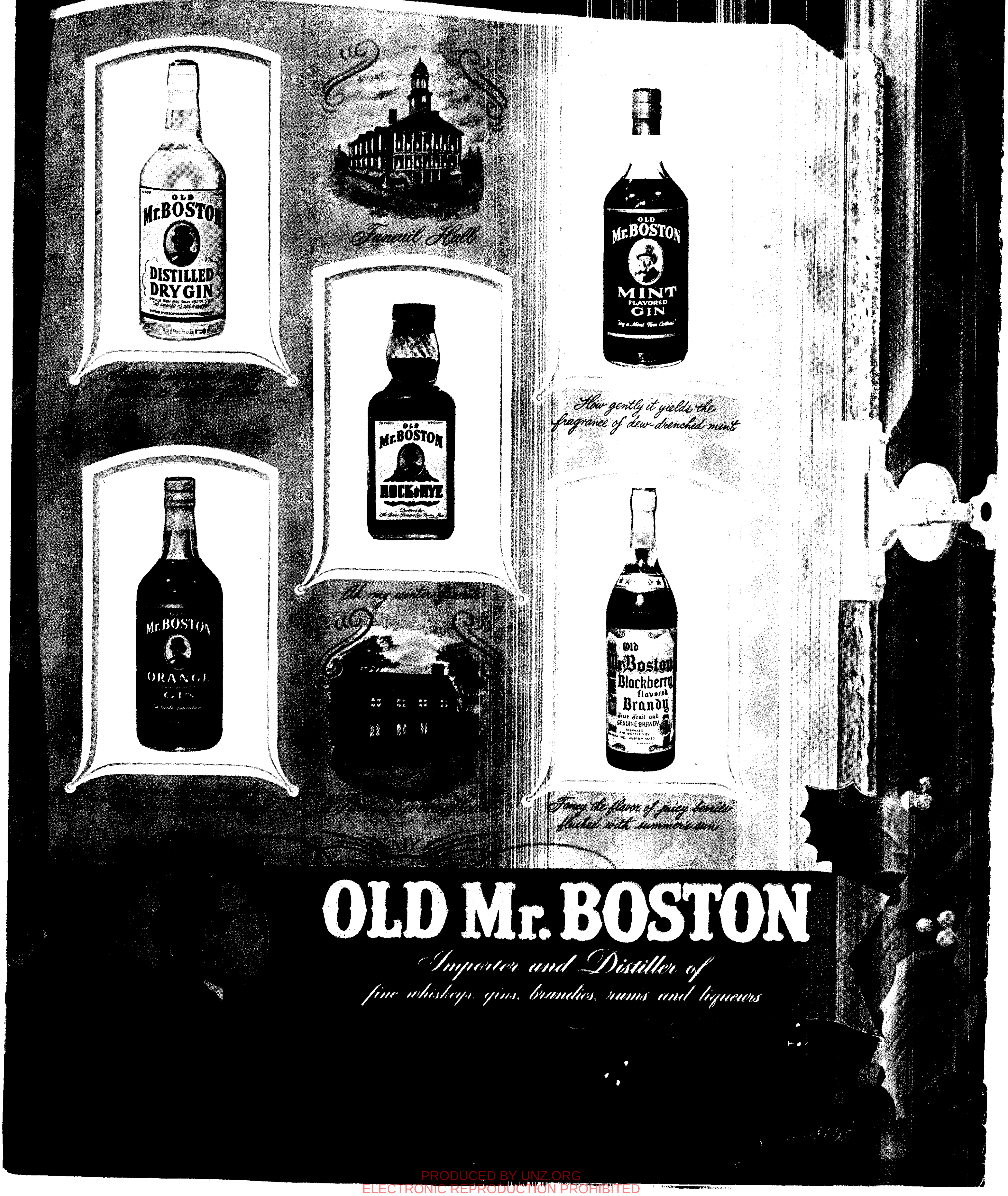
**U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE**

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE — CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

# Choose Your Holiday Liquors Again

Old State House
OLD MR BOSTON
ROCKING CHAIR
Remindful of ocean-rocked whiskeys of yesteryear
OLD Mr BOSTON
SLOE GIN
Remindful of rare Burgundy thanks to its tart [illegible]
Crème de Menthe
My liquid emerald
OLD Mr BOSTON BRAND
Imported RUM
Imported from the Virgin Islands – yet duty-free
Old South Church
Mr BOSTON'S
Pinch Bottle
Blended Whiskey
Masterpiece of mildness — sheer delight in a Manhattan

# From Old Mr. Boston's Family Albu

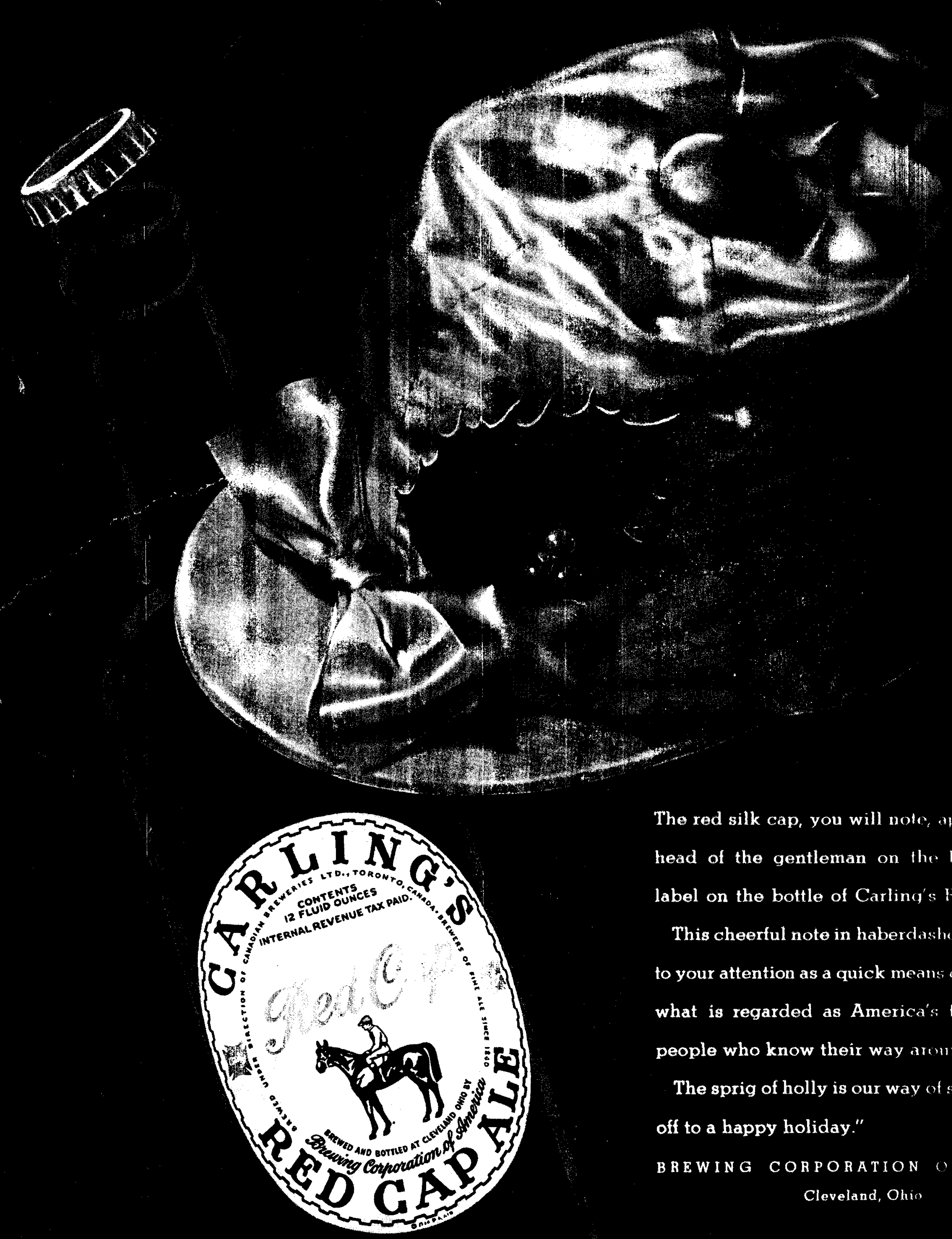


OLD Mr. BOSTON DISTILLED DRY GIN
Faneuil Hall
OLD Mr. BOSTON ROCK & RYE
OLD Mr. BOSTON MINT FLAVORED GIN
How gently it yields the fragrance of dew-drenched mint
Mr. BOSTON ORANGE GIN
Ah, my winter favorite
Paul Revere's House
Old Mr. Boston Blackberry flavored Brandy
Fancy the flavor of juicy berries flushed with summer's sun

# OLD Mr. BOSTON

*Importer and Distiller of*
*fine whiskeys, gins, brandies, rums and liqueurs*

# CARLING'S Red Cap ALE


CARLING'S
BREWED UNDER DIRECTION OF CANADIAN BREWERIES LTD., TORONTO, CANADA - BREWERS OF FINE ALE SINCE 1840
CONTENTS 12 FLUID OUNCES
INTERNAL REVENUE TAX PAID
Red Cap
BREWED AND BOTTLED AT CLEVELAND OHIO BY
Brewing Corporation of America
RED CAP ALE

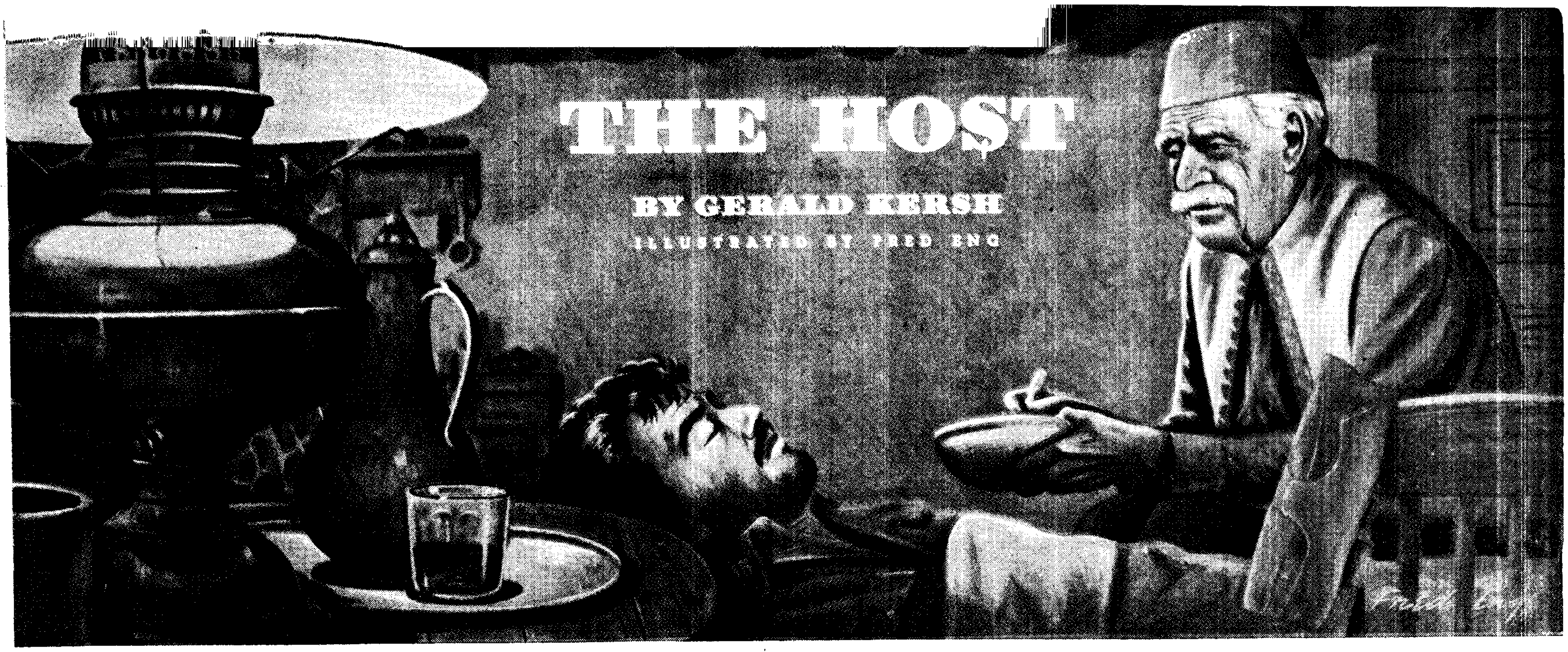
The red silk cap, you will note, appears on the head of the gentleman on the horse on the label on the bottle of Carling's Red Cap Ale.

This cheerful note in haberdashery is brought to your attention as a quick means of identifying what is regarded as America's finest ale by people who know their way around.

The sprig of holly is our way of saying, "Caps off to a happy holiday."

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Cleveland, Ohio

*Born in Canada in 1840* *Now going great in the 48 states*



# THE HOST

BY GERALD KERSH

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED ENG

GALLI remembered how something had hissed explosively like a splash of water on a red-hot stove. The guide stopped dead in mid-stride—dead. Seconds later, the flapping echo of the rifle shot fluttered over the mountain. A quick, keen survey with field glasses revealed nothing but blinding blue Albanian sky, and hot rock. An eagle soared from a neighboring peak. Otherwise, nothing. Galli began to be afraid.

He knew that three hours had to pass before the sun went down. By starlight he might go on. He kicked with both feet. The corpse rolled off the path. Galli counted ten before he heard the thud and rattle on the stones below. Then, on his hands and knees, he crawled away.

At last he knew that he was lost. The mountains had no end. He walked all night. Before the next sunset he heard himself shrieking and laughing. His watch, broken twelve hours before, still said three o'clock when he saw the house.

Galli giggled and wept. It was a real house, oddly constructed of mud, brick and stone, high up in a little valley. Where Galli's feet passed they left pink patches. He had exactly enough strength to carry him, reeling and staggering, to the door. He knocked. The door opened. He fell over the threshold.

As from an incalculable distance, he heard a deep, solemn voice say: "Welcome." Then he heard nothing.

HE SAW, first of all, the fist that held the bowl of soup. It was hard and dark, like old wood; huge-knuckled, scarred, strung with tendons like piano wire. Then he saw an embroidered sleeve, and a short white coat; a throat the color and texture of a sandblasted briar pipe; an impregnable chin; mustache clean and yellow white-like tusks; brilliant black eyes under a forehead raked, as by a harrow, into deep parallel lines; a gaudy cap.

With a qualm of fear, Galli started to rise. "I am an Italian. . . . I am Lieutenant Galli. . . ."

"Even so," said the old man, "you are my guest and I am your host. You have come over my threshold, and are under my roof."

"There was fighting . . ." said Galli.

"Of that, also, I am aware," the old man murmured.

"Then I am your prisoner."

"On the contrary, as I have already had the honor of informing you, you are my guest. If you wish to stay a day, you are welcome for a day. If you wish to stay a year, you are welcome for a year."

Galli saw, then, that he was lying upon a great bed of cushions in a large, low room. The floor was of stamped earth, covered with rich rugs, scantily furnished with low brass-topped tables, and dimly lighted by one brass lamp of American make and three age-old lamps of red clay in which sputtering wicks floated in oil. Near by, a graceful Turkish water jug stood upon a radio.

"Food," said the old man, "has been prepared against your awakening. You are a Christian. You drink alcohol. We, being Mohammedans, do not. I can offer you none now. But I have sent a servant down the mountain to get a bottle of brandy. Also, some of your cigarettes. We, here, smoke pipes. I shall be honored, meanwhile, if you will accept my own personal *narghile*. Your trousers were torn and stained. I have taken the liberty of getting you a new pair. My daughters have cleaned and mended your coat. Your boots, we were compelled to throw away. You will forgive me if I have replaced them with a pair of my own; of Morocco leather, of the softest kind. Perhaps that will compensate for their rather large size. . . ."

"I must get back," said Galli. "I must get back to our lines."

"It shall be exactly as you wish," said the old man, bowing. "Now, let me beg you to eat." He clapped his hands. Women came in with trays.

Galli ate, and felt his strength returning. "What is the news?"

"King Zog has fled," said the old man. "Italy has won."

Another man might have expressed polite condolence. Galli grinned. Ah, ah! he thought. That is what accounts for his rather excessive politeness, the old one! "Rest assured," he said, with some condescension, "that your kindness to me will not be forgotten."

"I believe I have had the honor of explaining to you," said the old man, "that I am your host, and you my guest. It is true that you have the misfortune to be Italian—"

"Misfortune? Take care what you say!" said Galli.

"—and therefore, on the field of battle, my enemy. But with us, hospitality is more than a custom; it is a law. Do me the honor of understanding that. I expect no favors and no gratitude. I do nothing more than my duty."

"Ah," said Galli.

"Give yourself the trouble of tasting this chicken."

"*Per Bacco,* you mountaineers do yourselves not too badly at all. . . . Ah, well, it's just as well the war's over. If one might call it a war. I don't mind telling you that we expected you fellows to put up rather more of a fight than you did."

Galli paused, listening. He could hear a wailing of many voices outside.

"Who's that?" he asked.

AN OLD woman came out of the shadows and spoke. "Our sons are coming home," she said. Galli saw that her face was stiff and rigid; that she spoke almost without opening her mouth. The old man stood up and remained very erect, as he muttered, "Let them come in."

A door opened. Two men walked into the room. They were carrying the body of a man.

"My eldest son," said the old man. "Forgive us if we cause you any discomfort. There are four more. They are to be taken into their chamber." The old woman's face seemed to melt. Huge tears trickled down her cheeks. The old man spoke to her in a harsh, sudden voice: "Be silent, woman! We have a guest."

The arm of the youngest son hung limply. The old woman stooped, grasped the relaxed hand, and followed the corpse into the adjoining room.

"Pardon her," said the old man.

"That's quite all right," said Galli. "A mother's feelings are only natural."

"I also was in the battle, but I could not die," said the old man.

Galli blinked uneasily. "Look," he said. "After all, damn it—for all you know, I might have killed one of your sons myself."

"Sir. If you had killed them all, foully, with your own hand, the laws of hospitality would still guarantee that you would not be ill-treated in my house. Be easy," said the old man.

"Oh, I'm not frightened, God, no," Galli laughed loudly. "Only as a gentleman, you understand—"

"You wished everything to be clear and aboveboard," said the old man. "I humbly thank you." He went out, and returned a few seconds later with a bottle. "Brandy. My servant also brought Italian cigarettes, but you would not be able to enjoy them. There is blood upon them."

Galli drank a little. "Well, I must say I like your primitive laws of hospitality. You won't be sorry, let me assure you, when we get settled."

"Perched as I am upon a peak," said the old man, calmly, "I have nothing to fear from the Italians, as long as I am here. There is only one path. Your Duce would have to send a whole army to shake me out. But as for hospitality, let me tell you something. There was a man of this country who ravished his neighbor's wife, and then killed her. The wronged husband was bound to kill him. What did the criminal do?"

"Got out of the country quick!"

"No. He went to the house of the man he had wronged, and stayed there. The host could not lift a hand against his guest. The guest stayed for twenty years."

"Poor host!"

"Poor host. Is the tobacco satisfactory?"

"Not bad at all. Well . . well . . . well. You know what? If I had a nice wash and a shave, I think I might start getting back".

"As you wish. You are welcome to stay as long as you want. But if you must go . . . Ismail!"

A servant came in. The old man said, "Saddle Pasha with the silver-mounted saddle. Tell Ali to heat water and shave my guest."

REFRESHED, smooth-shaven, stalwart in his uniform, Galli buckled on his revolver. "When I come to see you again," he said, "I'll take your Ali off you for a batman. I've never had a better shave."

"I will take the liberty of accompanying you to the pass."

They rode out side by side. The rocks reached up; the sun poured down. "Here," said the host, "is the limit of my land."

"What the devil?" said Galli.

Turning in the saddle, he found that he was looking directly into the dark muzzle of a heavy old revolver.

"The man who stayed twenty years," said the old man, "at last went out into the garden. You are no longer in my house. Do you pray?"

Galli shook his head.

"One for each of my sons," said the old man, and fired five times. Galli rolled out of the saddle. The old man kicked his body over the precipice, and led the mule back.

The wailing of the woman sounded in the house. The old man, also, began to weep.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

# 10 delicious reasons why Nothing serves like Dubonnet

DUBONNET
SHOULD ALWAYS BE SERVED
WELL CHILLED
Dubonnet
Wine
An Aperitif
MADE SINCE 1846

Now that Dubonnet is made here, more and more Americans are discovering the versatility of this famous drink of France. No other drink pleases so many palates or has so many uses. A little sweet, a little tangy, Dubonnet has a zestful flavor and "mix-ability" all its own. Created by a 100-year-old secret formula. Try Dubonnet today! Always serve chilled—that way it's best.

*It's smart to say—*
*I'll take Dubonnet*

1

**DUBONNET (straight)**

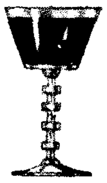
Original way to serve Dubonnet, and still favorite! Pour well-chilled Dubonnet into a glass. Add a twist of lemon peel, if you like. Grand before, after or between meals. Keep a bottle in your refrigerator ready to use.

2

**DUBONNET COCKTAIL**

One-half Dubonnet. One-half gin. Stir with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass and add a twist of lemon peel.

3



**DUBONNET MANHATTAN**

One-half Dubonnet. One-half rye or bourbon. One dash bitters. Stir thoroughly with ice. Strain into glass. Add cherry.

4

**DUBONNET MERRY WIDOW**

One-half Dubonnet. One-half dry Vermouth. Stir thoroughly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Add twist of lemon peel.

5

**DUBONNET OLD-FASHIONED**

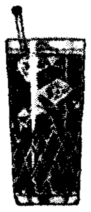
Dash of bitters. Cubes of ice. Add Dubonnet. Slice of orange and pineapple. Cherry. No sugar needed. Serve with stirrer.

6

**DUBONNET AND SODA**

1½ jiggers of Dubonnet. Juice of one-quarter of a lemon. Add ice cubes. Add sparkling soda to fill tall glass and stir.

7



**DUBONNET AND RUM**

1½ jiggers of Dubonnet. Jigger of rum. Juice of ½ lemon. Add ice cubes. Add sparkling soda to fill tall glass and stir.

8

**DUBONNET LIBRE**

Place two cubes ice in tall glass. Add juice ½ lime, with shell. Add wine glass of Dubonnet. Add cola. Serve with stirrer.

9

**DUBONNET AND BRANDY**

One oz. Dubonnet, one-half oz. brandy. Stir thoroughly with plenty of ice and strain into cocktail glass for serving.

10

**DUBONNET AND DRY SHERRY**

One-half Dubonnet. One-half dry Sherry. Add ice cubes, stir thoroughly, and strain into a cocktail glass for serving.

# DUBONNET

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE • PRODUCT OF U. S. A. • COPYRIGHT 1946 • DUBONNET CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# SLEEPING BEAUTY

Continued from page 23

I thought that he was adjusted, settled down. Everyone said how wonderful you were. And you both seemed so happy. You're not really going to divorce him, Carla. You can't be!"

Carla went to lean against the mantel. She looked taller than she was, older, very grave and sad. But there was an uncertainty about her, something Maggie had not seen in her before. Standing there, she was unforgettable and Maggie knew it, with a most curious little heartache, detached, impersonal. The same sort of ache she experienced when a poem moved her, or a risen moon, a star in summer—all part of a touching, effortless beauty.

Carla said, "No, Maggie. I'll ask him to divorce me. Desertion, perhaps. But that takes so long. Cruelty?" she asked, and smiled. It would have been better had she wept.

Maggie said, "If you leave him he'll keep on with Lucille."

"Not for long," Carla said.

Maggie's small face grew stern and judicial. She said, "Maybe you never loved him. I could understand your being heartbroken about Lucille, saying crazy things you didn't mean. But I have a feeling you mean this. If you do, you can't love him—for if there's anything between them now, it's because he isn't happy."

CARLA did not answer and Maggie cried at her, "Don't you *care?*"

"I care," Carla said, "so I'm going away. As for loving him, Maggie, I was sure . . ." She opened her hands in an unaccustomed gesture of futility. "I don't know, now."

Maggie said, "If you aren't sure, then you don't love him; maybe you never did." She thought: It can't be the money, I won't think that of her.

Carla said, "You love him, and always have. I'm glad of it somehow. Lord, what a tangle! If only I'd never met him."

Maggie was sturdy about it, setting her little chin so it would not quiver. She said, "It wouldn't have done any good, I suppose. I'm not ashamed of it or of having people know. He knows, but he won't face it because it embarrasses him. So he kids me a lot, and I kid him back and we pretend. Oh, hell," Maggie said, not given to vulgarisms but needing one now, "when I knew he was going to marry you it was the end of the world. You see, I knew he wouldn't marry Lucille. And I knew, too, that the world can end more than once. It had before, when he went overseas—and when I first knew about Lucille."

"Of course," said Carla gently.

Maggie blinked furiously against the tears. "But I liked you," she protested, "I couldn't help it. You aren't easy to know, exactly. You have a special sort of warmth, very friendly and simple, I've seen it in operation. It's for everyone, in a way. You make people feel that you like to be with them. After my father met you, he said that you were a sunny sort of person. I howled, I said he slayed me. It sounded so old-fashioned, so corny. Still, I knew what he meant. But," she added a little timidly, "the sun's impersonal, it shines on everything, it isn't just for one."

Carla said, "I've never been able to talk about myself much, if that's what people mean by being intimate." Except, she thought, to Rich. She wondered briefly what Rich would say when he heard this. Scold? Sympathize? Or just say, "Well, it's your decision, and you can pick up the pieces and go on."

Maggie said, "I suppose most women distrust you, until they know you. Or maybe they're just afraid."

"Of what?"

Maggie said, "You know. Not that you raise a hand. I remember when I first saw you, I was scared stiff. After that, when Harry looked at you, well, I went home and looked in a mirror. I might have had a chance after he came home and the Lucille business was over. But not after he met you, not ever again."

A curious expression flickered over Carla's face. It was as wavering as the firelight, a look of denial and distaste. She said, "Don't put too much credence in mirrors, Maggie, they don't always reflect the truth."

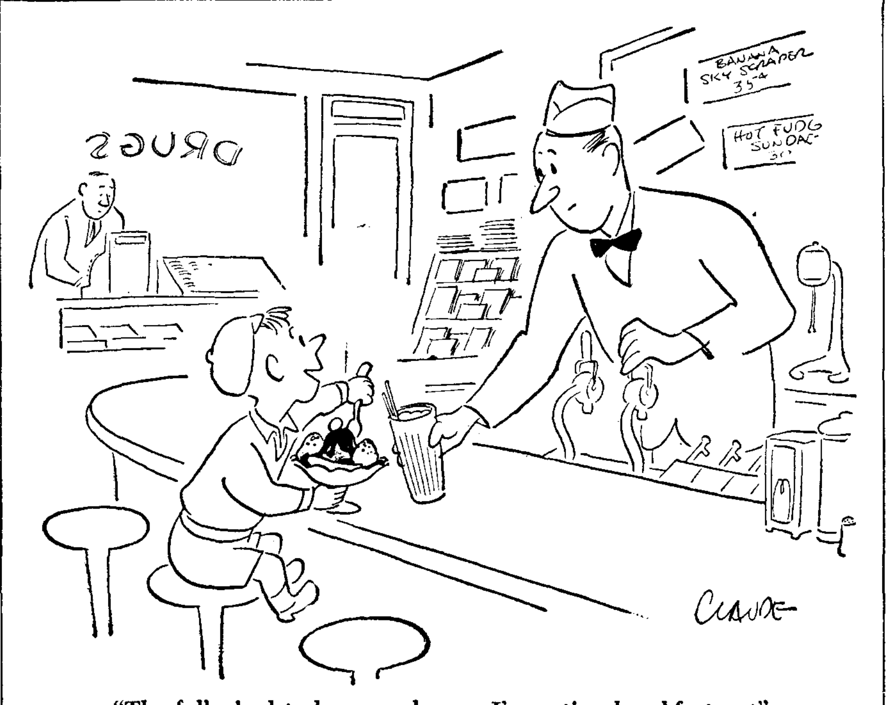
"Yours does," said Maggie. "I wasn't sure, at first. Then I thought he'd be happy with you, all his life."

"Well," said Carla with harsh finality, "it's less than a year—and he isn't."

Maggie said, "I was on my way to the Thomsens. Now, I'll be late. May I telephone?"

She rose and Carla crossed the room and vanished into the kitchen.

When she came back, Harry was coming in. He said, stamping the snow from his shoes, "Nothing wrong. Come along, Maggie, I'll give you a shove. You ought to have chains."



"The folks had to leave early—so I'm eating breakfast out"

COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH

All very normal; as if nothing had happened or were going to happen. Harry looked from one to the other; Maggie's was the easier face to read. He said, "Well, let's get going."

Carla said, "After you've seen Maggie on her way, why not dine with your father and mother? They're alone tonight, and it's as good a time as any to tell them."

"Tell them what?" he asked evenly.

MAGGIE thought: Not again, I can't stand it. She said, a little wildly, "Harry, please!"

Harry looked at her. He said, "This is where you came in. I'm sorry, Maggie, but you did, you know. Carla's going to leave me. We haven't even had a quarrel. There were things we could quarrel about, but she wouldn't stoop to that. She's just going to get out bag and baggage and for no reason. Or, so she says."

Carla said, "Take Maggie back to her car. This isn't much fun for her."

"I'm sorry," Maggie said again, but Carla could feel her turning from her, toward Harry. She could expect nothing else. Maggie had always hated Lucille but she would always excuse Harry. She won't believe that it isn't Lucille. How could she?

"Come on, brat," Harry said, picked up the possum coat and bundled Maggie into it.

"I don't know what to say," Maggie began, looking at Carla.

"There's plenty to be said," said Harry, "but not by you." He squeezed Maggie's arm hard, his fingers pressing through the bulky fur, and she winced. She knew he was not aware of the painful pressure; or that it was her flesh.

The door closed after them and Carla went to tell Nora that Mr. Trask had to go to the big house and would remain there for dinner. "I'll have mine on a tray," she said, "it's easier than having you set the table."

CARLA'S tray went back to the kitchen, almost untouched. She returned to her room, which was large, with ample cedar-lined closets. She opened one, and stroked the sleeve of the mink coat, with a sorrowful, childish gesture, relinquishing and loving. The fur felt soft and silken.

Early in their marriage, she had asked Harry, "Is it all right if I send money home? Please be honest with me." And he had answered, "It's yours, darling, to spend or give or throw away. You're to do with it whatever gives you the most pleasure."

She remembered that now, standing there idly stroking the fur coat. The snow was piled on the window sills, the treacherous wind shouted, mourned, banged and rattled. But Carla was lost in the memory of the beach at Laguna, blue water and blazing sunlight and Harry lying beside her on the sand, his fine body brown, his eyes blue as the sea in his tanned face, his hand reaching for her own.

Last summer's frocks were zipped into bags with the things Harry had bought on their wedding trip—her California play clothes, shorts and halters, Mexican blouses, slacks and shirts and gay cotton frocks. She could sort them, label one bag "to be sent."

She chose the most utilitarian of her suits, blouses and sweaters, two woolen frocks, and a hat that went with everything—although she rarely wore hats except to please Harry—walking shoes, stockings. She thought, sorting her handkerchief and glove boxes, that there must be an Emily Postian protocol to cover the situation. When a woman walks out on her husband, what does she take with her? Perhaps the allotment for a bride is different from one long married. She wished passionately to take nothing, for she believed she was entitled to nothing. But, practically speaking, you can't go naked into a winter night, nor can you cover your nakedness with the cotton frocks you had brought with you into marriage.

She had kept her uniforms, believing she would use them in the volunteer work which had never materialized. They were in a trunk, together with books and notes and stored in the cellar. The trunk could also be sent on.

By the time the Trasks came down from the other house her suitcases and dressing case were packed. The luggage had been her parents' wedding gift, together with the old garnet jewelry which had belonged to her mother's mother. It was a little like dying; naked and with nothing, you enter the world; and, in a similar condition, depart.

The Trasks came in quietly, as if someone were ill in the cottage. They came to that easy conclusion. They had assured Harry, "Carla isn't well." They had asked, "Do you suppose she is pregnant?" and had been unprepared for the savagery of his denial. They had insisted it must be his behavior, in other words, Lucille. And Mrs. Trask said with unusual agitation, "I never approved of your marriage, as you know, Harry. But I admire Carla, although I simply do not understand her." She had added the inevitable, "What will people say?" to which he had responded that he didn't give a damn.

"Overwrought," decided Mitchell Trask. "Many brides are. The adjustment . . ." he suggested, delicately, and was shocked by Harry's discordant laughter.

Carla wore the heavy, country tweed suit, and a sweater. Her jacket lay over the chair. She heard them coming, her heart knotted and she felt sick in the pit of her stomach.

AT FIRST, Harry said very little, sprawled in a big chair, feeling empty as a broken promise. He kept a tight rein on himself, his fear, his impotent anger. His father had counseled patience, and for once the younger man was willing to take advice. He had told his parents as much as he could; his father's adept questioning had elicited considerable but not total frankness; his mother's unsentimental sympathy was both soothing and bracing. He had admitted Lucille; admitted that he was irritable with Carla, and jealous of her time and thoughts. In short, that he did not feel sure of her.

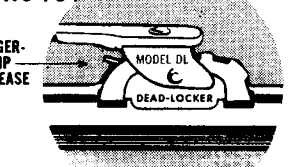
"Not," he said in all fairness, "that I think there's anyone else." He had also admitted, to his father and mother's disapproval and bewilderment, that Carla wanted a child but he did not. He added, "She doesn't love me as I do her." This was the closest he could get to the matter. There are some things which, conceivably, blind drunk, you might confide to an utter stranger at a bar but which, drunk or sober, you cannot tell your mother. Perhaps he could tell his father, but there the male pride was a barrier. You mightn't care about pride, if a stranger said, "What's the matter, Mac?" but Mitchell Trask wasn't a stranger.

The Trasks, Carla noted with a slight detached amusement, wore figurative kid gloves. They handled her as if she were marked "excessively fragile," as if she were a border-line case to be approached with utmost skill. It was an approach

ANCO RAIN-MASTER "Dead-Locker"

WINDSHIELD WIPER ARMS and BLADES

BLADE SNAPS ON... STAYS PUT

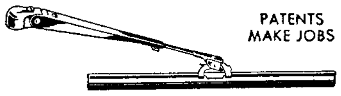


CAN'T FALL OFF
CAN'T BLOW OFF

(A war-born invention—by ANCO—first for military aircraft—now for your car.)

DON'T SHOOT YOUR GAS-PUMP MAN!

He's doing the best he can. Sure, he knows how dangerous it is for you to drive your car... in stormy weather... with your dull old windshield wipers that smear and smear. He'd gladly put on for you quickly a pair of keen new ANCO RAIN-MASTER Wiper Blades and Arms. He has them—Newest Models! But he forgets to remind you? Too busy? You can't shoot him for that!



After all, it's *your* car to protect. So *you* remind *him*. Get RAIN-MASTERS... patented features... original equipment on many makes of high grade cars and trucks... used in war—on our fighting tanks and trucks and ships and bombers too...because ANCO RAIN-MASTERS clean quicker, clean cleaner... last longer. May save you a costly smashup.

Ask for RAIN-MASTER Windshield Wiper Arms and Blades next time you buy gas.

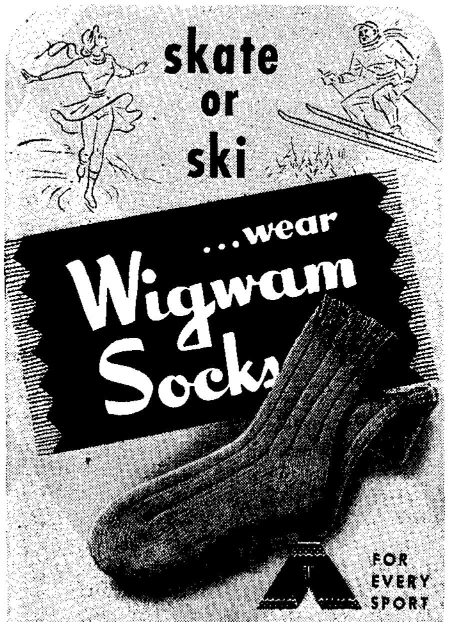
THE ANDERSON COMPANY
*Established 1918*
GARY, INDIANA

TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy. Follow directions. C. S. Dent & Co., Cincinnati.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

Get Well QUICKER
*From Your Cough Due to a Cold*
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound



Bitter cold — but feet warm and comfortable in WIGWAM SOCKS... styled for snugness and knit for wear. All popular colors and combinations, smart exclusive patterns.

Hand Knit Hosiery Co. • Sheboygan, Wis.
*At Sporting Goods and Leading Department Stores*

she could recognize, having herself employed a similar attitude professionally.

Mrs. Trask inquired briskly, "Where's Nora?" Satisfied that the girl was out, she continued, sitting erect, and inserting a cigarette into a holder: "Harry has told us, Carla. I wasn't astonished, really. I have been seriously worried ever since I left you this afternoon."

"Hold on a minute," Mitchell Trask said, and smiled an apology, "there's something I want to get off my chest. Then I'll sit back and listen." He turned his sagacious regard toward his daughter-in-law.

He said, "Carla, my dear, out of all this sorry business a few facts have emerged. The most important is that Harry loves you, deeply. Neither his mother nor I understand your reasons for insisting upon this break, but we do beg you to reconsider. You're not a thoughtless youngster plunging into hasty marriage and wanting out, immediately. This isn't what is known as a war marriage. You're a sensible, levelheaded girl. I believe that you love Harry or you wouldn't have married him. And I'm sure that, if you give this a little time, you won't want to smash up your marriage, because of anger or humiliation or any of the difficult personal emotions. We are willing to do anything. If you and Harry would go away for a little trip, we'll wangle something despite conditions. Or, would you want to go away alone, for a while? Sometimes that helps."

Carla said, "You're very kind, Mr. Trask. But that wouldn't be the solution."

"I was afraid not," he said, and sighed. He looked at his wife and said gently, "I'm sorry, Florence, to speak of this, but I know, in the circumstances, I have your permission. You see, Carla, if anger and humiliation on one side, and failure on the other smashed up every marriage, there would be few intact. Mine would have ended in the fifth year. I was at fault. I was young, I had too much money, I was easily flattered and as easily bored. In some ways, the pattern repeats itself. In our case, Harry was three years old, his mother had miscarried with our second child and had been told there must be no others."

HARRY was staring at his father as if he had never before seen him. Mrs. Trask's face was quiet and strained, her chin lifted, her massive head held high. Carla was scarlet with pity. It had been a hard thing for Trask to say; and harder for his wife to hear.

"Please," she said, "please don't."

Florence Trask said, "It's quite all right, Carla."

Trask said, "So we battled through the resultant misery and turmoil and put the pieces together. Florence was very generous," he added, half to himself, "we have been happy."

It was true enough, depending upon your definition. They had a pleasant life, work, friends, a son of whom they were proud, for whom they had feared, and whom they had shared. Florence had ceased to be suspicious of her husband, say, ten years ago; and he had ceased to wish he might give her cause. It was too expensive, in various ways; and too humiliating and depleting.

Harry said, clearing his throat, "Why bring that all up? I'm sorry, Mother. If it's Lucille you're thinking about, Carla doesn't mind. If she did, I'd be a hell of a lot better off."

"I do mind," said Carla, "but it's not the reason."

Harry started to speak, with eagerness, but his father interrupted. "Then, what is it?"

"Harry deserves better than a makeshift marriage," Carla said.

Harry shook his head. He said, with difficulty, "If it's a child, Carla? If a child would mend things? I know I'm selfish but if that would make the difference?" he asked hopefully.

She said sadly, "It's not my happiness, Harry."

He was silent and after a moment Mrs. Trask took over. She was a cool, logical woman. She marshaled her arguments and used them.

Nora returned from the movies and a drugstore soda and went to bed. Long after she slept, the Trasks remained at the cottage. Finally, Mitchell Trask looked at his wife and said, "It's no good."

Harry said, beaten, sullen, "You can say that again. But I won't divorce Carla, and I'll fight it if she divorces me."

His father made no comment. He asked, "What are you going to do, Carla?"

She said, "I had planned to go to town and spend the night with a friend."

"Kent?" asked Harry.

His mother looked up, startled. Carla was silent.

But Harry said, "Sorry," and slumped back in his chair.

She said, "Tomorrow, I plan to go home. I want to talk to my mother and father. Then I intend to return to Lister and go to work."

### SHINE, MISTER?

**Since prices have practically doubled
On everything other than rents,
The man who was bright as a dollar
Now glimmers like sixty-eight cents.**

**—William W. Pratt**

Mr. Trask said easily, "Suppose we leave it at that then? Asking you only to think things over, to preserve an open mind. But there is no necessity for you to work, Carla. You can remain at home and—"

She said with finality, "I have to work, Mr. Trask."

Mrs. Trask said, "If you insist upon working—of course, with the state of affairs in hospitals now we could always say—"

"Not much we couldn't," Harry interrupted. "There's no use trying to save face. Who'd believe you?"

"No one," she agreed.

Carla said, "I don't know much about divorce. I do know that Harry could divorce me on desertion but you yourself once said, Mr. Trask, when we were talking about the Elliots, that the desertion had to be for three years in this state. Even in Nevada, you said, two years. But there's cruelty."

Harry said, "Carla, for God's sake!"

She looked at him, steadily. She said, "When you realize it's the best way, Harry, surely you'll take it?"

Mr. Trask rose. He said, "I'd drive you to the station, Carla, but there's no train now until morning. I'll take you then, either to a New York train or one to Maplehill."

She said, "I have to change trains, you know." Her eyes widened with recognition of her situation. She asked, "Isn't there any way I can go tonight?"

"Afraid not," he answered. He looked at Harry. "Better come along with us," he suggested.

Mrs. Trask exclaimed, shocked, "The servants!"

Harry said, "So what? They'll know tomorrow, won't they?" He went to stand beside Carla's chair and spoke to her as if no one else were in the room. "Isn't it any use?" he asked.

"None," she said, and they saw she was crying. . . .

Carla reached Maplehill in the brief, blue dusk of the winter evening but, long before the ancient taxi reached the farm, night had closed down, black as grief.

The smell of snow was fresh and clean and sharp; the Main Street brook locked in ice. The plow had been through, the roads were clear but now and then a glaze of ice or a deep frozen rut twisted the old car and it slithered.

"Nice seein' you," commented the driver, whose children had been Carla's schoolmates, whose wife had helped Doctor Kent when Carla was born. "Seems to me you look peaked, though. Having a gay time, I expect."

CARLA said she was fine, and asked for his family.

"Colds," he reported gloomily, "house sounds like a kennel, everyone is barking. Pete's home, restless as a dog with fleas. Had two good jobs, quit 'em both, wants to go to a trade school under this G.I. bill. Mary's working at the Busy Bee, talking about getting married to Spike Field. He's settled down, working at the garage. But where can they live? With us, I suppose, or with Spike's folks but that ain't sensible for long. Can't get nor build nor buy a house for love nor money. Horace and Emily all right?"

"Fine, last I heard," Carla told him.

"Anything wrong with the car?"

She said, "I hope not. I didn't let them know I was coming, Eben. I didn't know it myself until yesterday. I thought I'd surprise them." She hurried on, making the explanation stick, for gossip in Maplehill was like dandelion down, lightly drifting and taking root. "You know how Mother is, she'd start house cleaning for no good reason."

"Women are all alike," remarked Eben profoundly. "Dell's the same. When she knew Pete was on the way home, she turned the house inside out, as if he'd know or care. Dell tells me Emily's asthma's been better this winter."

"That's right."

"Good," said Eben, clucking at the car, which had started to buck.

Carla's eyelids ached, and her throat, with panic. She shouldn't have come. She could have staved this off for a time; and then, perhaps, written. Yet, once she had made her decision, she had felt as if she could not wait to get home, a blind instinct, involuntary and urgent. She wanted to say, "I've changed my mind, Eben, turn back and I'll wait in the depot for the next train downstate."

She couldn't. Eben would think her insane, he would tell her father, he would tell everyone, "Carla Fenton turned up without telling anyone and just before I got her to the farm, she made me take her back to the depot."

Carla relaxed consciously, and took a deep breath of the cold, wonderful air. The hills rolled like breakers against the starry sky which arched wide and wonderful and free. Lights streamed from the Fenton house.

"Let me take your stuff," Eben said. He struggled from the car, bulky in his heavy things. "Looks like you aim to stay a spell."

"Just a stopover," Carla assured him. "I'll take the little case."

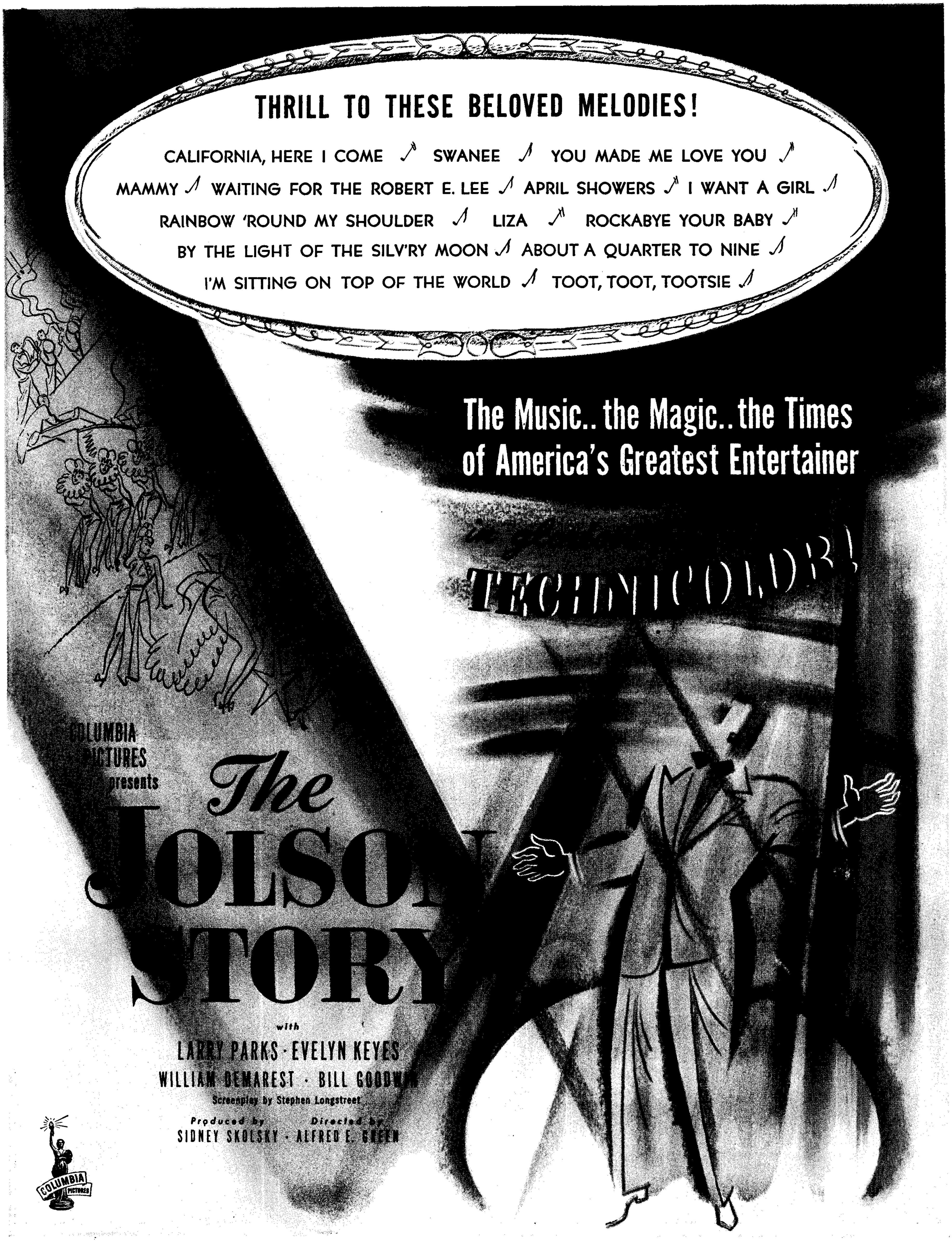
"Too bad your husband didn't come," he said.

Carla said, "He couldn't get away," and despised herself for the easy, evasive reply.

Eben stamped up the path and Carla followed. On the steps, she noticed that they had been repaired. Clattering across the porch, Eben set down the cases, banged on the storm door, flung it open and shouted, "Surprise! Look what I fetched up from the depot."

From the hall, Carla looked through the parlor into the dining room. Her mother and Horace rose quickly from the supper table, a fork clattered, and Horace's slow smile illuminated his face. "Carla, by all that's holy!"

Emily cried, hurrying out, "But you



THRILL TO THESE BELOVED MELODIES!

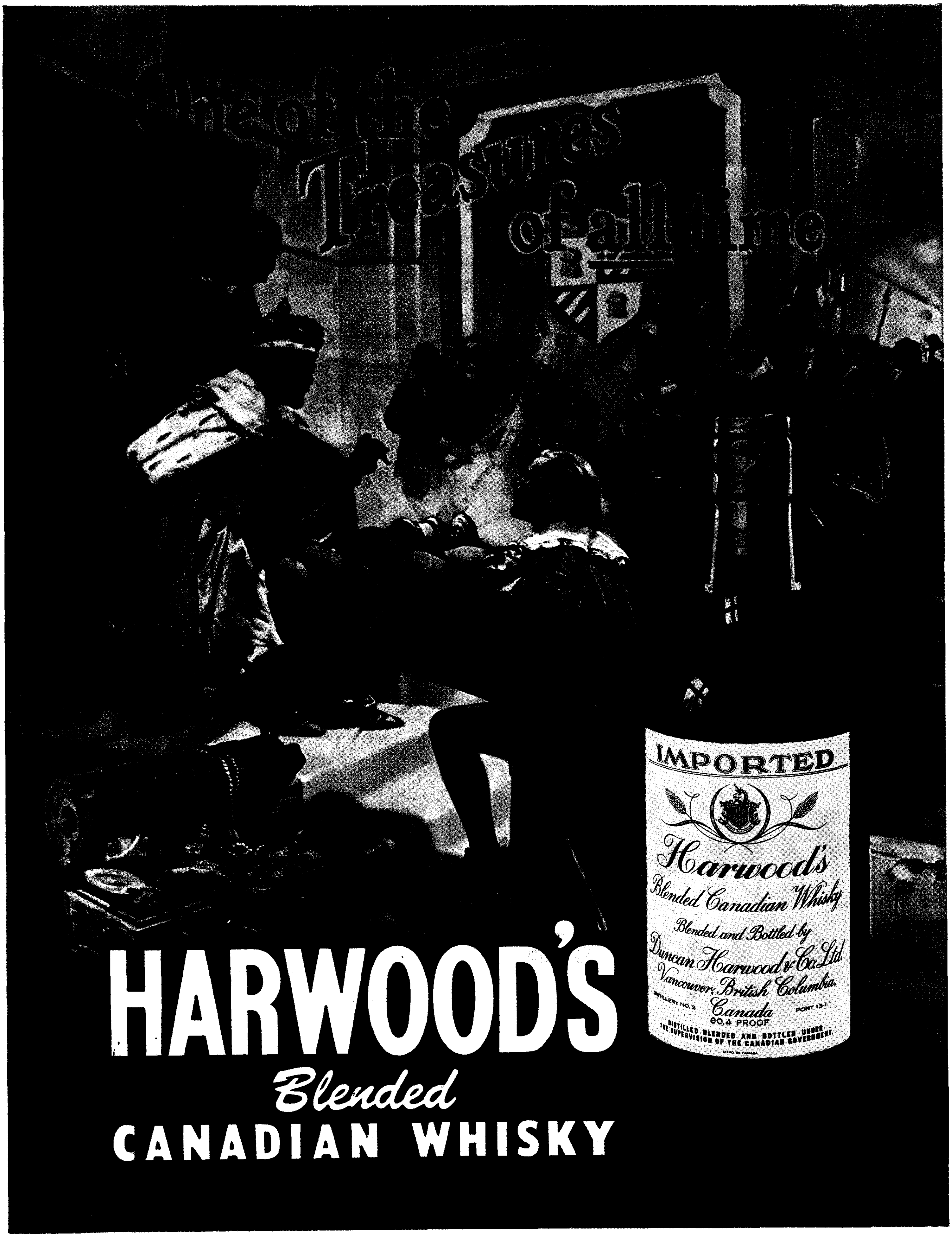
CALIFORNIA, HERE I COME ♪ SWANEE ♪ YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU ♪
MAMMY ♪ WAITING FOR THE ROBERT E. LEE ♪ APRIL SHOWERS ♪ I WANT A GIRL ♪
RAINBOW 'ROUND MY SHOULDER ♪ LIZA ♪ ROCKABYE YOUR BABY ♪
BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILV'RY MOON ♪ ABOUT A QUARTER TO NINE ♪
I'M SITTING ON TOP OF THE WORLD ♪ TOOT, TOOT, TOOTSIE ♪

The Music.. the Magic.. the Times
of America's Greatest Entertainer
TECHNICOLOR!

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

# The JOLSON STORY

with
LARRY PARKS · EVELYN KEYES
WILLIAM DEMAREST · BILL GOODWIN
Screenplay by Stephen Longstreet
Produced by SIDNEY SKOLSKY · Directed by ALFRED E. GREEN


One of the Treasures of all time
IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia,
DISTILLERY NO. 2
Canada
PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
LITHO IN CANADA

# HARWOOD'S

*Blended*

CANADIAN WHISKY

didn't phone—you *know* I hate surprises!" Her hand automatically went to her heart but her color and breathing were unaltered. Carla, smiling, fished in her handbag for money and Horace slapped Eben's shoulder. "Come in and sit," he said, "and have some hot coffee against the return trip."

Eben wandered in and sat, without protest. There was one more train tonight, but not for a while. Besides, practically no one ever got off at Maplehill.

Horace went to fetch the coffeepot and Emily looked at Carla critically. "You tired?" she asked. Her regard encompassed the practical, heavy coat, the good but undistinguished hat and she frowned, in bewilderment. "You haven't eaten, have you?" she asked and, when Carla shook her head, "Want to wash up, downstairs, before you do?"

"I washed on the train." Carla took off her coat and hat and Emily's face cleared. "My," she said, "that's a lovely suit."

She looked at the neck of the fine soft sweater and Carla's hand touched it mechanically. She had worn her pearls constantly; she did not wear them now. She thought: I'll have to take off my gloves.

Her jewelry remained at the cottage, the pearls, the bracelet, the engagement ring, the Christmas emeralds. She wore only her wedding ring, a narrow gold band. Harry had laughed at her but had been pleased because she had preferred it to diamonds and platinum.

She took off the gloves quickly, and Emily asked sharply, "Whatever have you done with your ring?" Her glance was a reproach. "I'd think you'd wear your mink coat, a night like this." Carla hurried in to eat and avoided an answer.

IT WAS a bad half-hour. Carla did her best, but her throat kept closing. "Ham," said Horace proudly, "home-cured. Bess Manning gave it to us." But everything sickened her, the good thick slice of ham, the country-fried potatoes, home-canned peas, and relish, jam, hot biscuits and steaming coffee.

The inevitable questions assailed her. How was Harry and his folks? Had she heard from Rich? asked her father. Did she know that Rich's mother had been sick with flu, almost pneumonia? Everyone had been worried about her. How long was she staying? Would Harry come to take her back? He could drive up, said her father, the main roads were clear.

She answered when she could, evaded when she couldn't. She prayed that Eben would stay; she longed for him to leave. She rose, and helped her mother clear away, stack and rinse the dishes.

Soon Eben stuck his gray head in at the kitchen door. He said, "Got to shove off. Thanks. Good to see you, Carla."

The storm door whammed after him and Horace wandered into the kitchen, his pipe in his mouth. "Looks like old times," he said, happily.

Emily said, "Do get out from underfoot, Horace. We'll be through in no time." She bustled about, curbing her misgiving. There was something queer about Carla's coming home like this. But, shucks, she acted perfectly natural, she looked all right, except tired. Anyone would be tired, taking that trip, changing trains and all. She thought suddenly: Maybe she's going to have a baby, and that's what she's come to tell us.

She gave Carla a little shove. "Go sit with your father," she ordered. "I'll finish up."

It showed, Emily thought, a nice feeling, coming home to tell them, not just writing or, like some of these modern girls, telephoning, knowing perfectly well that people might listen in, the girls in the Maplehill exchange, the folks on the party wires.

Emily thought: Well, if ever a baby was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. She was sure the baby would be a boy. She wondered if Carla would call him Mitchell H. Trask II—and how far along she was.

Emily wiped her hands, untied her apron and went into the living room. It was shabby and comfortable. Bob had scarred that chair with a penknife, ridden his first bike into that table. Carla had spilled ink on the rug; the spot was still faintly visible. Your children grow up and leave you but their signatures remain. Emily did not think of this now, nor at any time; Horace did often.

HORACE knocked his pipe into a battered brass bowl. He was a good husband but Emily hated his pipe. When she hated it sufficiently, her breathing grew labored. This was not one of the nights.

He refilled the pipe and tamped down the tobacco. He said, "Well, it's fine seeing you, Carla."

Carla sat quietly. She breathed deeply, steadying her nerves. She thought: Tomorrow's better, I'll wait until tomorrow.

"—and look . . . six-ply tires. Count 'em yourself"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Emily said, "The radio's fine. We can get everything—never could do that before—something about the power lines maybe, or the hills. But this one's as clear as a bell."

With the money she had sent, they'd bought the extra things; the radio, for which they sent clear to New York; the new table; the curtains. "Expensive," Emily said now, "as all get out and hard to find. Milton Edwards got them in Hartford for me."

"Too bad," Horace said, "that Harry couldn't come."

Carla said, "I came home to tell you something." And her mother straightened, half smiling, her knowing glance going over Carla's bent dark head, to her husband. "Please don't feel badly," Carla added, knowing the phrase futile.

"Badly?" repeated Emily. Her color changed. She thought: Why should we? I'm not one of those fool women who think that because they're going to be grandmothers, they're *old.*

"What's wrong, Carla?" Horace asked quietly.

"Harry and I have separated," she said.

Emily cried, "What *are* you saying, are you out of your mind?"

"Take it easy, Em," Horace advised quickly, "don't get upset. Carla will tell us all about it." He smiled at his daughter, his heart heavy for her. He said, "Young folks quarrel even quicker than they used to, nowadays. Maybe it's the war and the strain they've been under, but it don't last."

"I'm sorry," Carla said, "but this will."

Emily said harshly, " I can't take it in. Is it Harry's mother? I told you she'd be hard to get along with, I never approved of you living so near. But you've always managed to get along with people. If it's that, you have to remember she's used to giving the orders and lots of women are jealous of their sons' wives."

"Mrs. Trask has been very kind to me," Carla said, "we get along fine."

"Then you must be crazy!" Emily diagnosed flatly, but Horace lifted his hand.

"Whoa," he warned. He looked at Carla. "What's Harry been up to?" he asked directly. "Did you find out something bad, like drinking maybe, or running around with other women?" Purely rhetorical, the latter; Horace couldn't believe that. No man in his senses, married to Carla, would look at another woman.

Emily snapped, "What a thing to ask!" Yet they both saw Carla flush.

Carla said, "Nothing like that. We simply aren't happy."

"Who is, all the time?" Emily demanded. "For heaven's sake, you aren't a child, you can't expect moonlight and roses all the way; young folks disagree easy, and often. You're not the first bride to come running home. But after you've talked it over, after you've slept on it—"

"Harry isn't to blame," Carla said firmly. "We never should have married, Mother, and it's better to know it early and do something about it, than to wait."

Her mother cried, "Are you telling us that he's *left* you!"

"It's the other way around," Carla said.

Emily had begun to wheeze. She said, "I don't know what's got into you. Trying to ruin your life and not even telling us why." Her voice rose. "I've done my best for you, given you everything I could. I was so proud when you made a good marriage. There isn't a girl in Maplehill," said Emily pitifully, "who doesn't envy you."

"It isn't a good marriage," said Carla, "for me—or Harry."

Her mother asked, "Is that all you've got to say? You never gave me your confidence. I don't suppose you'll start now "

Horace said placatingly, "Em, it's Carla's business, and she knows best."

"You've been saying that since she was a child," Emily flung at him, "siding with her, letting her have her way. I might as well be a stranger in my own house," she said bitterly.

"Mother," Carla asked, "won't you try, just this once, to believe that I *do* know best?"

"You're selfish clear through," her mother said, "like your father. Harry Trask worships the ground you walk on. You have everything a girl could ask for, and you want to give it up. If I had my health—I'd go right down there and—" She stopped, not knowing what she would do, health or no health.

Horace said slowly, "If it's like I said, just a bad quarrel, those things mend, Carla. Maybe it's something you could overlook, for both your sakes?"

"Most women have a lot to overlook," said Emily grimly. She gasped, her lips blue. She said, "Well, maybe now you're satisfied!"

It was a bad attack. They put her on the sofa, loosened her clothing, gave her the drops, got Doctor Kent. He quirked a heavy eyebrow upon seeing Carla but his attention was for his patient and his conversation to Carla consisted of instructions.

Later, Emily rested, half sleeping, in the downstairs bedroom she and Horace shared, while Horace, Carla, and Doctor Kent talked quietly in the living room.

"What brought that on?" asked Doctor Kent. He was shorter than his son and gray and lined, but the resemblance was marked.

Horace said, "Well, Carla didn't let us know she was coming. The surprise and all, maybe—"

"Joy rarely . . ." Kent began but Carla interrupted.

She said, "It was my fault. I came to tell Mother and Father that Harry and I have separated."

"So?" said Kent. "Well, that's your affair. Too bad she took it like this, but she had to know. She'll be all right now. Call me if you need me. I'll drop by tomorrow." He rose, stiffly. He added, "I'm sorry, Carla, hate to have anything happen to you. Got any plans? How about staying here and working for me?"

She said, "There's nothing I'd like better. But Mother wouldn't. Having me around would be a reminder of the way I've let her down. I'm going back to Lister."

Kent nodded. He said, " 'Night, all," and went out.

Horace Fenton said, "There's a man for you. If ever you feel like it, you'll tell him more, maybe more than us?" he asked. "But, if not, it's all right with him. Carla, do you want to talk to me, now?"

"There's nothing." She went to lean her head against him, her forehead on his shoulder. She said, "I'm so awfully sorry."

He patted her shoulder. After a moment he said, "Least said, soonest mended, I guess. Go up to bed. I promise to call you if your mother needs you. I'll bring up your bags."

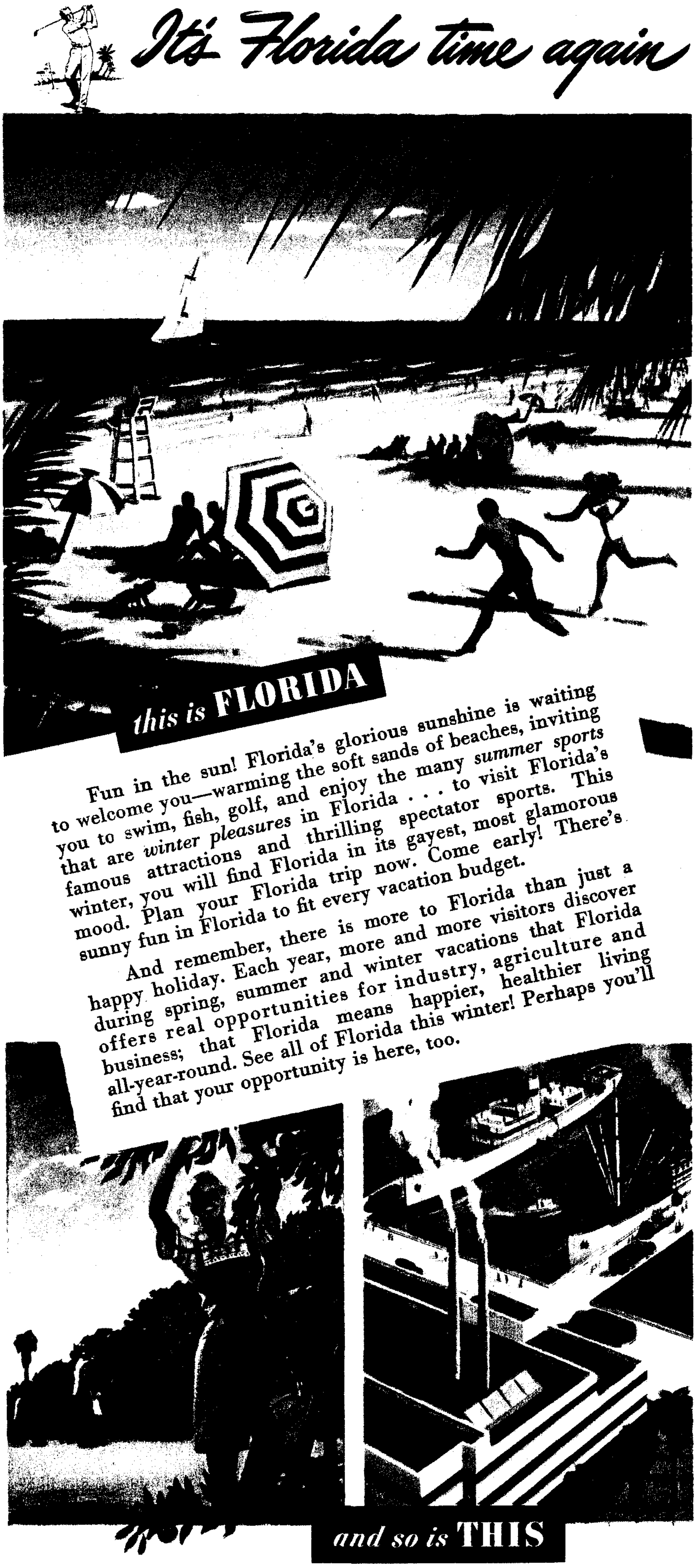
CARLA remained home four days. Harry telephoned at least twice a day. The first time, Carla spoke to him briefly. After that, she would not. Horace took over. He said he was sorry, but Carla didn't feel up to talking.

The last time Emily snatched the instrument from his hand, crying, "Let me talk to him." Words poured from her, she forgot her usual caution. "Of all the crazy, bullheaded girls," she told her son-in-law. "I don't know what to make of it, of anything . . . No," she said, "no, she hasn't . . . But, I'm sure if you talked to her . . . I mean, came up—"

"Mother!" said Carla, despairingly.

But Emily was in full spate. It was Harry, impatient, who hung up abruptly.

"He needn't be downright rude," said



It's Florida time again

this is FLORIDA

Fun in the sun! Florida's glorious sunshine is waiting to welcome you—warming the soft sands of beaches, inviting you to swim, fish, golf, and enjoy the many *summer sports* that are *winter pleasures* in Florida . . . to visit Florida's famous attractions and thrilling spectator sports. This winter, you will find Florida in its gayest, most glamorous mood. Plan your Florida trip now. Come early! There's sunny fun in Florida to fit every vacation budget.

And remember, there is more to Florida than just a happy holiday. Each year, more and more visitors discover during spring, summer and winter vacations that Florida offers real opportunities for industry, agriculture and business; that Florida means happier, healthier living all-year-round. See all of Florida this winter! Perhaps you'll find that your opportunity is here, too.

and so is THIS

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

*State of Florida, 506 Commission Building*
*Tallahassee, Florida*

*Please send me colorful Florida booklet.*

*Name*____________________

*Street and No.*____________________

*City*__________*Zone*____*State*______

FLORIDA
THE SUNSHINE STATE

Emily, shocked. "*I* haven't done anything!"

Carla said, "I guess it's time I went back to New York."

She left the next day, carrying with her the memory of her mother's hostile face, her father's concern and the Kents'. She had seen Mrs. Kent and told her baldly, "I've left Harry." Mrs. Kent said little but later she asked her husband, "How is this going to affect Rich?"

"About as you'd expect," said Doctor Kent, "but it won't do him any good, most likely."

"I suppose not," said Rich's mother. She loved Carla, but there were times when she could have slapped her.

AT THE Lister Memorial Hospital those in authority were happy to see Carla again. The directress of nursing, Leotha Reynolds, considered her one of the best nurses Lister had ever graduated. They needed good nurses more than ever. Naturally, Miss Reynolds wondered why Carla had returned. Everyone did, down to porters and orderlies. It had been big news when Carla Fenton married a patient, and his father's money with him. "Why couldn't that happen to me?" the young nurses had inquired among themselves.

Now, Carla made her explanations brief. She said, "My husband and I have separated, Miss Reynolds."

"I see," said Leotha, who didn't. She regarded Carla with her usual detachment. She thought: The girl looks badly, but even so, she's the most beautiful person I've ever seen. She said, "I'm sorry, of course."

Carla said, "If—that is, when we are divorced—" she halted and added firmly, "he will divorce me."

Miss Reynolds was startled out of her composure. She said, "I am afraid I don't understand."

Carla said, "It won't mean a scandal . "

"That's understood," said Leotha, who knew her girls. She reverted to her offer. "Ninth is a difficult floor, and shorthanded. We need someone very efficient in charge."

Carla didn't particularly want the position on Ninth. Ninth was a nightmare; the rooms for the most part big, expensive, some *en suite.* Male and female patients came to Ninth for diagnosis, for observation. They were notoriously fussy, and with the shortage of special nurses, the floor nurses were overworked, and usually irritable. To keep Ninth running smoothly was a task for a diplomat, and Carla knew it.

Miss Reynolds made tactful inquiry: Did Carla wish to be known as Mrs. Trask or Miss Fenton?

Carla preferred Miss Fenton. She said that it didn't matter really but she'd rather, as long as she'd been asked. It was not an extraordinary decision. Carla added, "Not that I mind—my husband's people have connections here."

One was on the sacrosanct Board itself. Miss Reynolds wondered, briefly, if she were in for trouble from that direction, and decided that she and the superintendent could handle anything like that between them. She reflected that Carla might encounter the Trask connections on Ninth; or for that matter anywhere in the Private Pavilion. Wasn't Lister where she'd run into and married a Trask, in the first place? And the Trasks were always good for substantial yearly contributions.

Carla added, "I've met Mr. Willens, Miss Reynolds; as a matter of fact, he was at our wedding. His being on the Board—I don't suppose it will make any difference?"

"Why should it?" inquired Leotha.

"No reason, I guess. But I came back here without thinking," Carla said.

The implication was clear; I can go elsewhere. Miss Reynolds' jaw was firm. She said, "You *belong* here."

They took up the question of living quarters and Carla said, "I telephoned Alice Hannan from the station. She's putting me up for a few days. Miss Gaston, who shares her apartment, is home on vacation. I'm sure I'll find something permanent."

The interview concluded, Miss Reynolds rose and held out her hand. She said, "We're glad you're back," like the skipper of a ship saying, "Happy to have you aboard.". . .

Alice Hannan, round, rosy, and capable, was one of Carla's good, if not intimate, friends. She seethed with curiosity but she didn't exhibit it. She welcomed Carla to the cluttered flat in the converted brownstone. Alice was recovering from a bad cold, and off duty in the Lister clinic. She said, "Let's go eat."

There was a restaurant near by, patronized mostly by Lister personnel, who gladly escaped from the monotony of hospital diet which, famous in prewar days for its food, had notably worsened. After they had ordered, Alice said, "Remember Millie Davidson in the class below us?"

Carla remembered, a pretty blond girl, serious and competent.

"She was to have married," said Alice; "the boy was killed, in a jeep accident."

Carla's eyes widened. She thought of Robert, and her heart was instantly in mourning. She found his death hard to realize—he had been so particularly alive.

"She's on nights," said Alice, "specialing. We can talk to her tomorrow. She's upstairs—she shared the apartment with a classmate who's gone home to live. A couple of the girls wanted to move in, but she said no, she thought she'd swing it alone. Still, there's a chance, maybe."

Someone stopped at their table and Carla looked up. "Rich!"

"Been trying to track you down, Carla," he said. "I heard from Mother today."

She said, "I intended to call you—"

"Any plans?" he inquired.

She told him. He said, "Good, I hope you persuade the Davidson kid. She shouldn't be alone, really."

He added, "Be seein' you," and drifted off, to another, wholly stag table.

CARLA was not to go on duty until the first of the week. She saw Millie Davidson the next afternoon and was shocked at her appearance, the look of desperation, of continual grieving. Alice took her to the door, and left her there. "Good luck," she said and went back downstairs.

Carla sat down in the somewhat forlorn living room, and said, "I hope you're going to listen to me—"

"Of course. It's Mrs. Trask now, isn't it?" asked Millie, remembering with an effort. She had worked with, and under Carla; she had always liked her. Carla had never made Millie feel insecure as she did so many women. Millie, at that time, had known the greatest security in the world; she was certain that she was loved.

Carla said candidly, "I expect you know I've come to beg for a room with you? We wouldn't get in each other's way. I'm starting in charge of Ninth, Monday morning. Miss Reynolds said that later, if and when Esther Warren marries, she'd like me to consider night supervisor. That's not till spring, I guess. I know that you said you'd rather swing this alone. Well, financially, it would be good for us both and you'd be alone, really—"

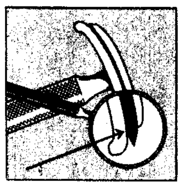
Millie said doubtfully, "I don't know." She thought of the Gaston girl who had talked all the time, probing, confiding, arguing—saying the common, stupid things: "Time heals all" and "Snap out of it, Millie."

Carla said gently, "Alice Hannan told me what happened. To say I'm sorry means so much more than that. I lost

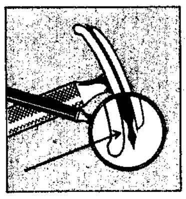
shaving FLASH
PAL

"Here's the blade that everybody's talking about... PAL HOLLOW GROUND"

Lightning's slow compared to the way the good word about Pal is getting around. Thousands of men daily are switching to Pal Blades. And no wonder!



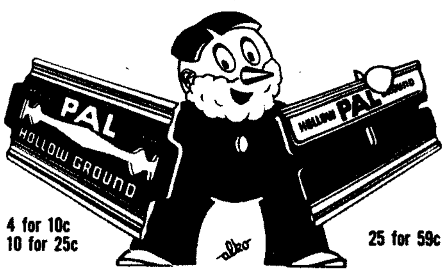
You see, other razor blades are ground like a pocket knife, and the edges are *rigid* in the razor.



But Pal blades are different—*Leather Stropped* & *Hollow Ground* like a barber's razor, and edges are *flexible* in razor.

*Result:* Pal Hollow Ground Blades follow facial contours effortlessly. Your shave is cool, quick, no "bearing down." And delicate edges last longer, too. That's why millions call it the

Pal "Feather Touch" shave



4 for 10c
10 for 25c

25 for 59c

ECONOMY SIZE 50 BLADES $1
DOUBLE AND SINGLE EDGE

Now—RUST-RESISTANT

PAL*
HOLLOW GROUND
RAZOR BLADES†

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.  †Pat. No. 2262588

my brother, Millie, in an accident during his training."

Millie said, expressionless, "Roger was overseas. He had terrible combat; he was wounded and returned to service. He was coming home, the war was over. But one night, a truck ran off the road."

Carla said, "I won't try to say anything."

Millie looked at her, her eyes blind. She said, "A brother's different."

"I know," said Carla. She waited; then she added, "Millie, you lost Roger. I've lost—my marriage. I've left my husband. Maybe we'd be good for each other, who knows?"

"Well," said Millie, "at least you *had* him for a while—if you wanted him." Her tone implied it didn't much matter if Carla *had* wanted Trask or whatever his name was; she couldn't have wanted him as Millie had Roger. So we were sensible, thought Millie bitterly, so we *waited!*

Carla said, "It's awfully important to me to work again, not only to make a living." She recalled her mother's final horror-struck exclamation, "Do you mean to say he won't support you!" and her blank incomprehension when Carla had replied, "What makes you think I'd let him?"

"Work doesn't help," said Millie. "I work."

Carla said, "Perhaps we're different. It will help me. You see," she said and knew she spoke the truth, "I haven't lost—what you have."

Millie nodded. She said, "Okay, we can try it. Only," her eyes were bright now, and hunted, "only don't try to *help* me, will you, Carla? Everyone tries, and it's awful."

"I won't try," Carla promised.

CARLA'S duties on Ninth were exacting and called for tact and management in the handling not only of the patients but the nurses.

Ninth, in the Private Pavilion, was not what is known as a "sick" floor. Some of the patients might reasonably become ill if, after diagnosis, surgery was indicated for what was, temporarily, an obscure condition. Others were under observation, or having regular checkups, eating prescribed meals, being trundled to the X-ray department, submitting cheerfully or otherwise.

Carla wrote Mrs. Trask and asked that her trunk and the contents of marked clothes bags be sent to Millie's. She said, briefly, that she was working. She hoped she was not causing too much trouble by asking that her things be sent on to her.

She was jittery, for a time, wondering if the telephone on her desk would ring and whether, answering "Ninth floor, Miss Fenton speaking," she would hear Harry's voice. Wondering if, now that his mother knew her address, he would come to Millie's to find her or, failing that, telephone or write. But he did none of these things and as the busy days went by, her inner tension eased and she began, for the first time, to feel a little free.

Mrs. Trask had replied in a cautious letter. She was sending Carla's things, as requested. She added that there were other things, which Carla had not requested but which were hers. They were in safekeeping until such time as she might ask for them.

During the second week, Carla had a late dinner with Richard Kent. They went to a place some distance from the hospital, at which he had reserved a table. It was a steak house on the East Side which, while it no longer served steaks, could offer excellent sea food. It was as quiet as a popular restaurant can be, and expensive.

"Martini?" said Richard.

She said doubtfully, "I don't especially want—"

He interrupted. "Relax, it will do you good."

She drank the Martini and ate the lobster thermidor and the green salad which followed. She had seen little or nothing of Rich during working hours. He was taking a rotating internship as a refresher, and was working now in the surgical wards. He looked, she observed, rather tired.

He asked, "Care to tell me about anything?"

She said, "In this instance, there isn't anything to tell—or else too much." She smiled tentatively. "Will you let me say I made a mistake or that perhaps Harry made an even greater one than I, by marrying, and let it go at that?"

"Sure, if that's the way you want it." He looked at her sharply. "Are you reasonably happy?" he asked.

"No. But I begin to feel free, and I am busy and like it. However, Ninth isn't a bed of roses. I," said Carla, "find that I'd prefer a harder job."

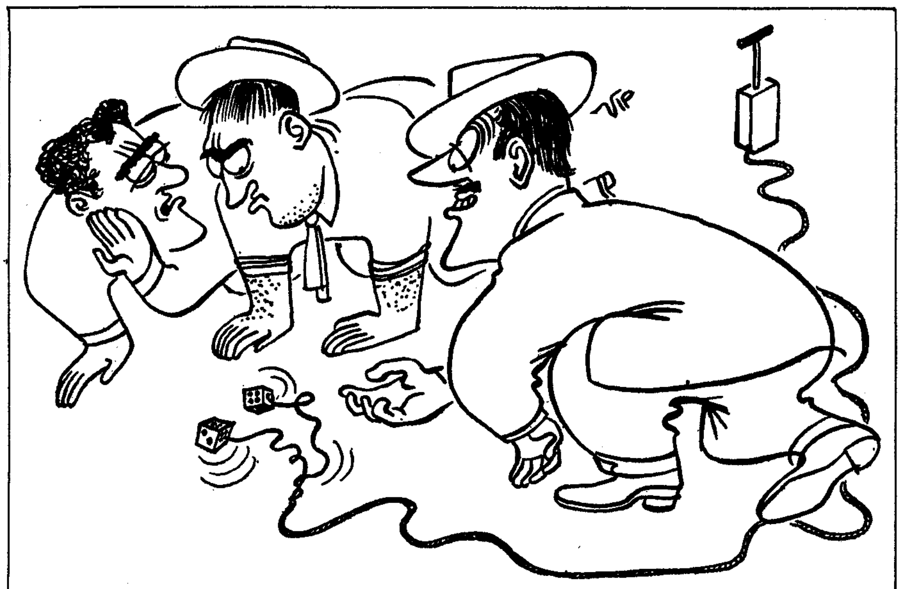
"Harder?"

"More work, less diplomacy."

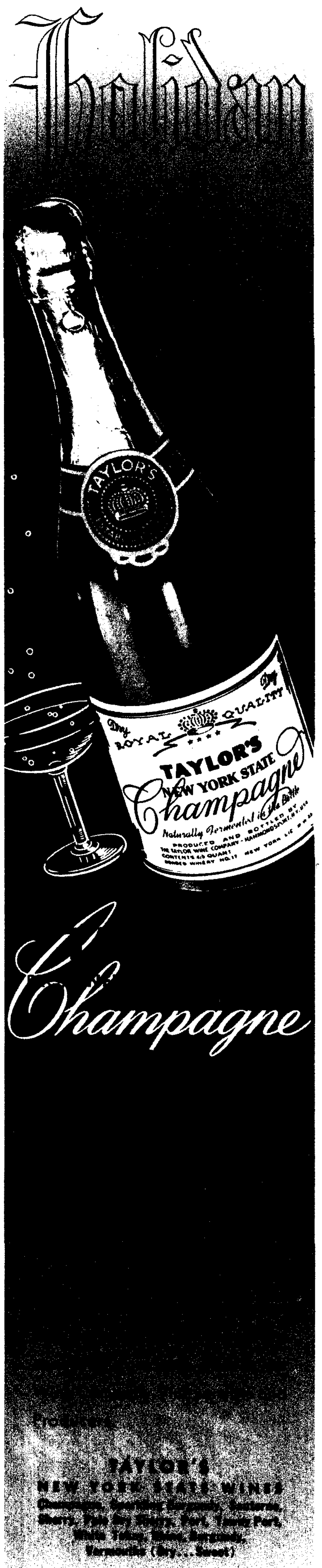
He laughed outright. He said, "I see your point. How did your mother take this?"

"Badly." She told him about Emily's heart attack, and he frowned slightly. "But it couldn't be helped," she added, "I couldn't pretend forever. She hasn't written me since I came to New York but Father has. He says she's all right but doesn't go out much. I suppose everyone knows, although in this instance she will try and keep it to herself. I imagine she feels she can't hold up her head," said Carla, unconsciously imitating Emily's exact tone.

Rich said, "I don't believe anyone knows, except my folks, that is, not yet. Are you divorcing Trask?"



COLLIER'S "Ed, I think those dice are loaded" VIRGIL PARTCH



Producers of

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES
Champagne, Sparkling Burgundy, Sauterne,
Sherry, Pale Dry Sherry, Port, Tawny Port,
White Tokay, Rhine, Burgundy,
Vermouths (Dry... Sweet)

FROM THE FAMOUS CELLARS AT
HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

Gordon's
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
94.4 PROOF
GORDON'S
REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE
ESTD 1769
4/5 QUART
94.4 PROOF
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED & BOTTLED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE DISTILLERS COMPANY, LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY
FOR
GORDON'S DRY GIN COMPANY LIMITED LINDEN, NEW JERSEY ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO., LTD. LONDON, ENGLAND.
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

*there's no gin like Gordon's*

BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)
*DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN*

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

"I've asked him to divorce me."

"On what grounds, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, mental cruelty, perhaps. It doesn't really matter."

"He's *consented?*"

"No," she said, troubled, "he hasn't."

"Has he tried to see you?"

"Not yet. But I'm hoping he won't."

He said abruptly, "I took Maggie Edwards to dinner a couple of weeks ago. She was staying in town; I kept her waiting an hour and she was very decent about it. She's a nice girl."

"Did she speak of me?"

"It was inevitable. She likes you, Carla, but she's distinctly on Trask's side." He shrugged. "He has more than his share," he remarked, "with two good gals cracking up over him, one way or another."

"Maggie'll wait for him," Carla said. "I hope he finds that out, someday, and is grateful."

"Losing you can't be easy." He thought of his own sense of irretrievable loss. He thought of the emptiness in his heart. He had lost nothing, never having had more than her friendship, which he preserved; and he had nothing more to fear.

She said, "He has a volatile nature. He'll recover."

"Perhaps." He asked, "How do you get along with Millie?"

"I would like her if she'd let me. She holds everyone at arm's length."

"She is very vulnerable," Rich said, "poor kid."

After dinner he asked if she would care to go to the movies. She considered, and decided against it. "I think I'd better go home."

It wasn't home, Millie's strange, forlorn little flat. But it had a roof, and chairs, a fairly decent bed and there was a tiny kitchen. It was makeshift, but it would do. Later, she could move, with someone more congenial or, better still, by herself.

WHEN they reached the brownstone with its old-fashioned steps leading to the first floor, Rich paid the cab driver, and said, "I'll walk back." His alert eyes had seen the man at the top of the steps, leaning against the brownstone guard rail. He looked as if he had been there some time; his overcoat collar turned up, his hat pulled down, his hands in his pockets.

"See you to the door," Rich said, and took Carla's arm. They ascended slowly because there were treacherous bits of ice on the steps, and the man above moved forward.

"Hello Carla," he said. "Good evening, Kent. Not an unexpected surprise, I may add."

"Harry—" Carla began, but he broke in quickly.

"And don't say, 'Whatever are you doing here?' I came to see you. I want to talk to you."

She said, "But there's no *point*—"

He said, "I could take you somewhere but why don't you take me upstairs? It's quite conventional. After all, we're legally married. I rang the bell marked Davidson and when no one answered, I rang the superintendent's bell and was informed that Miss D. is on night duty."

Rich said, "If Carla doesn't want to talk to you, Trask, I advise you to go away, fast."

"And I'd advise *you,*" said Harry, "to mind your own business or give me one very good reason why it *is* your business. A good enough one, perhaps, to interest my lawyers."

Rich took him by the arm, hard. Harry Trask was taller, but Rich was a very strong young man and he had confined himself to one drink this evening, which Harry had not. He said, "Get going."

Carla cried, "Please, Rich, let him go!" She thought: That's all I lack, a scuffle on the steps and someone falling, windows opening and the ambulance. Aloud she said, "I'll talk to you, Harry, upstairs."

Rich said, "He's been drinking. You're making a mistake."

"It won't be the first," said Carla.

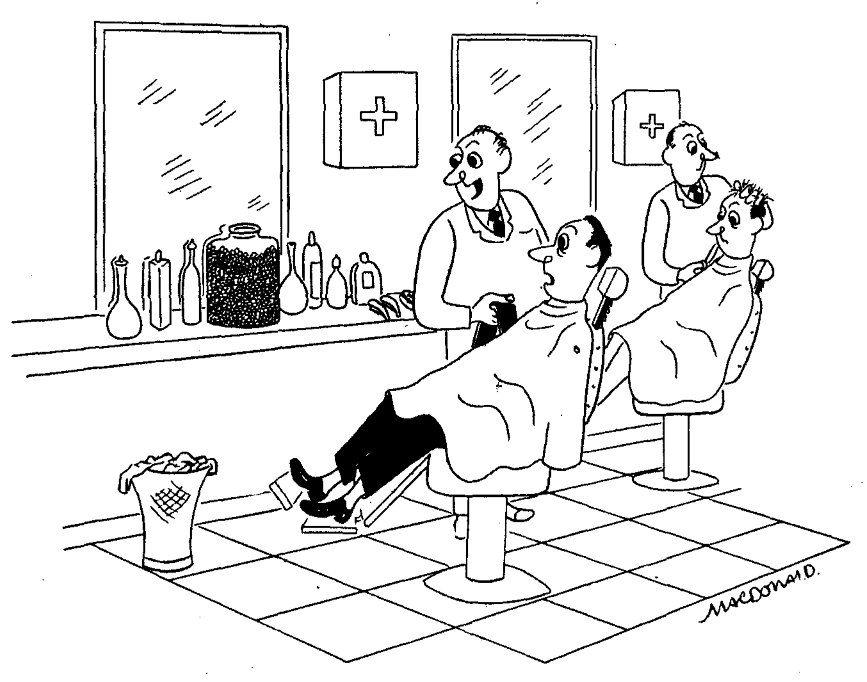
"I'll come," Rich began and Trask said, "How cozy!"

Carla said, "Good night, Rich, and thanks for dinner. I'll see you shortly." She unlocked the door, went in, Trask following. The door closed behind them and Kent, standing uncertain on the top step, shook his head and waited. He waited quite a while. No one left or entered the house. He looked at his watch, went down the steps and off in the direction of the hospital. He was very troubled. And he thought: There isn't a damned thing I can do about it.

CARLA led the way upstairs, opened Millie's door and switched on the lights. Harry looked around, startled. He said, "Quite a dump. You prefer this, Carla, to the cottage or to anything I can give you?"

"Immeasurably," she agreed. She added, "If you'll wait here a moment."

But he followed her down the hall into the tiny bedroom and stood just inside the door, watching her take off her hat and coat. He looked at the narrow metal bed, the scarred bureau and dresser, the single chair. "Very cloistered," he remarked, "also, as your friend works nights, extremely convenient."



"Oh, it's a sort of game with us—everytime we nick someone we have to put a penny in the jar"

COLLIER'S J. S. MACDONALD

Carla turned and looked at him. She said quietly, "You don't mean that, Harry."

His face altered. He said, "I suppose not. Sorry, yet there has to be *someone.* There must be someone who will succeed, or perhaps has succeeded where I failed."

She asked, "Why?" She came toward him and waited. "Please," she said, "let's go to the living room."

There were photographs in the living room of a young man in uniform with the crossed rifles of the infantryman on his collar. Harry walked around and looked at them. He said, "Who's that?"

"Millie's sweetheart," said Carla. "He was killed."

"Lucky guy, as now he won't ever know what he might have come home to."

She said, "He would have come home to great happiness."

"How can you be sure?" he asked. "How can anyone be sure of anything, except the dead?"

She asked, "What did you come to say?"

He sat down astride a chair, facing her. He said, "I don't know. I made up speeches in my mind before I came. I had dinner with Maggie. She's sorry for me." He grinned, and for a moment he looked as he had when she had fallen in love with him. "Isn't that nice?"

"She's fond of you," said Carla evenly.

"You are, too, aren't you?" he inquired. "But you aren't sorry for me."

She said wearily, "I am, Harry, for you, and for myself, sorrier than I can say."

"Why in hell," he wondered aloud, "did you marry me? It wasn't the money. Anyone would have to acknowledge that. You could have yelled your head off for a settlement, whether you were entitled to it or not—and you would have gotten it. The old folks at home hate a scandal. They are, at the moment, on pins and needles. My mother, anyway. And she's no angel," Harry added, "to be comfortable on the point of a needle."

She said, "I married you because I loved you. It wasn't—enough. That wasn't your fault, nor mine, I guess. But we've said all this before."

"I don't tire of hearing it," he told her, "because I am hopeful that someday you will say something that will illuminate everything, something new, something important—"

He untangled his long legs, rose, and flung the chair from him so that it crashed. He reached her in two steps, caught her up from her chair, held her close, spoke with a desperate broken urgency.

"Come back to me, darling," he said, "on any terms, any at all."

She was passive in his arms; she did not resist nor respond, and presently he let her go.

She said, "I won't come back—ever."

"Carla, listen to me." He watched her back against the wall, as he advanced, and then held her, pinned there, so that she could not turn away. "On *any* terms, I said. We'll get out of the cottage, find a place away from my people—you'd like that better, I know. I don't suppose my mother means to interfere, but perhaps she does. You can do the damned volunteer work, as often, as long as you wish, if it's that you've wanted and missed. I asked you, that night, if a child would make the difference, but you said no. Perhaps, later? But if you came back to me now I would make no demands on you, none at all. Our entire relationship would be up to you."

She said, "Harry, let me go."

He dropped his arms and she walked into the center of the little room. She said, "I can't come back on any terms that would be fair to you. And there are no terms fair or unfair upon which I'd *want* to."

He said, "You've been seeing Kent, of course!"

"I saw him once the night I came to town by accident. I met him again tonight for dinner. We are very old friends."

He said, "You expect me to believe that's all?"

"What do you believe?"

"I don't know," he said helplessly. "You swear to it? Damn it, Carla, I have always thought you the most truthful woman I've ever known."

"Why should I have to swear to anything? You talk like a child."

"You still expect me to divorce you?"

"I hope you will, for your own sake. It makes no difference, so far as I am concerned."

"It will make a great deal to your mother. She said if we were divorced, she would never hold up her head again."

Carla cried, "How do you know that, have you seen her?"

"Yes, I didn't mean to tell you. I went up there last week. I saw her and your father. He hadn't much to say. She thinks you're out of your mind."

She said, "If you thought that by enlisting Mother on your side—?" She looked at him gravely. "The money made no difference to me, Harry. It did to my mother. She has never been concerned about my happiness; merely about the price I would bring. I didn't believe it, really, until the night I came home to tell her that I had left you."

He said, "You can't blame her for wanting what she thought best for you."

Rich had said that, too. Carla set her lips in a straight red line. She said, "I am old enough to know what is best. Or if not, to make my own mistakes. I made a serious one when we married. I won't make it again. And now, as there isn't anything more to say, will you go?"

"All right," he said sullenly.

He docilely started to the door, and she watched him, her heart hammering nervously, her breath ready to be released in relief. But he turned, anger, failure and the liquor making him reckless and unwilling to admit defeat. There must be some way to reach her. He took the way which had never reached her, holding her again, forcing her mouth to his, bruising her lips, bruising her arms—

After a while he released her. He said, white, "All right, I'll go. But you watch your step. I'll see that your steps are watched. Take the wrong one and you'll get your divorce, the front-page kind. You understand, Carla?"

She said, "I understand."

The door slammed and she went to sit down on the nearest chair, her knees water and her heart in her throat. She felt ill and beaten. She thought drearily: He means it. Every time I go out with Rich or anyone else—there may be someone watching.

IN THE daytime, on the floor, when she had time to think, it seemed absurd, an empty threat, idle as that of a small boy. Yet she became aware of a hunted feeling. Surely, she had seen the man in the gray overcoat and brown hat before—the one walking casually down the street as she came home in the winter dark. Hadn't she seen him on a previous night when she and Alice Hannan and Alice's roommate went to the movies?

If so, she didn't see him again, but there was another man, younger, darker, whose face was soon familiar to her. He sat alone at a table the next time she had dinner with Rich. She was certain that she had seen him near the brownstone house several times.

"What's wrong with you?" Rich asked,

worried. "I never saw you as jumpy."

She couldn't say, "Don't look now, we're being followed." The whole thing was silly, a movie melodrama, a comic strip. It was probably her imagination.

The man was still at his table near the door when they went out.

"Movie?"

"No, I think not. I have some mending to do and the inevitable white shoes to clean. Let's go home."

He took her home and left her. Millie's bedroom windows overlooked the street and front steps. Carla went in there without turning on the lights, and looked out. She saw a small man, idling across the street, and it was not the sort of night conducive to idling. She thought sharply, sickeningly: *He's waiting to see if Rich will come back.*

THE next time Rich asked her to dinner on his night off, she refused. And the next.

He cornered her Friday as she was leaving Lister. He stood by the entrance by which she usually left, and stopped her.

He looked thinner, she thought, and very competent, in his whites. He asked, "Hey, are you avoiding me?"

"Of course not."

"What's the hurry? Date?"

"No," she said, smiling, "or rather, just with the girls."

"Carla, what's up?" he demanded.

She said oddly, "Wait a minute. No, wait here."

She went out to the steps. The taxi was a little way off, and the small dark man was standing beside the cab, smoking, and talking to the driver.

She went back inside again. She said, "Harry's—he's crazy, Rich. He's having me followed."

"Now you're crazy!" Rich said.

She said, "I can't talk now."

"Then, have dinner with me. Look, if I can get off—hell, I can't tonight."

She said, "Very well. We'll have dinner. Call me and tell me when. And then, I'll show you!"

At dinner, a few nights later, in the steak house, she showed him the little man sitting quietly by the door, eating clam chowder and drinking beer. She said, "There was another one at first but I think he realized I recognized him. This one hasn't yet."

"Are you sure?" asked Rich, staring.

"Perfectly. Talk to me, eat your dinner, and then we'll go out as if he weren't there and after we get to the house, you'll see."

"But why?" He looked at her, puzzled. He asked, "Does the damned fool think—?"

"It isn't just you," she said, "or rather it wouldn't be, if I went out with anyone else. But I haven't. Even when I'm with the girls that disgusting little creature—Oh, he's paid for it, it's his job, I don't blame him. He follows us back and waits a while, I suppose to see if anyone else comes in after—you, or any other man—or, if I go out again."

Rich was livid. "Why that—!" he began.

She said, "It's no use. He threatened me with it, you see, that night. He said I was to watch my step and he'd watch it for me. He said, if I wanted a divorce maybe I could get it that way."

"I'll wring his neck!"

"Whose? Either wouldn't do any good." She said after a minute, "I believe I can stop it, Rich. Only for a while, I won't see you. Not until I'm sure it can be stopped."

They taxied back to the apartment, and Rich said, "We'll have to be sure," and told the driver to take his time. There were not many cabs at that hour, they were scarce in the neighborhood, but there was at least one going in their direction, although it did not turn the corner after them.

Rich took his time paying the driver. He said finally, "Let's go," and they went up the steps and stood in the doorway. "Talk," said Rich, "*it doesn't matter* about what."

The tired little man came sauntering along the opposite side of the street. He stopped now and then, once glancing across the way, once lighting a cigarette, and went on to the end of the block.

"There!" said Carla.

"Are you certain it's the same one?"

She said, "All right, we'll give him something to look for. Come on upstairs."

"But if he's really—"

She said, "Just long enough to look out of Millie's window, Rich."

They stood near the window together in the darkness. Rich was sharply, achingly aware of her nearness, the breathing warmth of her body, the faint scent she used.

The watcher across the way came back, crossed the street, ambled patiently past the brownstone house, and stopped, drawing back into the shadows near by.

She said, "If you go out you'll find him close enough to memorize."

Rich said, "I'll kill him!"

"'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse . . .'"

COLLIER'S GUSTAV LUNDBERG

"Oh, fine," said Carla, "that's all we need. Go on back to the hospital," she said, "and when I can I'll call you."

She went to the apartment door with him and smiled, "I'm sorry to drag you into this. He's just trying to frighten me, of course. He doesn't really believe that I'd—"

Rich said, "Don't excuse him, Carla. Or, do you feel obliged to?"

She did not answer, and after he had gone, she went back to Millie's little room, looked out and down, heard a door close and saw Rich emerge upon the steps, saw the little man move out of the shadows for a moment and then drop back again.

ON HER next day off she telephoned Mitchell Trask. She did not know how much his office knew of the circumstances, and wished to spare him embarrassment. Mrs. Trask, Jr., calling would hardly do that; someone would remember Miss Fenton.

So she said, "I am calling for the Lister Memorial Hospital. May I speak with Mr. Trask?"

An instant later she heard his voice. "This is Mitchell Trask," he said.

"Carla," she said. "I wonder if I may see you? I have the day off. It's urgent, or I wouldn't ask."

"Why, of course," he said, and his astonishment reached her over the impersonal wire.

She said, "Your office then? Or would you rather not?"

He said guardedly, "Perhaps, if you're free for lunch? How about Henri's—early, before it's crowded? You set the time."

She did so, and went there to find him waiting. They had a table against the wall, and good food which she scarcely touched. "Carla, why did you wish to see me? Tell me, my dear, have you changed your funny little mind?"

She said, "No, Mr. Trask. Harry is having me followed."

He said startled, "You expect me to believe that?"

"If not," she said, "I suggest you take me to dinner some night. It will all go into the report. Harry may not recognize your description."

"Then you do mean it!"

She explained Harry's visit, the circumstances. "I do dine now and then with Doctor Kent," she said soberly. "Harry has taken an inordinate dislike to him or is distrustful. He asked why I hadn't married Rich." She smiled. "He wasn't ever in love with me, Mr. Trask, nor I with him, which is an excellent reason, I find."

"One of the best," he agreed.

"This means," she said, "that I can't go out, harmlessly, with Rich or, for that matter, any man. I am followed to and from my work and when I go out with women friends. It becomes a little tiring. I thought you might have some influence. I know how much Mrs. Trask dislikes scandal."

"I am not crazy about it myself," he reminded her.

"This could easily become one. Someone with me at one time or another might become too exasperated to overlook the constant little shadow. That wouldn't look well in the papers. And as far as that goes," she said thoughtfully, "I don't know why Harry hopes to apprehend me in a—situation. That wouldn't look well either, real or imaginary."

He said, "My dear Carla, he is boasting; he is threatening you; he is trying to wear you down. Look, I am a man who must be convinced. Besides, it is best to be armed with facts. I'll take you to dinner any night you say; and it will be pleasure."

She said, "Maybe you won't have to, Mr. Trask. I wasn't sure when I got off the bus at the corner. I'm still not sure, but I'll know when we leave here—"

When they left, they were both sure.

Trask put her in a taxi and got in himself, and they drove back to the flat. He said, sitting there, smoking, "I'll have a talk with Harry. I also can threaten and to good purpose. When he gets this report—"

"It will liven up the shadow's routine," said Carla, "this time it will be someone 'new, older, very distinguished.'"

"Well, thanks," he said. He took her hand. "Do you suppose he's on the bumper?" he asked but he didn't feel like laughing. "Carla, you want Harry to divorce you, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Couldn't you go to Reno yourself? For your own sake it would look so much better. I would finance you, of course."

She said, "No, Mr. Trask. It must be the other way, as it is the more valid one."

"All right," he said and looked out of the back window. The other taxi valiantly kept up.

When they reached her street and stopped, he sighed, "It looks pretty dreary, Carla, a restricted life. What on earth do you *do?*"

"Ask the constant companion," she said. "Of course, he can't see me cleaning shoes, washing my hair or my lingerie, putting buttons on uniforms now and then. I am content, believe me."

He said, "I think I can persuade Harry. Now and then he listens to me. If I took away his job it wouldn't worry him, he can get something else to do, and besides, he has his own money. But I can, I think, appeal to his self-respect."

A FEW days later Mitchell Trask wrote his daughter-in-law. He said, "Harry is going to Reno. I shall see that you are properly represented and you will be called upon to talk with your lawyer here when the time comes. He will engage counsel for you in Reno in an undefended suit—the charge, mental cruelty. It will be heard behind closed doors. The newspapers will have their nine days' wonder but we will do all we can for everyone's sake. It will be as painless as possible, although nothing like this is ever painless. I warn you, however, that Harry, while agreeing to the divorce, has told me doggedly that he is not relinquishing hope, nor giving up."

The constant companion disappeared and Carla almost missed him; for there at least was one person besides Miss Reynolds who cared *what* she did; and Miss Reynolds cared only what she did on Ninth. When the time came for her to see the lawyer, he placed his finger tips together and said everything had been arranged. But there was the *matter of settlement.* Mr. Trask, Sr., had suggested they discuss a settlement.

She said, "I want nothing, neither settlement nor alimony." She looked at the dry old gentleman, not so old and not so dry that he was unappreciative, and smiled. She said, "My husband is getting the divorce, so settlements, if any, should be made by me!"

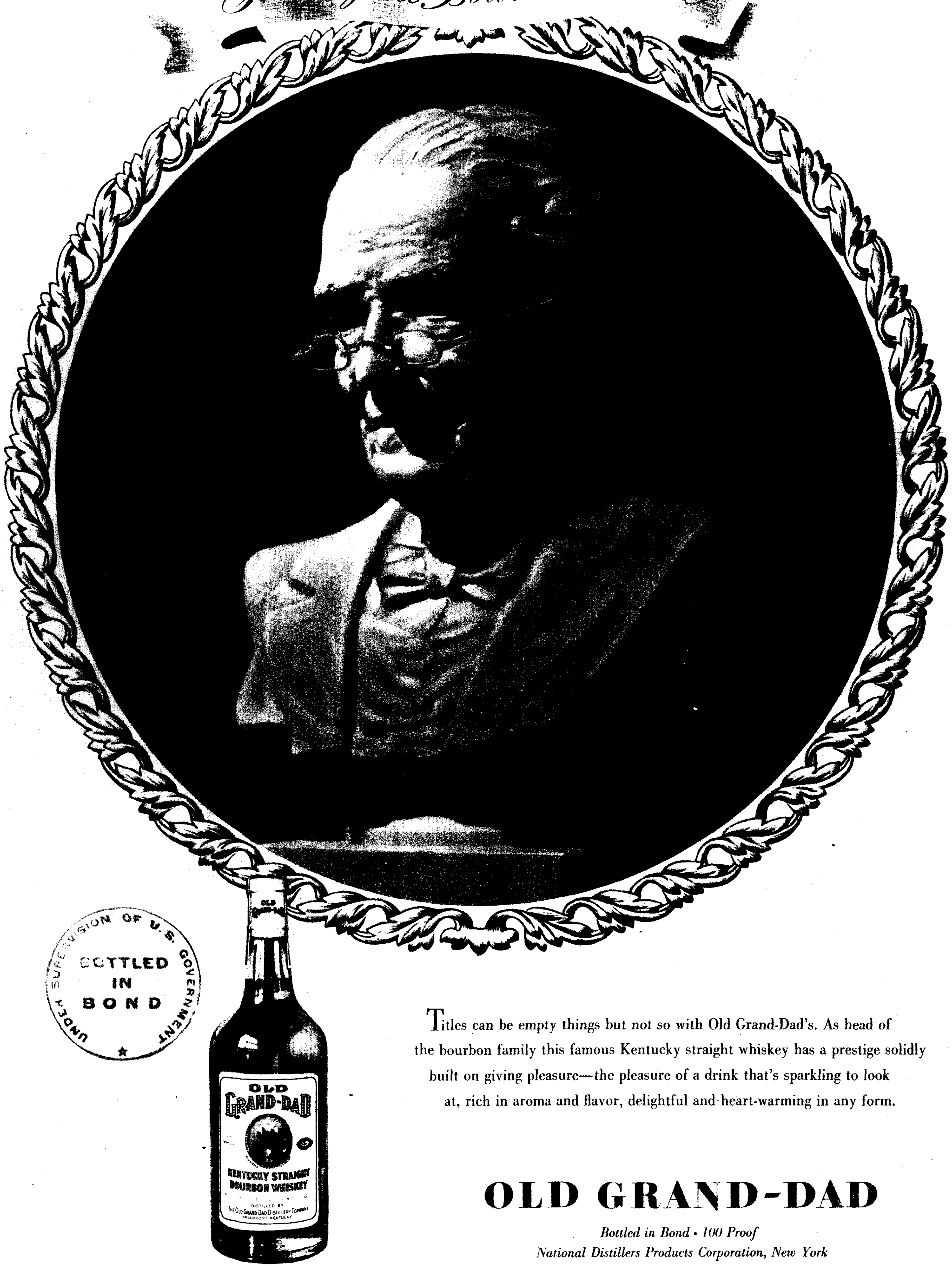
"How astounding!" commented the lawyer, who had conferred with the older Trask and his lawyers. And Trask had said, diffidently, "I hope you can persuade my daughter-in-law to a substantial settlement, with no strings on it."

On the following day, Carla, returning to duty after a good night's sleep, noted that an admission to her floor had been made during the night. She looked at the name with complete incredulity.

There was a new case on her floor. Her age was forty-six. Her name was Lucille Stanley.

*(To be continued next week)*

# Head of the Bourbon Family


UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT KENTUCKY

Titles can be empty things but not so with Old Grand-Dad's. As head of the bourbon family this famous Kentucky straight whiskey has a prestige solidly built on giving pleasure—the pleasure of a drink that's sparkling to look at, rich in aroma and flavor, delightful and heart-warming in any form.

**OLD GRAND-DAD**

*Bottled in Bond • 100 Proof*
*National Distillers Products Corporation, New York*

# THE SONGS ROLL BY

### BY AMY PORTER

**Some of the top singing voices of Hollywood combine their talent to memorialize the life of Jerome Kern in Till the Clouds Roll By, a sugary supermusical**

REMEMBER the evening you met the girl you married? And you danced to the tune of Who? singing the lighthearted words to it together? Remember?

Or maybe your song was Make Believe—from Show Boat, remember? Or possibly romance hit you years before, to the capering beat of How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?—or years later, to the tender tune of All the Things You Are. Then there was A Fine Romance (no kisses, remember?) and Long Ago and Far Away, and The Way You Look Tonight, and Why Was I Born? and . . .

Remembering this way, it's hard to see how romance could have flourished in America these past four decades without the aid of Jerome Kern, the composer who wrote all these songs and many more.

Now a collection of Kern tunes—25 of them—have been bundled up into a movie called Till the Clouds Roll By. It's a good, gay, sentimental show, warranted to slay sentimental holiday audiences.

M-G-M, the producing company, took a lot of trouble with Clouds. You would almost think this oversized corporation had normal emotions tucked away in its corporate heart.

Kern had been working at M-G-M for some years when they began to put the movie together in 1944—a year before his death. Everybody liked the man. He was a lovable person, just what you would expect from his music. Producer Arthur Freed, a long-time friend of Kern's, chose the movie's title for old Sake's sake. Till the Clouds Roll By had been the popular tune of 1918, the year he first met Kern.

Freed let it be known that he wanted to get the best possible singer for each Kern song, and every singer on the lot—and it's a big lot—came around begging to be let in on the act.

Frank Sinatra wanted to sing Ole Man River, and Kern said he thought that was a good idea. Oscar Hammerstein, who collaborated with Kern on lots of musicals, including Show Boat, thought so, too.

"My idea with that song," said Kern, "was to have a rabbity little fellow do it—somebody who made you believe he was tired of livin' and scared of dyin'. That's how you do it, Frankie."

Kern okayed Robert Walker to play his part, and Mrs. Kern okayed Dorothy Patrick to impersonate her, and production got under way with Judy Garland singing three songs: Who?, Look for the Silver Lining, and Sunny. The Garland numbers were just completed when Kern died.

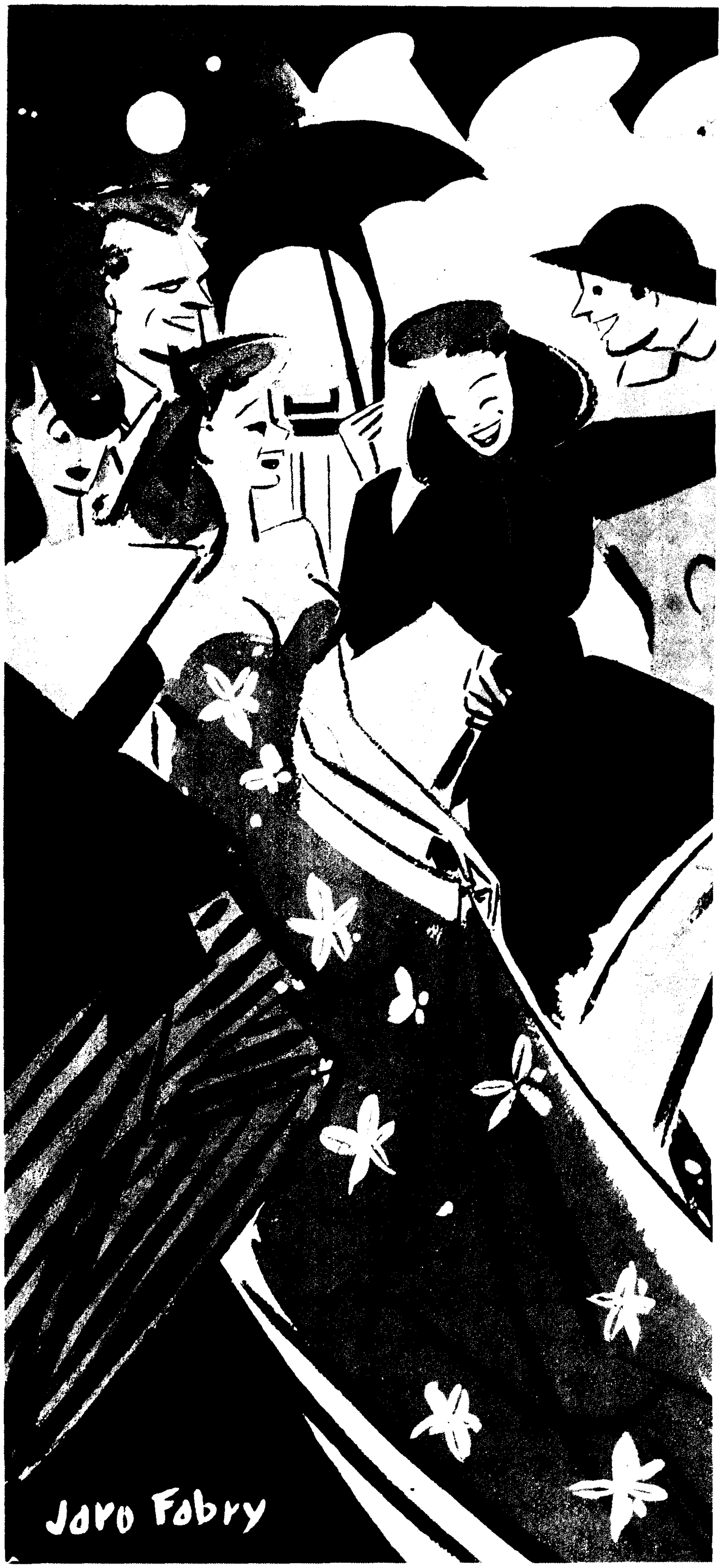
Production of the movie went on, with Dinah Shore singing They Didn't Believe Me, and Lena Horne doing two heart-throbbers, Why Was I Born?, and Can't Help Loving That Man. Tony Martin and Kathryn Grayson teamed up to sing Make Believe, Lucille Bremer and Virginia O'Brien and June Allyson joined up, too.

Van Johnson was told he could sing and dance to I Won't Dance if he lost ten pounds, so he did.

Clouds was constructed in two parts, the story part of it being directed by Richard Whorf, and the music part by Robert Alton. Each song is presented in a reproduction of its original stage setting, precise and Floradora-ish for the 1905 Spooning song, and sophisticated for Show Boat.

Money was no object. Three gilded elephants, 10,000 plastic buttons, 4,000 yards of striped and plaid taffeta, and an expensive artificial rainstorm for the Clouds number—all these are minor items in a great big show.

All it needs is for Louis B. Mayer to come on at the end and sing Eli, Eli, Eli Yale. ★★★



**Sketched, left to right in the parade of star voices are Virginia O'Brien, Van Heflin, Dinah Shore, June Allyson, Ray McDonald, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Lucille Bremer, Van Johnson, Kathryn Grayson, Robert Walker, Tony Martin, Lena Horne and Joan Wells**

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY

# GRAND SLAM GAGS

Continued from page 36

Like a flash Culbertson threw down his dummy hand. An instant later he realized his error and hastily scooped up the cards. It was too late. Capitalizing on his unexpected look at the dummy, Burnstone made the lead which set the hand.

Small things often influence the outcome of major tournaments. A bottle of Coke was a big factor in the winning of the National Match-Point Team-of-Four Championship at Atlantic City, New Jersey, last year.

### A Finesse or a Prayer?

It happened in a crucial hand on which I had to guess whether to finesse for the king of trumps or to play my ace and hope for the king to fall. There were only three trumps out and I had no way to guess how they were split. The percentage favors a finesse, but percentages are not infallible.

I led a low trump from the dummy, and the player on my right played low —with just the proper air of nonchalance. I paused for a moment to see whether I had overlooked any sign which might give me a key to this move. The opponent on my left, waiting to play, hailed a passing waiter. "Will you get me a Coke, please?" he asked.

Then and there I knew that he had the missing king. No man orders a drink in the middle of a crucial hand unless he is trying to be *too* nonchalant. I played my ace and the king dropped. Our team won the tournament—by one quarter of a match point.

Hesitation during the play of a hand is perfectly ethical so long as you don't overdo it. On the other hand, hesitation during the bidding is considered extremely bad form. It obviously reveals that the hand in question has some trick value or that there is a problem in it. This problem can be readily and accurately guessed by an expert partner.

There is a classic bridge story involving Charlie Goren, one of the country's top players. In a local tournament several years ago Goren drew as his partner a somewhat inexpert old lady.

Charlie dealt and bid one club. The opponent on his left overcalled with one spade. The old lady hesitated and finally passed. Goren then bid two clubs, which was promptly overcalled with two spades. This time the old lady paused even longer before passing.

Goren finally got the contract for three clubs. When the old lady's hand went own, it contained little trick value. "My," remarked Goren. "That second hesitation certainly was an overbid."

As chairman of the Committee on Ethics of the American Contract Bridge League, I can vouch for the fact that unethical conduct is practically unheard of at national tournaments. Occasionally, unwittingly, a player gets a glimpse of an opponent's hand. Some players, even good ones, hold their cards in such a fashion as to make it impossible for them not to be seen.

The saying that "a peek is worth two finesses" is the greatest understatement in bridge. But peekers quickly become known and are dealt with then and there by the other players.

I remember one local tournament when I was paired with a most charming lady. After the first couple of hands, it became obvious that one of our opponents was intentionally peeking. After the fourth or fifth deal as his eye started roving toward my partner's hand, she turned to him with her sweetest smile and said, "I wish you wouldn't look at my hand. I'm superstitious."

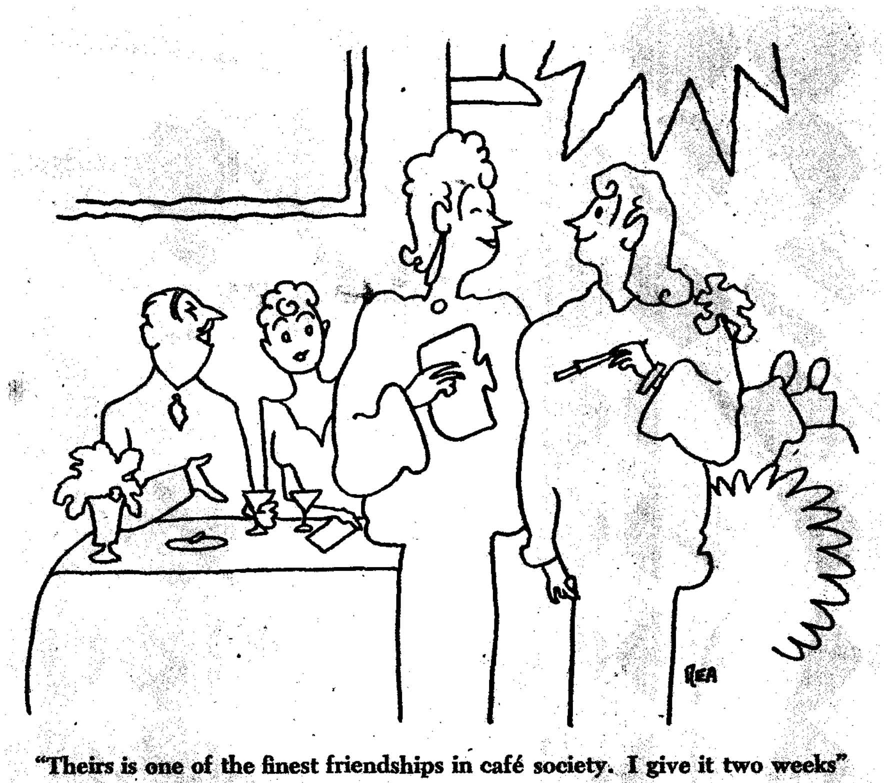
At another small match I heard an expert turn to the player on his right and remark acidly: "Do you mind if *I* look at my hand first?"

Actually the Committee on Ethics has little work to do. Not so the committees on interpretation of the rules. I remember one incident in which an old lady asked the tournament chairman about the penalty for bidding out of turn.

He informed her that she was barred from the bidding, regardless of the power of her hand. A couple of hours later the old lady came up to the chairman again, considerably agitated. "Please," she asked humbly, "how long do I have to wait before I can bid again? I've had to keep quiet on some awfully good hands in the last hour."

Of course, "old ladies" are not the only goats of the bridge table. But the experts always refer to duffers as "old ladies"—regardless of the sex or age of the offender.

The old ladies get into so many bridge stories because all big tournaments have a few "open tables," where the players of the community are invited to sit in. They don't actually play in the tournament itself, but they often do get to play with the tournament players.



"Theirs is one of the finest friendships in café society. I give it two weeks"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Sometimes the quality of play at the open tables is excellent. But often it is not. I recall a case in which a player was needed to fill out one of the pairs at an open table. The organizer of the tournament spotted an old lady among the spectators and asked her if she played cards.

She nodded, so he took her over to a table where three other ladies were already seated. He introduced her all around and was about to leave when she called him back. "By the way," she said, "which is my partner?"

### He Knew Part of the Answer

Once George Kaufman, whose bridge is nearly as good as his dialogue, drew such a partner at an open table. He turned to her and asked: "Do you mind if I inquire when you learned to play?" And before she could answer, he added: "Oh, I know it was today. But I mean, what time today?"

Getting old ladies as opponents used to be the inevitable fate of two real-life experts named Dinkelspiel and Rabinowitz. On one such occasion, Rabinowitz opened the bidding with two spades. One of the old ladies opposing him looked up brightly and asked Dinkelspiel what his partner's two spades meant.

Mr. Rabinowitz left the table (in accordance with the rules) while Mr. Dinkelspiel explained. "Well, madam," Dinkelspiel began, "two spades might mean five to five and a half Culbertson honor tricks. Or it might mean nine spades to the ace-king-queen and an outside ace—which is too strong for a three bid. Or . . ." And he continued for fully fifteen minutes explaining every possible combination of cards which might justify a Rabinowitz two bid.

### Piling Confusion on Confusion

The poor old lady became increasingly confused as Dinkelspiel added possibility upon possibility. Finally he concluded: "But don't you worry, madam. In this case Mr. Rabinowitz is just bidding a psychic. My hand is far too strong for him to have a legitimate two bid."

Tournament players who live in the larger cities have a big edge over the experts whose homes are out of town. They have more chance to play against one another between tournaments and to learn the peculiarities and mannerisms of their opponents.

This in turn tends to make the out-of-town players nervous in the big matches. Not an inconsiderable factor in my winning of the World's Individual Masters Tournament in 1941 was just such nervousness on the part of an otherwise excellent player from a small community.

On the hand in question he was under terrific pressure. His partner was Charlie Lochridge, who was tied with me for the match lead. This was one of the few hands where Lochridge and I played directly against each other, so its result would greatly influence the tournament outcome.

Because he was nervous, Mr. X played the hand unnecessarily badly. He went down one in a three-contract where four could easily have been made.

At the end of the hand there was dead silence. Naturally my partner and I didn't want to gloat. And Charlie Lochridge, one of the most considerate players among the masters, held his disappointment in perfect check.

Into this tense silence, the still-confused Mr. X injected a question. "Could I have done better, partner?" And Mr. Lochridge, completely dead-pan, answered: "Well, sir, I think you could have played it double dummy to go down one more."

Yes, even the experts make boners. At one championship I actually saw a player make seven hearts although he lacked the ace of trumps.

What happened, of course, is that the opposition, playing carelessly because of a sure set, revoked.

On the other hand the old ladies sometimes give the experts their comeuppance. Messrs. Dinkelspiel and Rabinowitz used to delight in telling the following story:

They were playing in a small tournament against the inevitable old ladies. Before the playing started, one of the old girls turned to Dinkelspiel and asked what system he played. "Chinese," replied Dinkelspiel without cracking a smile. That seemed to satisfy the ladies and the bidding began.

"One spade," said the first woman.

"One no trump," said Dinkelspiel.

"Two spades," said the second lady.

"Two no trump," said Rabinowitz.

"Three clubs," said the first woman.

Everyone passed.

When the hand was played, it became evident that Rabinowitz and Dinkelspiel had held a sure small slam in spades—unbid by them because, both having spades, each assumed that the other's no-trump bid was a psychic.

### The Post Mortems Are Absorbing

But whether experts or "old ladies," bridge players get completely wrapped up in the game. At a championship match in Asbury Park, New Jersey, the men's and women's tournaments were held at opposite ends of the gigantic convention hall.

It happened that Howard Schenken, probably America's best player, finished at one table before the next table was ready for him. So he wandered into the middle of the room, where he was promptly buttonholed by Helen Bonwit, a top woman player. She wanted his advice on a particularly difficult hand she had just played.

As they talked, they wandered about and eventually sat down to finish the post-mortem. It was fully ten minutes before anyone noticed that the seat Mr. Schenken occupied was right in the middle of the ladies' room.

But you don't have to play bridge to enjoy it.

Until recently I used to play quite frequently at the New York Bridge Whist Club. For many years almost every evening that I played, a charming old gentleman would draw up a chair behind mine.

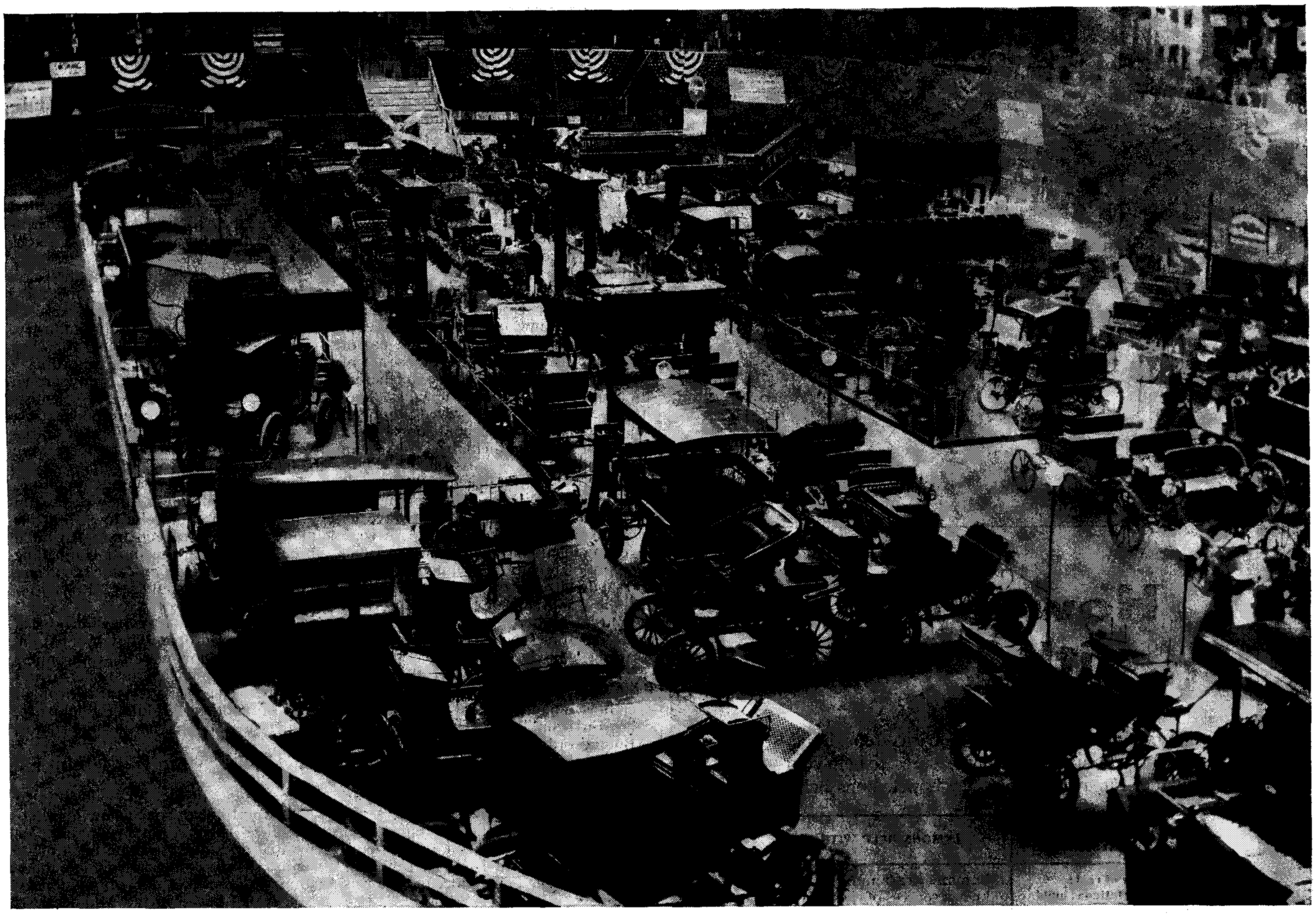
He was the perfect kibitzer. He never gave an opinion. In fact, he never said a word. I grew to be very fond of him, and after the game we used to discuss everything from politics to morality.

One evening I played a particularly difficult hand and went down. After it was over, the players got into a heated discussion as to how I should have played The argument got hotter and hotter.

Finally I turned to my kibitzing old gentleman—the first time I had asked his opinion about bridge in the many years he had sat watching. "Don't you think I was right?" I asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't know," he replied quickly. "You see, I don't know how to play the game."

THE END



Brown Bros. photo of first National Automobile Show, 1900

# 9 Horsepower - Price $1,800

At Auto Show time in 1900, there were only a few thousand gasoline-driven automobiles in all America. The most powerful of these had a 9-horsepower motor . . . and cost $1,800.

By 1941, the most recent year of full-scale production, the automobile had become a daily necessity to *twenty million* American families! In forty years, it had reshaped our national life, because — while its power had multiplied ten times, its comfort and reliability even more — *its cost had been cut approximately in half!*

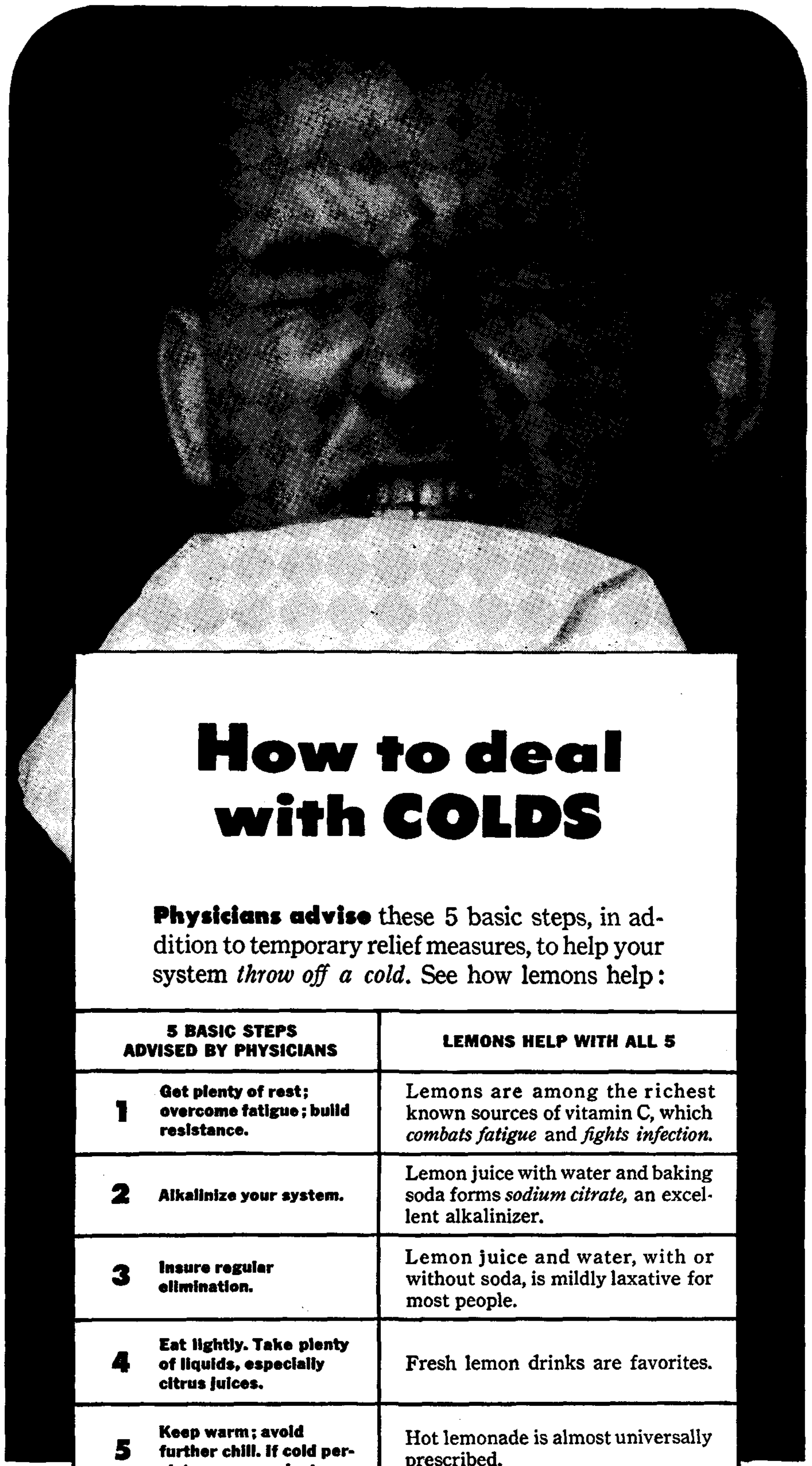
The ability of this nation to produce and buy goods on such a scale stems from two great contributions America has made to the industrial age — *mass production* and *mass investment.* Mass production — the industrial art of producing in great quantity, at low cost but at high wages. Mass investment — the democratic method of obtaining capital for industry, by putting the savings of millions of the American people to productive use. To these developments, we owe the highest living standard in the world. To them, we look for the continued progress of our free economy in the years to come.

**NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE**

THE NATION'S MARKET PLACE

### IT PAYS TO GET THE FACTS

In the ownership of *any* form of property, a certain degree of risk is always present. But the wise investor avoids *unnecessary* risk by making complete, current information the basis of his decisions. Information about securities *is* available; companies whose securities are listed on this Exchange have agreed to disclose, regularly, facts essential to sound investment judgment. It pays to get these facts—and to get them *first!*



**How to deal with COLDS**

**Physicians advise** these 5 basic steps, in addition to temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

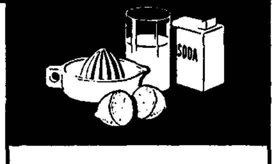
| 5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS | LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 |
|---|---|
| 1 **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.** | Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.* |
| 2 **Alkalinize your system.** | Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer. |
| 3 **Insure regular elimination.** | Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people. |
| 4 **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.** | Fresh lemon drinks are favorites. |
| 5 **Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.** | Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed. |

**TO GAIN FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE**

**At first sign** of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

**To induce perspiration,** take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

*Lemon and soda* forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



**To make lemon & soda** pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

*To avoid colds* build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

# THE SWEETEST TOWN ON EARTH

Continued from page 13

copies in bank vaults, elsewhere in France, in the United States, in South America; still other copies are buried in secret places. Provisions are made to destroy all formulas in any country threatened by invasion. The night Italy declared war on France, the Noses and industrialists held an emergency meeting and decided that into the last fires in their furnaces would go all Grasse copies.

All this fuss over capturing Nature's honey as slave labor for Man's honeys began a long time ago. Historians present credible evidence that deliberate use of perfume was known to that other race of submen who lived 30,000 years before the Son of Heaven bred the Japs. Apes have been modernly observed in jungles smelling flowers, leaves and roots before eating or sending them back. Also in night clubs.

The Noses of Grasse have their own version. "It was a lighthearted hour in the Garden of Eden," my favorite Nose explained. "Adam and Eve were diverting themselves with a game of tag. Eve, out of breath from innocent laughter, sat down accidentally but violently—for she was a substantial woman—in a rosebush. Later, over their evening meal of applesauce, Adam remarked: 'Darling, you *do* smell so nice tonight!'

"Thereafter Eve gave herself a good daily scrubbing with rose petals. We even have a name for that perfume. We call it First Sin!"

But according to Messieurs les Nez, it seems that Eve picked up a second pointer soon after the Tossing Out, when our first apartment hunters began to clothe themselves with fig leaves. A fig-leaf apron, under the scrapings and pressures of housework on a warm day, will express some of its oil and give off a very agreeable odor, indeed. Eve was no dope.

At any rate, it is known that roses were the flowers first used to make perfume; and fig-leaf oil was the first rude fixative. Also, it is known that first cultivation of both for such purpose was in Persia, whose site as the original Garden of Eden has not been disputed even by such objective historians as the Miami Chamber of Commerce.

Mythological journalism contains gaudy accounts of how various perfumes came into being. By the time history became more factual, perfume was in the monopoly of the priestcraft. For healing, the ancient priests sold fragrant balms and oils against practically everything including broken skulls. For worship, there was incense of myrrh or frankincense; modern church incense still employs frankincense.

## Verbena in Druid Rituals

Animal sacrifices were excavated and stuffed with perfumes. The Sacred Virgins of the Druids were drenched with essence of verbena before being dispatched upon the altar. The naïve verbena is still widely used as altar bait, though with less irrevocable consequences than in druidic prayer meetings.

Perfume made Babylon and Nineveh the Los Angeles and Chicago of their age. It made a lass named Jezebel the first gossip-column item. Egypt went balm-happy in a really big way under a little sachet named Cleopatra. She carpeted her rooms with roses, lilies, and saffron inches deep.

Greece did not add much to Egypt's perfume industry except poetry. The he-men Romans were slow on the uptake, but once they got the idea—well, many students attribute the decline of the Empire to perfume and bathing, amenities that didn't hamper the Christian minority. Nero's dining room had concealed pipes which sprayed ambrosial mists upon his guests. He used 10 years' production of incense in burying his appropriately named wife, Poppy. He devised, for his male and female cronies, a cocktail heavily charged with turpentine. This, in time, gave forth a fetching odor of violets.

Arabia led in perfume the first ten centuries of this era, achieving methods, apparatus and knowledge that serve as foundation of today's odor industry.

There were many reasons for this. Arabia was the home of an extraordinary number of flowers and plants now grown and loved everywhere. Her scientists were pre-eminent while Europe was at a commercial standstill waiting for Christopher Columbus. And then there were the harems.

These consumed enormous quantities of perfumes because the poor, fat darlings had nothing else to do but vie among themselves, each trying to build up before evening the most compelling fumes, so that when Pop came home and sniffed around he would say, *"Votre tour ce soir, babe!"*

The homebound Crusaders introduced perfume into Europe. They brought the essences in hollow jewels—forerunners of the bottle fantasia on modern sales counters. The Crusaders also brought word of another Middle East luxury, bathing. Not the habit—just the rumor.

## Mankind Slow to Take to Soap

There is no dispute in "odor" as to whether perfume or soap came first. Perfume did. There is not a living race or tribe that does not use some form of it; whereas soap, a comparatively late innovation, still needs a lot of missionary work. Soap began in the Middle East, made from tallow, sunflower seeds, wood ashes, and scented with cinnamon or almond. Italy was the first modern European country to give in. France succumbed in the 13th century, but England held out a hundred years longer, and then kept soap manufacturing down, by prohibitive taxes, until the mid-Victorian period.

There is a statement in Hansard—the English Congressional Record—of the late 1850s in which an honorable member gravely warns that "the day there is a bathtub and a soap bar in every English home, instead of a bottle of decent King James rose water, will mark the final stage of the Empire's decadence!"

The courts of France were a Gallic adaptation of the harems the Crusaders had (unofficially) seen. Under the later Kings Louis, perfume became big business. Since it was their sole hope for advancement, the coquettes attained matchless craft in self-garniture. The most famous of them, Ninon de Lenclos, cheated.

In her time the function of perfume was to counterattack the lack of hygiene. Ninon's beauty increased with the years. Her fading rivals bribed her servants, but could not find out how the hussy did it. The story went around that she had a room, which nobody else was permitted to enter, into which she retired three hours every morning to receive a perfume and a treatment given to her by the devil in person. After Ninon died at 90, untarnished and outsmelling the youngest buds at court, her private room was broken into and her secret revealed—a bathtub.

First social contacts between humans—the first, at least, we shall discuss in this sedate essay—were handshakes. So the first politesse in perfume concerned the hands. Gloves were the first articles of clothing to be perfumed and to be exchanged as gifts. Glovemaking and perfumery became linked trades; and that is how perfume came to Grasse.

The old Roman-founded town was already noted for leatherworking, when Italian glovemakers, financed by the Medicis, settled there in the 16th century. It was this stock-jobbing family that had popularized gifts of perfumed gloves in Renaissance Europe; and they often amused themselves with a slight variation —adding poison in the finger tips.

The natives of modern Grasse are typical Provençals; that is, chiefly of Ligurian descent, but mixed with other Mediterranean bloods — and bearing some blue-eyed hints there has been no lack of hospitality over the years to transient Parisians. They are marked from other Provençals by the city's air of prosperity and sweetness. Grasse is the richest town per capita in France: The most important branch office of the Bank of France is here. About 2,000 of its total population of 20,000 work in the actual distilleries; virtually all the rest of its employables are in related activities, such as bottles, perfumery machine parts, and corks.

The post-card beauty of Grasse is unmarred by the score of large perfumeries, which blend into the pink-walled, red-tiled pattern of Riviera homes. Many are, in fact, adapted villas. One is an old monastery; another was formerly a convent.

The peasants of the Grasse area outnumber the inhabitants of the town, and are, in their turn, the best off per capita in Europe. Upwards of 25,000 of them labor to produce the millions of pounds of blossoms the factories need annually. In 1938 nearly a million kilograms (roughly, a thousand long tons) of jasmine alone were picked; and more than half a million kilograms of roses.

The average peasant holding is small—half to four acres—and it is a family effort, Grandpa down to kids. The usual crop of jasmine is about 1,400 pounds to the acre, but up to 2,300 pounds can be coaxed in a good year *avec l'aide du bon Dieu*—and the peasants, with blossoms now $1.35 a pound, are willing to meet God more than halfway.

Long ago some perfumers tried to grow their own flowers on a big scale, and learned an earthy lesson in collectivism. The peasant, left to the pride of ownership and the rewards of individual enterprise, is a magician. On straight wages, he did no more than necessary. Today the perfumers are content with a small experimental garden, the findings of which are bulletined free to the peasants.

It is a genuine communal effort. Peasants and factories are mortally dependent upon one another; the swank, famous perfumers of Paris—and elsewhere—in turn upon both. To prevent confusion, each peasant family is allotted a certain factory on a ten-year contractual basis. Since fluctuations in living costs and perfume markets cannot be foreseen a decade ahead, however, a committee of peasants meets yearly with one representing the factories to fix blossom prices for that twelvemonth.

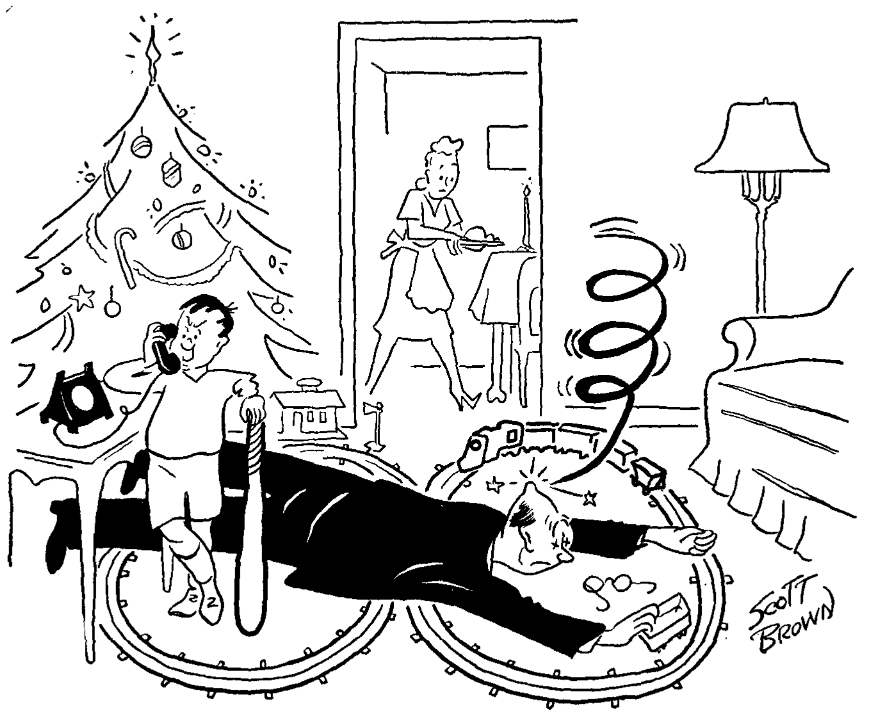
### Peasants Kept Busy All Year

Although jasmine is *the* flower, most peasants grow patches of other species to have a succession of "franc blooms" which, in the climate of Grasse, are possible from earliest spring to late autumn. But everyone is busy throughout the year—the peasants with their fastidious cultivation, the distilleries with exotic materials that arrive from below the equator during the short Grasse winter.

Upset by the war, however, this close balance in Grasse has not yet been fully recovered. The peasants ripped out their flower beds and grew instead the more important, and more profitable, vegetables. The Germans declared the factories nonessential, meaning they could have no power and no workers able to tie their own shoelaces. Nothing could be exported or imported.

This brought a crisis, which is not yet over, to the whole French perfume industry. Before the war, perfume was third among French exports. Within French national economy it gave more revenue to the treasury than all other luxury trades combined—jewelry, *objets d'art, haute couture*. No one can guess its place this year or next, for while the world market lies wide open to it again, and Grasse and Paris are swamped with unfilled orders, the flow of natural fixatives and essential flower oils isn't normal.

After liberation, the reputable Grasse and Paris houses carefully rationed their minute remaining stocks of essential oils and finished perfumes. That is why the G.I.s had to queue up, at restricted hours, to get famous "names." Meanwhile, however, when the more impatient and indiscriminate Yank shoppers appeared,



". . . and thank you for the new baseball bat, Grandma, it works fine. I'm going to play with my electric train now, so, goodby"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

NO IFS, ANDS, OR BUTS—

YOUR CAR STARTS QUICKLY IN COLDEST WINTER WEATHER

WITH CASITE

OR DOUBLE-YOUR-MONEY-BACK

● Casite guarantees quick starts for your car—no matter how cold the weather—or you get back twice what you paid! Casite retards congealing of oil—lets the motor spin over rapidly—and s-t-a-r-t. Get Casite. Sold by car dealers, garages, service stations, everywhere.

THE CASITE CORPORATION • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
CASITE DIVISION, HASTINGS LTD., TORONTO

65¢ A PINT
75¢ IN CANADA

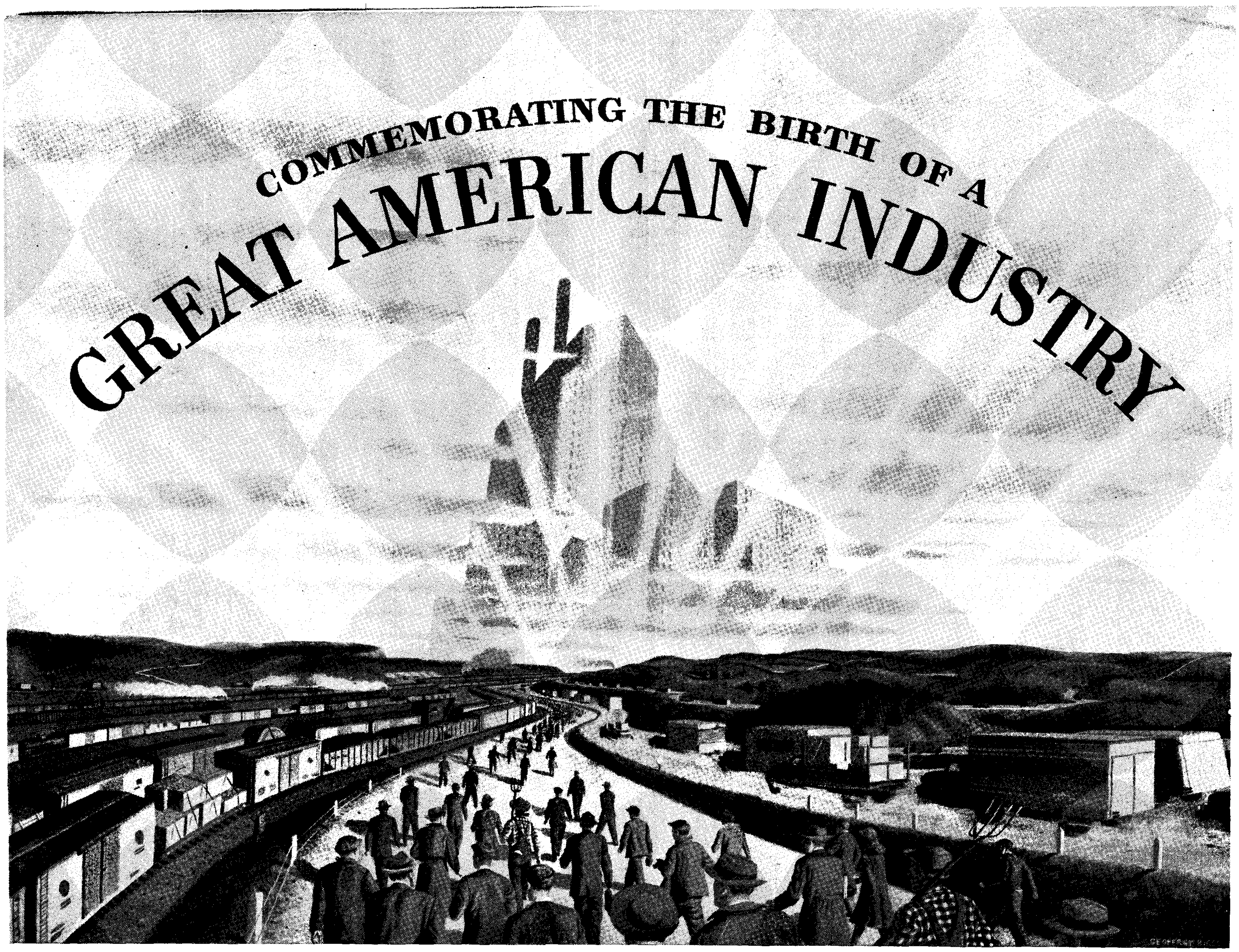
GUARANTEE

We guarantee that any motor capable of being started in a warm room will start promptly in the coldest weather when Casite is added to the crankcase according to instructions. If your car fails to start quickly, you get double-your-money-back by filling out guarantee certificate and mailing it to The Casite Corporation, Hastings, Michigan. Maximum refund is $1.30 per pint, twice the nationally advertised price of Casite.

CONTENTS ONE PINT
CASITE
with Every Oil Change
SLUDGE SOLVENT
FOR EASY STARTING
MOTOR TUNE-UP

Casite Protects New Motors During Break-In

Casite Gives Better and Smoother Performance All-Year-Round


COMMEMORATING THE BIRTH OF A
GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY

# What the Alcoholic Beverage Industry has contributed to the Nation's Economy in the 13 Years since Repeal

THIRTEEN YEARS ago at this time we Americans gave up a misguided experiment.

From 1920 through 1933, we tried to abolish the use of alcoholic beverages while they were being made and enjoyed by the rest of the world.

The experiment was a hopeless failure. We gave it up and re-established legal sale—"by the people, for the people and of the people."

For 13 years this industry, operating under strict supervision and regulation by Federal, State and local government, has carried out faithfully, to the best of its ability, the mandate from the American people to produce alcoholic beverages of sound quality.

In the discharge of this responsibility the industry has become important in our national economy.

Back in 1933 and 1934, when we were recuperating from one of the worst business disasters in our history, this newly established industry helped to speed recovery, giving direct and indirect employment to millions and providing new and substantial markets for products of our farms and factories.

Among the American industries that were benefited *then*—and are being benefited *today*—are: Bottles, Cans and Glassware . . . Corks and Closures . . . Machinery . . . Lumber . . . Real Estate . . . Equipment and Fixtures . . . Fuel, Light and Power . . . Transportation . . . Farm Products including Grain, Grapes and Other Fruits . . . Paper and Printing.

### What The Legal Alcoholic Beverage Industry Stands For . . .

Today—in contrast with conditions in the 14 years when alcoholic beverages were sold illegally—there exists a legal industry with thousands of respectable, law-abiding, licensed retailers, fully aware of their social responsibilities and pledged to these principles:

1. **To promote the principle and practice of moderation.**
2. **To confine sales strictly to legal hours.**
3. **To maintain clean, orderly establishments.**
4. **To refrain from serving knowingly anyone under legal age.**
5. **To avoid selling intoxicated persons or those of questionable character.**
6. **To cooperate fully with all control authorities in the enforcement of the laws.**

Again in World War II, when our vital rubber supply was cut off, this industry pitched in and produced more than 40 per cent of the industrial alcohol needed for synthetic rubber and a long list of essential war products . . . earning a commendation by the War Production Board, "*for your magnificent accomplishments in the service of the nation in its time of peril.*"

Last, but not least, are the benefits shared through the taxes levied on these legal beverages. Since Repeal, the public revenue on alcoholic beverages has exceeded 20 billion dollars.

These billions have gone into Federal, State and local treasuries for hospitals, education, veterans' care and rehabilitation, old age pensions and other necessary public services.

We take modest pride in bringing you this short review of progress on our 13th birthday since Repeal.

**Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc.**
10 East 40th St. • New York 16, N. Y.

*A Nation-wide, Industry-wide Public Relations Organization for the Alcoholic Beverage Industries*

107 new "perfumers" sprang up in Paris alone. Grasse is betting not five of them will be left next year. But French reputation in perfume is being damaged abroad.

Grasse, like Paris, hears the female screams from the United States about the high prices of good French perfume; and the warnings that the scent mixers over here will have to be more "realistic" about prices if they are ever again to hold leadership in perfumes over there.

### High Cost of Smelling Pretty

In this, the French believe they are common hostages with us to generally soaring world levels; and cannot understand why Americans, who have experienced so many boosts at home, expect to get perfumes at figures resembling those of prewar. Tariffs on finished perfumes entering the United States are 40 cents a pound, and 37.5 ad valorem. Over here, the government hiked wages. Cartonnage and bottling are both scarcer and dearer—15 to 20 per cent of what you pay for in a perfume. Jasmine essential oil absolute is 400,000 francs a kilo; Bulgarian attar of roses 450,000; oils of less "heavy" producers are higher—all of them eight to eleven times above before-the-war costs. Lastly, it is pointed out that American cosmetics and toiletries now on sale in Paris again cost far more than of old.

The Noses do not think up perfume names. That's another department. There are nearly 100,000 perfume names registered with an office representing 21 nations, in Bern, Switzerland. In France you may legally call a scent by anything save *le mot de Général Cambronne*—which is the word you might expect a general who has just lost a battle to use. Two generations ago names like Roses of Yesteryear were hot. You can judge how customer ideas have altered. Fashions in odors have changed, too; floral notes have been subdued in favor of something more elusive. And yet, some of the crafty ones you buy now are exactly the same formulas Grandma bought under more Arcadian epithets.

Commercial applications and international preferences remain definite.

French, Spanish and Balkan movie palaces, for example, avoid the dangerous alternative of letting in fresh air by spraying with heliotrope mist; likewise, Kansas City burlesque houses. Those Latin salons where folks can meet without chaperons are lavish buyers of chrysanthemum. They spray it on the red wallpaper.

Scandinavia reels for jasmine and lilies-of-the-valley scents. Russia's present tastes aren't known; used to be for violet. South America has the largest continental per capita use, because men there use it more than women. North Africa likes heavy rose; China and India, musk. India is one of the most abandoned dunkers, which helped to give the British Empire its prewar standing as France's leading market.

England proper, according to Grasse, is still in a state of odor barbarism; Englishwomen buy lemon, gardenia, lavender.

The United States, France's second best prewar market for finished perfumes—biggest, if essential oils are included—takes all smells. "That's because of her variety of races," a Nose explained, "with their inherited weaknesses. Crazy names and funny bottles help there; but the most significant thing about the States' retail trade is the sentimentality. If I could only create a perfume to smell like 'Mother's Knee,' I'd clean up over there!"

### Nice Odors and World Harmony

The Nose predicts even smellier days ahead. "In the past 5,000 years," he says, "we have learned how to make perfume superlatively and use it elegantly. But we have not explored its latent possibilities in other important matters. If perfume can make women seem like 'ladies' to men—and men act like gentlemen toward women—why shouldn't it be useful to make men agreeable to men, nations to nations?

"There are peaceful odors—lavender, orange, new-mown hay. And there are aggressive odors, such as eau de cologne. That was originated in Germany in the 17th century. Germany was aggressive because it was the favorite odor of her males. Frederick the Great was fond of it. Hitler and Goering used it constantly and so did most of the Prussian staff. It was Napoleon's favorite, too.

"When you say that a politician, a book, a prize fight, a policy or deal, stinks—excuse me, I believe that's the American term—you are not merely being rhetorical. You are unthinkingly emphasizing a recognized scientific truth, which is that the sense of smell is closely engaged with our other senses and invisibly reveals emotions. Hatred smells. Joy smells. I can smell when a man is angry. Many doctors learn to smell nervousness, and other moods.

"We all have characteristic odors, both racial and personal. We Noses believe that dislike among races is due more to the hostility of these basic odors than to color; among nations, more than to politics. Some psychologists have commented upon this—Havelock Ellis, Freud. Further study might open a momentous field to perfume.

"Ten thousand airplanes spraying rosemary over a nation boiling up a war fever might change its mood and avert the later necessity of dropping less pleasant things.

"Couples about to wed should discuss their problems with perfumers as well as with ministers and physicians. A scientifically chosen perfume mixed enduringly into the paint for the interior decoration of their homes would promote serenity.

### One Cause of Incompatibility

"Personal odors, like flower scents, run in families. Some are complementary. Some opposed. It is a sociological commonplace that many marriages break up because of antipathetic odor grouping. Give me an hour in a home threatened by divorce for incompatibility, and nine times out of ten I'd prevent it.

"And that Peace Conference! It's a pity they didn't invite me. I would have just sat through one meeting and smelled it. Next day I would have known what to spray in the Luxembourg, and you would have heard no more angry words. I'd have Yugoslavs and Greeks embracing one another.

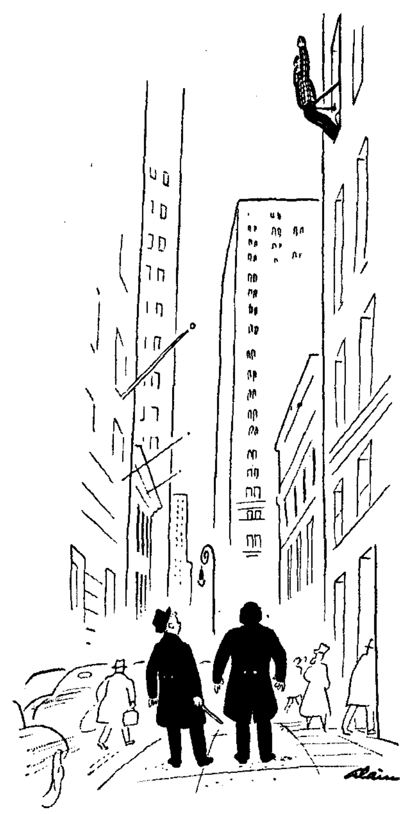
"But, even as it is, my profession is gratifying. We help people to be what they are not, but would most like to be. If you believe the ads we can make the shyest little female smell reckless, exotic, magical, frenzied, intoxicating, daring, menacing, imprudent, heady, breathless, provocative, dangerous, secret, forbidden, alluring, sinful, mysterious, desirable, seductive, exciting, tempting, magnetic, enticing, tantalizing—even irresistible. And yet—and yet—oh, what's the use, it probably wouldn't sell!"

"What's that?" I asked.

His mood had changed. I could smell it. He fished in his vest pocket and took out a piece of garlic.

"I was just thinking," he said, dreamily nibbling the garlic as he walked away, "that none of us has had the imagination or guts to risk creating a perfume to make a woman smell intelligent!"

THE END



"Maybe we better take a look"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

# THE FLAPPER'S CHILDREN

Continued from page 19

which mooed gently from juke boxes and radios.

Juvenile delinquency steadily soared during the war, and is still mounting. If that is explainable in anything short of a textbook, it can be summed by saying that periods of emotional tension and irregular living always produce heightened opportunities for transgression.

Conversation, among the young, approaches a lost language. It is almost equally incomprehensible in some adult strata. The juvenile tendency is to mate military jargon with rhyming words and devious derivations. The result is a verbal gumbo. A young man who refers to his dream beam as a chill bill is unchivalrously condemning her as a dinner winner, which means she is a junior-grade gold digger. A lass who is a mite light on the bright is a dull skull, or dope, to the young punk who is both sharp in the threads and alive to the jive.

The awful word "jerk" has been legitimized by inclusion in the dictionary as a nonvulgar description of a dope, twerp, or generally unhep citizen, while "bastard" has been petted into an inoffensive synonym for fellow. "Bitch," "bitchy" and "bitchery" are now so mild as to be almost permissible in church. Not quite; almost.

Today's jargon is richly raisined with such figures of speech as: "Get her to handle your case," which means "There goes a pretty girl who looks reasonable, and you seem like a man who needs a little feminine companionship." "The rope's up on him" means so-and-so is socially unacceptable, and is derived from some of the snootier gin mills' habit of keeping a velvet cable taut before their portals to fence out the poor millionaires.

"Drop dead" is not so sinister as it sounds; it means get out of my life, or simply, go away. "Get lost," in the imperative, has the same connotation, but when a young buck murmurs tenderly to his lass, "Leave us get lost," he is suggesting a tryst for the purpose of playing a little al fresco house.

Contrasted to the roughly hewn expressions of the twenties, today's popular talk shows considerable time and thought on the part of its originators. Try the old ones on for size: *Get hot, hotsy-totsy, turn on the heat, red-hot mama, the cat's whiskers, the cat's pajamas, hot ziggety, whoopee, wow, sweet mama, horsefeathers, joyride, pash,* and *petting party.* Descriptive, maybe, but limited, and not to be compared with "What's the poop on the group, Luke?" as an artistic creation.

Twenty years ago the college boy consumed his modicum of synthetic gin, wore the widest pants he could buy, sported a coonskin coat if he were rich enough, or a yellow slicker disfigured by slogans and drawings. He necked openly, suffered frostbite in disreputable, topless flivvers, studied just enough to stay in school, and wasn't abashed if he flunked out. He was a loud exhibitionist, best typified by the magazines which sprang up around him—College Humor, the old Life, Judge. He had rarely met reality. When he finally found himself embroiled in a depression, he learned he had never matured at all.

Despite his loud protestations of wickedness, he nibbled timidly at a vague concept of sex. Similarly the girl who necked most ostentatiously in the fraternity houses, like as not, still had a small suspicion that the doctor brought babies. Venereal disease was openly referred to only by doctors and the advertisements pasted on the walls of men's rooms. "Syphilis" and "gonorrhea" were words that had not yet invaded the columns of the daily paper, nor the air waves of a new and squawking gadget called radio. Right through the twenties and into the thirties, there was small adult recognition of sex. You met good girls and bad girls. You necked with good girls and didn't speak of bad girls in mixed company.

The roistering young of the Gay Twenties had a bark which was considerably louder than its bite. It was pitifully innocent, and ashamed to admit it. The red-hot papas wrestled with the red-hot mamas in rumble seats, and swilled their whisky so fast they generally managed to get sick or pass out before midnight. Their clothes earmarked them as a group which was trying hard to be devilish without knowing how. After an evening of loud and pretentious peccadillos, they retreated to their dormitories to be as youthfully puzzled as Cousin Wilbur away down on the farm.

Matching the collegian of yesterday with our current crop is nearly impossible since one group bears practically no resemblance to the other. Joe College, 1947, very likely is twenty-four years old, married, the father of two children, a veteran of three years in some military service. He is quietly conversant with life, death, travel, jungle-juice, socially condoned and uncondoned sex, and the intricate workings of radar, sonar, and jet propulsion. He looks at his weedy, bifocaled professor and snickers quietly at such appalling innocence; such a large lack of earthy savvy.

The moldy politics of prewar Europe impress him as a waste of time; he has observed the effect of a block-buster on an embassy. The glory that was Greece falls hollowly on the feelings of a man who has capitalized on the value of a cigarette or chocolate bar in a ravaged country. A submariner can smile at the

Sunset
—TIME FOR ENJOYMENT
SUNSET
America's finest since 1894
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY
SUNSET CRÊME de MENTHE
SUNSET COFFEE LIQUEUR
SUNSET
AMERICA'S FINEST SINCE 1894
SUNSET INCORPORATED · Chicago, Illinois

## PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT YOUR SOUL IS SHOWING

**The female who delights to suffer**
**Makes all her loved ones want to cuff 'er.**
**By using anguished smiles as barter**
**This phony, calculating martyr**
**Strives to exact from all who know her**
**Attentions that they do not owe her.**

**—Margaret Fishback**

rudiments of math, and philosophy is a dead subject for a fighter pilot who has strafed the streets of Tokyo.

There is another Joe College today—a thwarted youngster who was too young to fight, but not too young to be painfully conscious that Brother John was glamorously striding the globe. This Joe is now at school, sitting side by side with Brother John, and as long as he lives he will curse the circumstance of birth which cheated him of an adventure that was gleefully split among 15,000,000 young men. If we have a seed of a Lost Generation, it may be dormant in the young men who finished high school at or about the time of Germany's surrender.

There is another large, formless group—the returned veteran who has not yet successfully fitted himself into the operational scheme of a postwar world; the boy who grew to manhood in the service and who presently finds himself a master of the M-1 rifle, the bulldozer, the Grumman Hellcat, but who can't seem to crowd his skills into the civilian maw of Mammon.

It was pitifully easy for the twenty-four-year-old major, home on leave, to contract a wife and, later, a child, when his shoulder leaves were bright, his flying pay lavish, and his future hazy. He lived through the war, and when he returned he found that the airlines didn't want him, and that office boys' jobs were both hard to come by and damned impractical for a grown man with a wife, kids, and nary a bit of civilian experience to write on the blank.

This man has a brother in the past; he is the All-America football player who graduated to a bond-selling job. His late gridiron achievements were sufficient to dress him at Brooks Brothers and wine him at Tony's and buy him the Long Island house until, one day, the market blew up and he found he didn't know a bloody thing about bringing in the bacon.

The bond salesman's present, war-born prototype is splitting into three categories. Maybe he has quit, and is sitting on his G.I. perquisites until such time as the ten billion allocated for his rehabilitation runs out. Or, he has decided to park the kid with Pop while he digs in at the bottom, for peanuts, in a brave effort to buy the experience of which he was cheated by war. Or, rarely, he is a lucky young man who has been able to cash in his wartime skills for a tangible civilian reward.

### Veterans As a Voting Group

The ex-G.I., welded by sentiment, callously scheming politics, has become a race almost apart from his civilian brother. He is politically vulnerable to both the cynical spellbinder and the sincere statesman. He can be, with equal ease, a Fascist or a sound citizen, depending on the quality of the passes made at him as a large, potent, voting group. We made, in part, a battalion of bums out of our World War I people, with the same tactics. The serious difference today is that there are so many veterans that they can, by sheer number, outweigh the rest of the country for good or bad, and the result lies heavily in the hands of our leaders.

For the first time in America, we have a hefty portion of feminine population split widely apart from the old concept of ideal womanhood: the *Kuchen, Kinder* and *Kirche* (cake, children and church) concept. In so doing, woman has added to the problems of the period.

At the end of the last war, woman's commercial experience had been limited: teaching, nursing, stenography—none too exciting, none highly paid, and rarely of adequate allure to provide competition to a career in the home.

Our gals struck out for themselves in this war. They welded in aircraft factories, ran advertising agencies, sat on the city desk, operated Pa's small plant, supervised the farm, announced on the radio, walked more deeply into politics. A lot of them lived alone, and a lot of them liked it. They played with prestige, and found it fine. Some of them investigated extracurricular sex and learned that the old dogma of unforgivable sin did not always pay off in a flight across the ice, with the hound dawgs yapping at the heels. They tasted a form of emancipation which now makes them uneasy in the kitchen, and rebellious over the wifely penance of dusting the furniture and washing the didies.

Vital statistics reflect this unrest. Divorce is at an all-time peak, up 25 per cent over last year, up 100 per cent over the years just before the war, and climbing like a squirrel. There was considerable sexual looseness, as there always is during periods of great emotional intensity. There were many marriages, far short of heavenly fabrication, which never should have been made at all. But these are not the chief contributing causes to impermanence in the wedlock league. There is a deeper reason: woman's growing tendency to chafe at the marital bit, and the returned husband's remembrance of the old foot-free days in the Army. All, of course, have been aggravated out of proportion by shortages, high living costs, peace nerves and uncertainty.

The current battle between the boys and girls is merely an amplification of a similar split after Mess Number One. Divorce started to bounce after that one, and what started then, in woman's first real effort to discard the yoke, now is estimated to be swelling to the point where the 1960s will see a 50 per cent annual divorce and considerable fall-off in weddings. It may be sad; it may be technically immoral but girls have discovered that lawful marriage is not 100 per cent necessary to the fulfillment of normal female sex cravings. Thousands of women today maintain separate economic and emotional lives, without benefit of legal certification, and sleep soundly of nights.

As you can imagine, the instability of the times has occasioned quite a bit of bottle-fighting, but it's a different type of drinking from the prohibition swilling of two decades past. Boozing has become less frenetic; more habitual. Drinking has largely lost its fete-day aspect and its back-street phase. In ten years we have become a nation of steady, but quiet drinkers, only about 5 per cent of whom can be classed as alcoholics.

Women stand hip to hip with men at the bars, and the laden breath is no longer a social stigma during working hours. The luncheon cocktail has become as much a part of our mores as the automobile. We hold it better, and the average imbiber isn't trying to compress a week's abstinence into one night. You can sum it by saying that we get drunk less and drink a great deal more and few of us go suddenly blind from home-cooked applejack.

Miss Loos is vehement about radio as

a social force. "It is flinging trash to the four corners of the world," she shrills. "A teacher friend told me recently that a child said, as an excuse for unpreparedness, that her radio had broken down and that she couldn't study without it. The modern child clings more closely to radio than to school, than to the movies —even than to its parents. It is simply incredible how much youngsters know about obscure trombone players, to the exclusion of practically everything else."

No right-thinking citizen can deny that the singing commercial is more important than the little red schoolhouse. Yet children who never heard of Daniel Boone know that bananas should never, never be kept in the refrig-er-a-tah. The average housewife is tongue-tied on a definition of "veto," as construed by the United Nations, but she can fill you on the intimate doings of all those people who face life over nation-wide hookups.

### Ads and Comics Mold Young Minds

We face a mind-shaping situation unknown to the taxpayers of 1920-1930. Our thoughts are molded by advertising copywriters. The comic book, too, is the greatest educational innovation since the invention of the alphabet. Junior learns, today, about heavy water, Uranium-235, and the delicate physical problems of making rockets by way of Robotman and Robotdog. Tom Swift and his electric rifle were skim milk contrasted to Thunderbolt, the Atomic Man. Today's urchin may not be able to start a fire by rubbing two sticks together, but he knows more about the disintegration of the atom than Vannevar Bush. Peter Rabbit is nonexistent in his knotty little head, but don't press him on the subject of jet propulsion.

Through the offices of movies, radio, and what is called progressive education, tomorrow's cannon fodder is vastly more gutter-wise than the tender buds of the twenties. The kindergarten moppet sneers loudly at mention of the stork as a baby-bringer. He *knows* where little sister came from. V.D. and B.O. are matched in the mind of the youngster as undesirable social acquisitions. This comparatively new sophistication seems apt to lead the child increasingly from parental control and place him more and more at the mercy of extrafamily impulses. Whether that is good or bad is something they will argue about twenty years hence.

Differing from the postwar modes of the twenties, hair has grown longer and skirts have come down. Short of absolute nudity, the ladies have gone as far as they can go in stylish undress. It is no longer a sin to display the navel. Our modern woman, momentarily, anyhow, is better coiffed, more firmly girdled, and more neatly disposed in her clothing than her flapper mother, whose hip-line waist, bare knees and coal-scuttle hat achieved some sort of peak in terrible costumes for the female. In 1922, a pretty girl was pretty in spite of what she wore and the way she cut her hair. It is possible now for many a crowbait to pass as attractive if she is adept at make-up and dresses to camouflage her faults.

In one respect, we have become a group apart from the rugged social habits of our fathers. Confronted by a great dearth of necessities, we shifted smoothly into cajoling, palm-greasing grovelers before the owners of the things we sought. We spontaneously decided that the problems of food, housing, transportation and clothes could be solved by the smooth presentation of the bribe. We fawned at the feet of butchers, grocers, waiters, cabdrivers, landlords and Pullman conductors. We bought cheap and ramshackle furniture for $5,000, in order to procure the right to pay $200 a month for an apartment easily worth $60. We slipped the night clerk in a flea-bag hotel a fast $5 for the right to register. We skated too effortlessly into the technique of the black market.

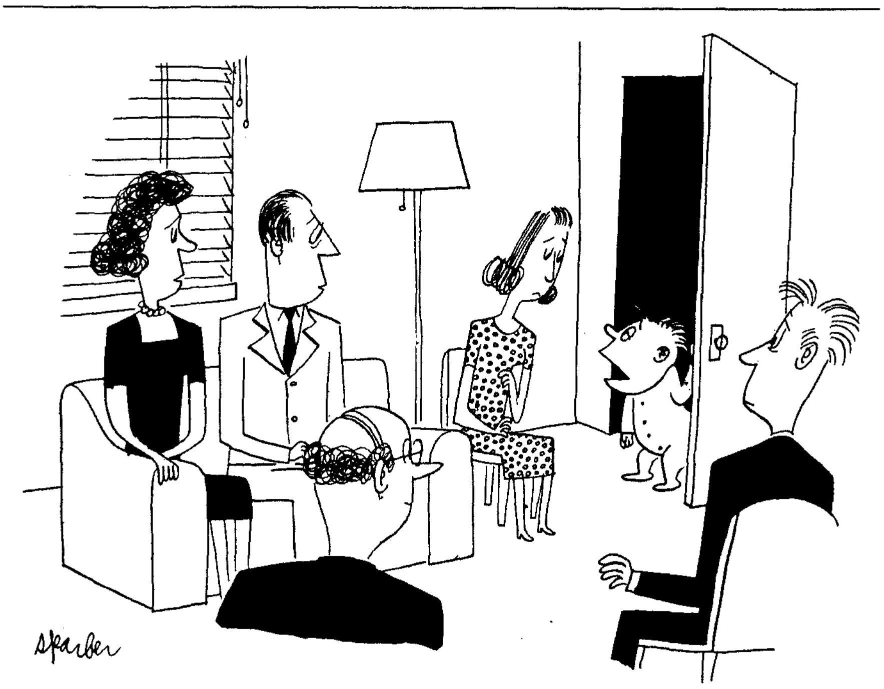
Chain-store studios taught us dancing in a hurry, but the instructors' time and efforts were subsidized by the G.I. Bill of Rights, which made the rumba a legitimate education for the returned serviceman. Van Johnson replaced Valentino as a cause for flutter in maidenly bosoms. Nobody looks up when the airplane passes, now, and Charles Lindbergh is barely identifiable to the young.

Politics are still corrupt, but not so flagrantly so as in the Era of Wonderful Nonsense. Joe Louis and Joe DiMaggio have partially replaced Dempsey and Ruth as invincibles. Notably missing in today's headlines is the screwballery which made the twenties a hectic time of dance marathons and weird election bets.

That, roughly, is our present synonym for the Roaring Twenties. We are difficult to diagnose, impossible to label—unless, as someone recently suggested, you settle for the title of Decade of the Duodenal Ulcer. We live in the Fouled-up Forties, and the shape in which we shall emerge is not known, even by the Quiz Kids.

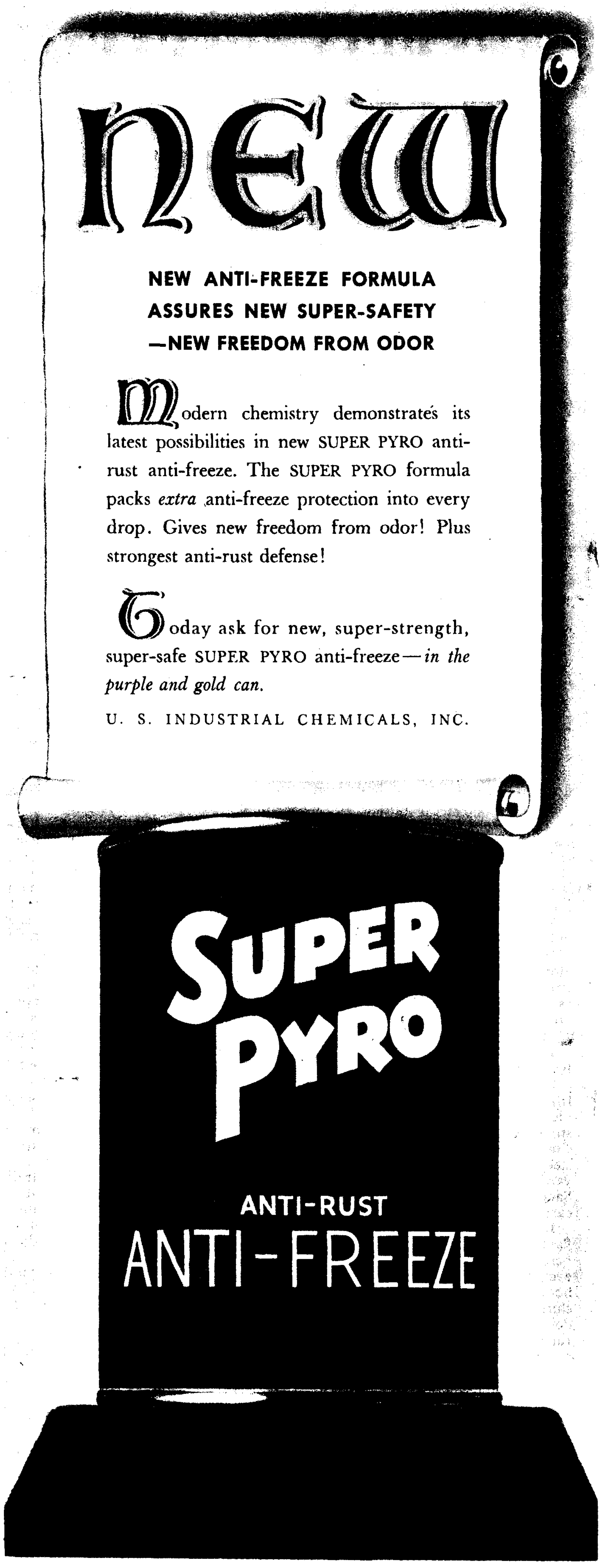
THE END

**TIMMY** **by HOWARD SPARBER**



"I waited and waited for the Sandman—please, Mom, may I go to sleep now?"

COLLIER'S


new

NEW ANTI-FREEZE FORMULA
ASSURES NEW SUPER-SAFETY
—NEW FREEDOM FROM ODOR

Modern chemistry demonstrates its latest possibilities in new SUPER PYRO anti-rust anti-freeze. The SUPER PYRO formula packs *extra* anti-freeze protection into every drop. Gives new freedom from odor! Plus strongest anti-rust defense!

Today ask for new, super-strength, super-safe SUPER PYRO anti-freeze—*in the purple and gold can.*

U. S. INDUSTRIAL CHEMICALS, INC.

SUPER PYRO
ANTI-RUST
ANTI-FREEZE

# THE BELL OF SAN ANSELMO

## BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

**Rob's journey over the trackless mountains was an act of faith. He couldn't foresee its dangers—or its reward**

THE old priest who built San Anselmo's mission is dead. He was buried, half a century ago, in the flickering shade of the cottonwood tree in the churchyard. When the bell rings on a windless summer evening, those invisible vibrations seem enough to set all the light leaves clashing in the sunset.

And Señor Roberto Huntington (his English name given a Spanish music by the valley speech) lies buried on Saddle Mountain. The grave looks down on his vast ranchland, which from that height seems a child's playground with a miniature hacienda, a matchstick corral around a toy white barn, and tiny horses and cattle stationed on a green floor with a tinsel river running through. The fierce and gentle old man is dead, and his son, young Rob, who brought the great bell over the mountains, lies buried beside him. . . .

One starlit night, sixty years before any highway carved the slopes of the Sangre de Cristo, young Rob Huntington, with a led horse racing like a shadow behind him, rode down the trail toward San Anselmo. It was May and the Rio Concepción was brawling. But he forced his horses through waist-deep rushing water rather than go around to the log bridge at the Forks. Soon they pounded into the little Indian village where the adobes were palely lighted by the old third-quarter moon. He galloped up to the priest's house, beside the mission church, and hammered on the door.

Father Francisco's long white nightshirt fell around him like a cassock. "What is it, my son?"

"My father is dying," the youth said. "He will not see the daybreak on the mountains."

"Then we must go to him," said the priest, and already he had disappeared from the doorway. From the room's darkness his voice came muffled as some garment passed over his head. "Can your horse carry double, up mountain and in the dark?"

"I have another horse for you."

In the saddle the priest sat straight and firm. He was an old man but not a frail or brittle one. His robed shoulders moved with the loping rhythm; from his waist the braided cord swung like the rawhide tie strings of the saddle skirt. He raised his stirrups as the horse floundered through the Rio Concepción and he leaned in the saddle as the trail steepened beyond. When they crossed the ranchyard the wan moon stood on the silvered edge of Saddle Mountain and the stars were paling in the east.

In the low, timber-ceilinged room, with a yellow flame burning on the pine bedside table, old Roberto Huntington looked up from his pillow. His eyes came back from far places—from his childhood, perhaps, by the wide, bright shores of Devonshire, half the world away; from his youth in the devious narrow cobbled streets of Boston; from far ranges of pasture on the Staked Plains where ten thousand cattle grazed across the horizon, their heads pointed all one way.

He said in his gentle, courteous way, "Thank you, Rob. I'm glad to see you, Father." His eyes went to the dark window, beyond which, range on range, rose the harsh and somber mountains. "I am not ready to leave this life."

"It is a life that all must leave," the priest said gently. He made the sign of the cross and bent his head to the candlelight and began to read in Latin. There was a nameless music in the words. The room filled with the cadences of piety and devotion.

The old rancher's eyes closed. He breathed slowly, slowly. His lean face softened. Then there was nothing but the priest's voice.

Soft, pure morning light fell across the floor and across the bed where the old man lay in death's repose.

"He died in peace, my son," Father Francisco said.

The youth stood at the bedside, his hands still clenching at his sides and his shoulders racking silently.

"Come, my son," the priest said.

Outside, on the gallery, in the long rays of sunrise, while the snows on the summits glistened, the priest talked to him. He talked gently, quietly, soothingly, in the voice young Rob had often used in the corral to a trembling, white-eyed three-year-old with the first saddle girth strapped under him.

The youth looked over the great valley, the dark, wooded mountainsides. In the dawn's stillness the roar of the Rio Concepción seemed to grow threatening. For the first time he felt a fear of the mountains.

"It is a lonely place to die," he said. Then he went on, in a low voice, not looking at the priest, "We were riding under the rimrock. Without warning the ledge loosened and the slide began."

"Yes, my son." The priest understood his need to tell it.

"The cliff broke open with a sound like thunder and the rocks began to fall. My father turned to see if I was safe, and the rocks were around him. He leaped from the saddle as his horse was struck. I heard his horse screaming. Then I saw my father falling among the stones. When I could get there, I lifted him up and laid him across the saddle and led my horse down, slowly and as gently as I could. It took hours. It took till midnight. And he was dying when I got him home."

"But not afraid to die," the priest said.

"No. He was never afraid."

"The Indians have told me how he rode through the valley of the Hidden River. And how he sent you into the back country alone."

The youth nodded. Unconsciously his tall frame straightened. "When I was still a boy he made me overcome fear. I took a rifle and a blanket and rode over the dimmest trails and into the country where there are no trails . . ."

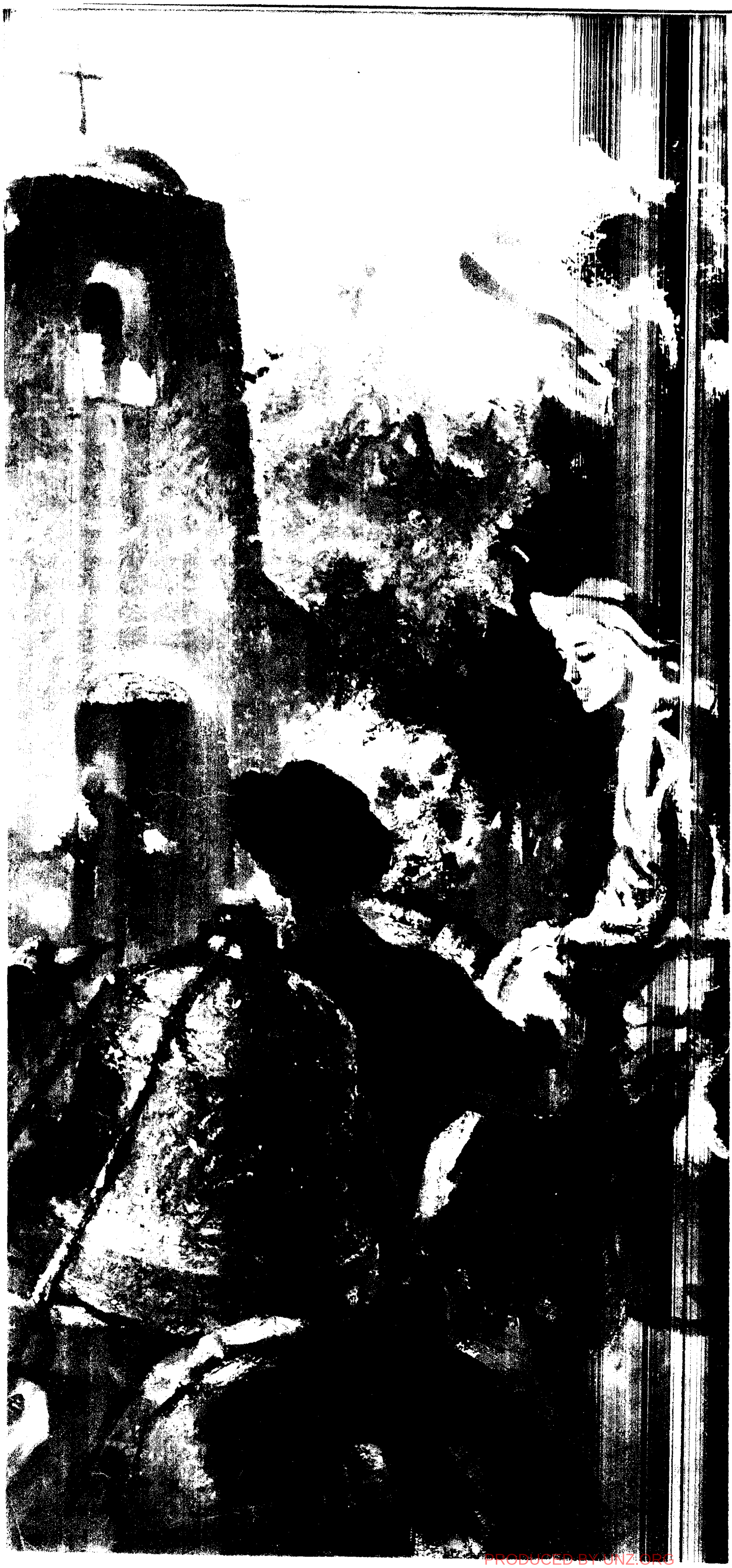
Rob looked up at Saddle Mountain, where he and his father had hunted and camped, where they had watched the sunset fade upon the snows and the stars circle in the night and the day rise on the distant summits. "If it would be fitting—could he be buried on the mountain?"

"They are all the Mountains of the Blood of Christ," said the priest. . . .

WHEN the burial was over and the earth freshly mounded beneath the whispering aspen leaves, Rob rode down to San Anselmo with the priest. In the bare, swept little plaza they dismounted, and the horses stood with their reins trailing the ground.

"My father was not a devout man," the youth said with a troubled line between his eyes. "Perhaps I cannot become one. But if it is your wish, I will burn candles in the church—one hundred, five hundred, ten hundred of them."

The priest looked gravely at him. "Candles," he said, "are partly for the light they bring to those



**The sound of the bell went ahead of them and when Rob and Nita reached the church, Father Francisco was waiting, hands raised in blessing**

who burn them. You do not need candles, and the altar does not need candles from you."

"I must do something," Rob said.

The priest nodded his gray head slowly. "Yes, you must do something. Not for me, not for the church, but for your father and for yourself." He turned to the adobe church and pointed to the empty belfry against the deep blue sky. "Look, my son. I came here from a great distance, from another country where the church bells ring every evening. Since then people have given money and I have had a bell of bronze and silver cast in Cerro Gordo, over the mountains. It is now finished, but I cannot find anyone to bring it across the rough ranges and through the Hidden Valley. You, my son—you know the trails and the passes—" Then he shook his head. "No, it is too hard a task for one young man, alone. It is a heavy bell, four hundred, five hundred pounds, and a harsh and savage country—"

But already the line was fading between the youth's troubled eyes. "I will get the bell," he said quietly. "I will bring it here—"

The priest looked up at the empty bell tower, then he nodded slowly. "Yes, you are the one to bring it, if you can. I will give you a message for José Ferrara. He is the bellmaker, a devout and skillful man. His shop is at the foot of the hill in Cerro Gordo, beside the Rio Arriba."

AND so Rob Huntington, twenty years old, tall and lean and weather-burned, set out on his journey, over the steep, wild ranges. He rode his sorrel pony and led two powerful pack animals over the rocky trail. For there was a trail at first—up the Concepción River and over Saddle Mountain's snow-streaked shoulder and into the next valley, the Valley of the Hidden River. Beyond, it was a trailless country. So he picked his way over rough, stone-studded slopes, through dense groves of ponderosa pine and Douglas fir. He forded torrents rushing down from the snow fields. He passed through high little parks where the snow was shrinking in the draws. He entered twilit forests, bearded with gray-green moss, of Engelmann's spruce and Alpine fir. He made camp at sunset, sending a thin blue thread of smoke into the darkening sky.

By sunrise he was in the saddle again, facing a new dark lift of mountains. He was far from any sign of man. So he was surprised to hear the bleating of sheep in the late afternoon when he had stopped to slake his thirst and to rest his animals by a little creek pouring silver over a steep bed of stones. He mounted and made his way through a steep spruce forest. Abruptly the twilight ended in an open park. The grass was flecked with little white anemones and pale blue lupines and golden stems of shooting star, and scattered over the meadow was a thin, poor flock of sheep. A family of herders, gathered near a fire, looked up as he drew near.

It seemed a peaceful scene until he saw the faces of the herders. There were two swarthy, stubble-bearded men and a wrinkled woman whose dark eyes showed white as she studied the intruder. Before anyone had spoken there came a sound of snapping branches. A girl, slender, fair-haired, in a man's flannel shirt and a man's shapeless felt hat, dragged a dead limb of pine toward the fire.

Rob said, "Good evening," and stepped down to the ground.

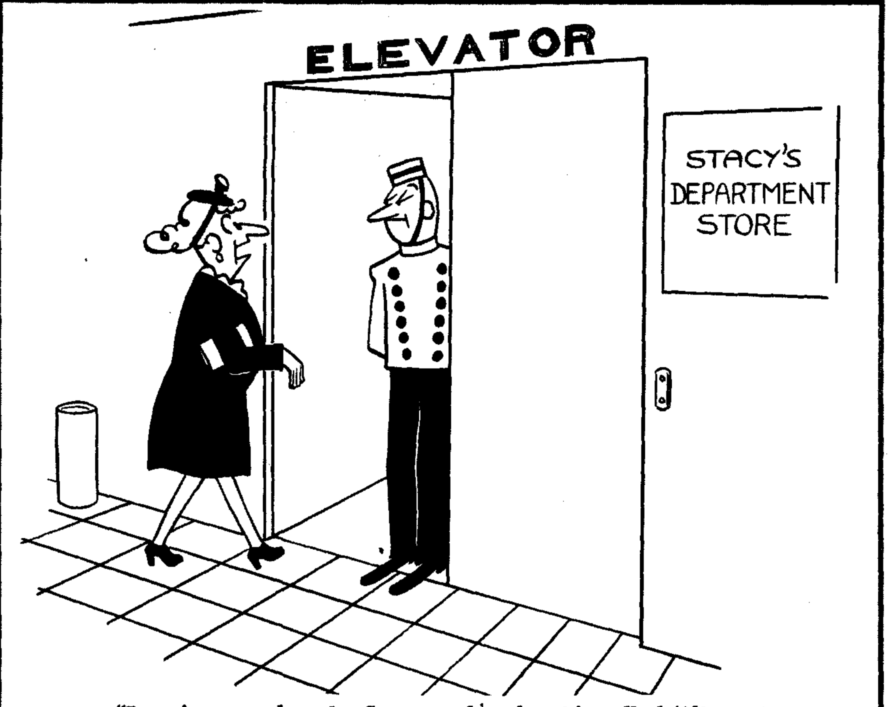
One of the men grunted, and the old woman asked, "Where you from, stranger?"

"Over the mountain," Rob said. Then, leaving the reins of his horse trailing, he went to the girl with the pine branch.

She stood still at his approach—not afraid but watchful. Later, when he pictured her standing there, he thought of a fawn, surprised, curious, alert, capable of vanishing in an instant. She had a fawn's brown eyes and even her rough clothing did not hide the slender lines of her body.

"Hello," he said softly, as though he feared she might run.

Now he saw a sadness in her face. She looked at him and echoed the old woman's question: "Where did you come from?"



"I can't remember the floor number, but it's called 'Slips, hosiery, girdles, brassieres, dresses, panties and gloves'"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

Rob took hold of the pine branch. "Where I come from," he said, "this is not work for a girl."

He dragged the dead limb toward the fire and broke it, with his hands and feet, into firewood lengths. He threw them into a ragged pyramid beside the fire.

"A good worker," one of the herders said with a humorless laugh, "is always welcome. Stay to supper with us, stranger."

"No," Rob said. "I have more miles to go before I make my camp."

"Where do you have to go in such a hurry?"

"To Cerro Gordo," Rob said.

One of the herders said, "There is no trail from here to Cerro Gordo. It is all rough country."

"Yes," Rob said, "it is."

When he turned toward his horses the girl was standing beside his pony, smoothing the sorrel mane. Again he saw the sadness in her face.

"Where are you going?" he asked in a low voice. "These pastures are not open to grazing till midsummer."

Her eyes were on the ground. "I am going—with my people." Then her head came up. "Good luck, on your journey."

Rob said uncertainly, "Good luck to you."

So he rode on, through a waste of scrub oak, and he didn't feel the jabbing, resistant branches because he wondered at the trouble in her face and the sadness that filled her voice when she said "my people."

Behind him he heard a rough voice calling: "Nita—more wood for the fire!"

As he went on, denying the impulse to turn back, he realized, for the first time since his father's death, that the numbness of grief was not all that he could feel.

The stars were white in the sky when he made his camp. He staked his horses out and put his kettle on the fire. Soon he was rolled in his blanket. The hard day's travel put him quickly to sleep, but he dreamed of a fawn in a thicket of alder, peering out with wide and troubled eyes.

HE WAS on his way by sunrise. He had covered perhaps three miles when a sheer rock wall loomed ahead of him. It was a baffling place, even with unloaded horses. All morning he forced a way through thickets of chokecherry and alder and climbed his horses over rugged slopes of rock. Still the barrier rose above him. He plunged into a dense fir forest, climbed out of it, guided his horses over a strewn, steepening slope. At last he found the notch, sharp as a gunsight, that would let him through. From there, while his horses heaved in the thin air, he looked down the far-leading valley of the Rio Arriba to the clustered roofs of Cerro Gordo. Beyond stretched the long mesas and the dim blue desert merging with the sky.

In Cerro Gordo he found the silversmith in his dusty shop. There stood the great bell, lighting a whole corner of the cluttered room with the flare and brightness of its sides.

Old José peered through thick spectacles at the youth. "Where are your packmen?" he asked.

"I have none but myself," Rob said. "I will take the bell to San Anselmo."

The old silversmith studied his serious face, grave now beyond the years of youth. "I believe you will," he said. "But you will need a cradle to support it on an animal's back."

There was a clatter in the shop, strong sure strokes of ax and hammer. In an hour he had it ready—a broad low cradle of crossed timbers fitted to a horse's back, padded with five thicknesses of old Navajo rug.

"Now," said José. "It is a heavy bell, a burden for two strong men to lift, and how is one youth to load it on a horse's back?" He answered his own question. "By using a hoisting tackle." He slung a block and tackle from a heavy beam and hooked it into the ring at the top of the bell. "Here we use a timber beam. In the mountains you use a strong limb of a spruce tree. So one man can lift the bell."

He pulled. The wooden block creaked; the ropes stretched taut; gently the bell rose from the floor. It swung a little. The clapper tapped the great shell lightly and the shop filled with a deep, clear, mellow song. Lingering, lingering.

Rob's eyes lighted in his lean, dark face. "It is alive," he said softly. "It speaks. It sings. Its sound will fill the whole valley of San Anselmo."

"But first it must be carried over the mountains," old José said.

They led the pack horse under the suspended bell and lowered it into the cradle. Again the clapper rang.

"We must still the bell," José said. He reined the clapper with rawhide thongs. Together they lashed the bell to its wooden cradle.

So Rob Huntington mounted his sorrel and led his pack horses, one burdened and one fresh for the burden in its turn, up into the tawny hills that climb toward the spruce-blue mountains. It was slow, with the wooden cradle creaking under the bell's weight. Trail-wise, the burdened pack horse picked his way. Every few hours, under a stout spruce limb, Rob swung the bell free, loading it onto the fresh animal. The sun, shafting down through dark branches, lighted it like a great lantern.

The second day brought a gray, leaden sky that blotted out the peaks he used for landmarks. For hours he made a slow way upward, taking bearings as best he could, pressing on through wastes of scrub oak and ghostly glades of aspen. When the clouds opened and the sun slanted through, he stared up at a wall of rimrock. He turned another way, forcing his horses through a vast tangle of alder. Again the rimrock lifted above him. Then he realized he was in a box canyon.

"When you don't know which way to go," his father had said, "don't be in a hurry to go anywhere."

He got down, tied his horses to clumps of brush, stretched out on his stomach and drank from a rill of water running out of a snowbank. Then he turned on his side, and studied the wall of rock. When he saw a break in the sheer face, he went on foot, climbing with bent-kneed, careful steps. Halfway up, he reached a projecting ledge. He put his weight on it, warily, and stepped back. With a rending sound the shelf gave way. Fissured by winter's freezing, loosened by the melting sun, the granite tumbled down. He had a swift, stricken picture of another rock slide and his father wheeling beneath it.

He went back. He tried another ascent, and another. He camped that night in the wind-grieved canyon with the rock face walling him in. But the next morning he found a tortuous chute that led to a ridge where a dozen mountain goats watched him curiously. He went back for his horses. He led them, with the great bell lurching in its cradle, in a slow file up that tilted chute of rock. They were out of the canyon.

An hour later he reined his pony and turned his ear to the wind. A magpie chattered overhead. Beside him was the heaving breath of the laden pack horse. Then it came again—a thin sound, monotonous and repeated—the bleating of sheep. He nudged his pony and tugged at the lead reins behind him. Slowly the bleating grew. He passed through a slope of aspens and came out where the sheep were feeding.

As the pack horse lurched over a fallen tree the thongs gave way and the clapper struck the swaying bell. Across the meadow the herders came.

The girl was not in sight, and while Rob's eyes searched for her the two herders caressed the bell with rough, dark, hairy hands.

"Your horse is tired," said one. "You should get the bell off his back."

THEY slung the tackle to a tree and pulled the ropes taut. As the bell lifted, the clapper struck again. At that deep voice all the sheep stopped bleating, raising their small, round, woolly heads. Then the girl appeared, crossing the meadow with a pail of water.

She ran to the bell. "How beautiful!" she cried, and her voice blended with its lingering tone. "How beautiful!"

"Where are you taking the bell?" one of the herders demanded.

Rob gave a slight lift of his shoulders. "Over the mountains."

The other herder laughed loudly. "That's good." He raised both hands, palms upward, and wagged his head. "He takes it over the mountains." Then his voice changed. "It is a heavy bell for one—one boy—to take through the mountains."

"Your horses are tired," said the old woman. "You will camp here tonight."

The girl stood beside the bell. It gave back her reflection, curved and slender like a poplar sapling in the wind. She touched it gently with her fingers.

"Yes," Rob said. "My horses are tired. But I must go on."

Without warning, two arms clamped round him, pinning his arms to his sides. His hands were pulled behind him and his wrists were lashed with a thong. They laid him on the ground and bound his ankles.

As the herders straightened up, teeth showed in their dark faces. "We'll take the bell for you—over the mountains."

The girl stood before them, her eyes blazing. "My father would discharge you for such a thing."

The herder shrugged his shoulders.

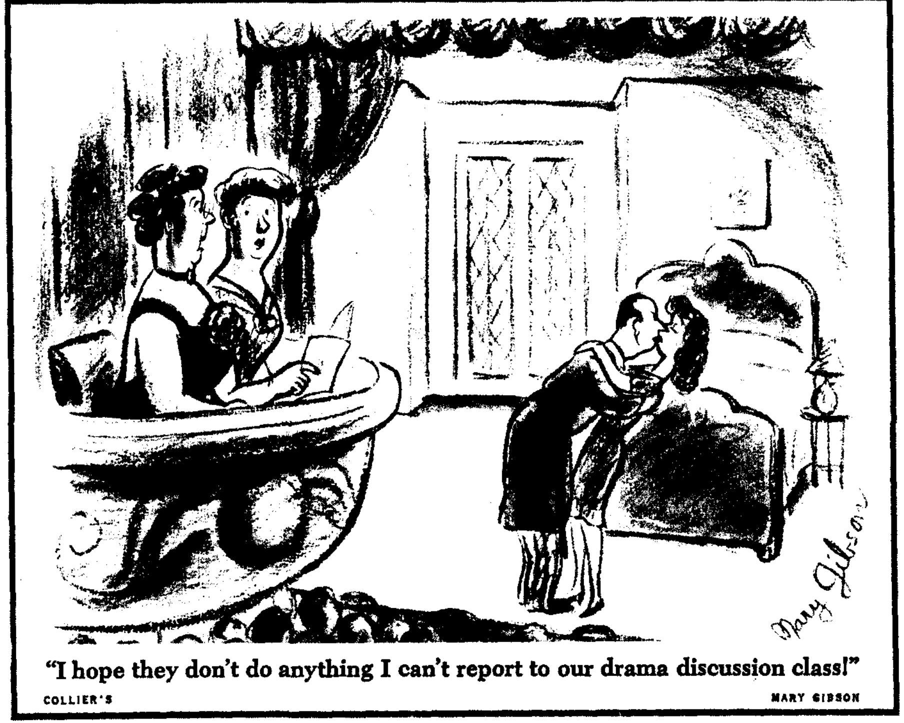
"Untie him!" she ordered. "Set him free!"

The old woman led the girl away roughly.

"Now we get started," said one herder. He turned to Rob. "Take care of the sheep till our return." The other man tossed a saddlebag onto the ground. "Here is your food. The night dews will soften the bonds and you can loose them."

Once in a while he heard the bell's note, distant and diminishing, and he could picture the pack horse lurching over the rough ground. In the chilly dusk he kept working his wrists and twisting his ankles.

As Rob lay there, bitter and beaten



"I hope they don't do anything I can't report to our drama discussion class!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

The Evening Ga
GOEBEL

## To tame a bear...

He was a gruff old bear on the 'phone
at noon, (no way for a man to be,
particularly around Holiday time).
So here's the trap she set
when he arrived home that night:

Her prettiest dress.
Her very best smile.
A glass of Goebel Beer.

(She tamed her bear).

**GOEBEL BEER**

Nationally famous for good taste

GOEBEL BREWING COMPANY, DETROIT 7, MICHIGAN and helpless, the whole world of mountains seemed dark and lost. The high country is a sad country, where men are dwarfed by space and solitude. The thongs cut like wires into his straining wrists.

It was midnight when he heard a new sound in the aspens. The girl dropped down beside him. She was breathing too heavily to speak. But her fingers found the lashings. In a moment his hands were free. While he chafed his numbed wrists she loosed the bonds on his ankles.

"I apologize," she said at last, "for my people."

"Your people?" he said. "Who are they?"

"They were my father's herders. But when my father died they became lawless. They are like dogs without a master. They are driving my father's sheep as their own."

"Why do you stay with them?"

"The ranch house burned. I had no place to go. Since my father died I am alone." Behind them the wind soughed in the aspens.

"I came as soon as they were deeply sleeping. I had to set you free. Now you can go on your way."

He said, "I must recover the bell. It is for the priest who buried my father."

The faint light showed the trouble in her face. "They are unprincipled men. Tonight they talked about melting the bell and selling its silver a piece at a time." Her eyes met his, and lowered. "I would not have you risk yourself."

A wave of warmness came over him.

"Now I must go back," she said.

"To them?"

She said, "I have no other people."

"Nita," he said. "Go with me to San Anselmo. Together we will take the bell to Father Francisco."

This time she did not protest. Together they passed through the fluttering aspens and the tented cedars. "It is near now," she said. Soon they saw the campfire, rosy on the ground. It was easy enough for Rob to catch his own horses. But the great bell lay under a tree, as immovable as a mountain.

While Rob stood there, a coyote howled from the rocks above. His eyes lifted, and sharpened. Carefully his gaze moved across the seamed and broken ledges patched with snow.

"Nita," he whispered. "Take the horses' reins. Hold them firmly."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to start a rock slide."

"You must not risk—" she began.

He climbed up, over the strewn slope and the steepening rock face. Carefully he chose his place, where the rock was fissured by winter's icy wedges and loosened by the warm winds of May. He pushed a boulder onto the ledge.

In the rain of rock he could not hear the startled cries of the herders. But he saw the shadows shambling across the clearing. Amid the thud of stone the bell spoke out. The darkness filled with its deep vibrant voice.

Rob came down, breathing hard. He found the girl with the horses, their eyes showing white.

"It sounded like the whole mountain," she said fearfully.

"It was only a ledge."

They led the horses back to the deserted camp where the fire's embers reflected on the bell's curved side. Rob lashed the clapper. Quickly he slung his tackle and lifted the bell onto a pack horse. They filed away among the cedars.

"They will follow and find us," she said anxiously.

"I know a way into the next valley," Rob said. "They will not find it till we are in San Anselmo. Perhaps not then."

SUNRISE lighted them over the steep ridge, through the lofty narrow gulch and into the deep green valley. The long morning light showed them, far off, the winding silver of the Rio Concepción.

So they crossed the Hidden River and climbed the dark spruce slopes and came out in the golden afternoon on the shoulder of Saddle Mountain. Rob stopped beside a glade of whispering aspens.

"Here is my father's grave," he said. "I thought there was nothing left for me." His dark eyes looked gravely at her.

As the pack horse shifted under the burden, the frayed thong parted and the bell rang out. Its sound was around them like sunlight.

The light swam in her eyes. "I love this bell—that brought you to me."

They left the clapper free as they journeyed down the last mountain. The sound went ahead of them and when they reached the dusty road of San Anselmo, the Indians stood with wonder in their eyes and Father Francisco waited in the portico of the church, lifting his face to the sunset and his hands in blessing.

As the tired horses stopped, the bell rang once more with the spent rhythm of the clapper.

Father Francisco stepped down and put his two hands on Rob's shoulders. "Thank you, my son. You have done a fine thing, for me, and for San Anselmo, and for your father."

Young Rob, wearing the dust and fatigue of a long journey, smiled as though a bell were ringing in him. "And for myself, Father." He turned to the girl beside him. "This is Nita. Will you marry us before the evening?"

While they were in the church, kneeling in candlelight beneath the altar, the Indians slung a rope over the crossbeam in the tower and raised the bell to its place under the adobe cross. And when Rob and Nita Huntington rode up the valley to the ranch house, the bell rang like a benison in the twilight.

THE END

## THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

is pretty strong wishing for a widow with a screaming, fear-pain delivery chalked up in her past.

ZAN BOC, Leavenworth, Kan.

. . . Speaking from my own experience as a mother and having seven sisters and six brothers, the article makes my blood boil; would the author be content to have an arm amputated without any drugs?

MRS. B. A. KALLENBACH, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . In disagreeing with your article, I would like to call your attention to Genesis: III, 16. The Lord said to Eve: "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; *in sorrow* thou shalt bring forth children."

MRS. H. FAGEN,
Elizabeth, N. J.

. . . How could Dr. Sawyer know?—he's never had a baby.

MRS. W. M. PETERSON, Phoenix, Ariz.

### HOW TO HANG A DEER?

DEAR SIR: Maybe you or your readers can tell me the proper and correct way to hang a deer? I had always assumed that there was only one way—hind legs up. But recently Wilson Brothers used a hunting scene in our ad in Collier's (Nov. 9th) in which a couple of lucky hunters are hoisting their deer—hind legs up. I've received a complaint from a Michigan hunter who states we've made a grand mistake: "The proper way to hang up a deer is to put its forefeet back of the antlers and hang it head up. You owe me a shirt size 16." I'll be glad to send this hunter a shirt, but it so happens that we who prepared the ad thought we were correct in every detail. Is there a proper method of hanging a deer, or are there simply two schools of practice? And what are the advantages of each method?

F. C. WILLIAMS,
Advertising Manager, Wilson Brothers,
Chicago, Ill.

*The Outdoor Magazine editors inform us that deer-hanging has been the subject of a raging controversy for years. There are heads-up advocates, and heads-down advocates, and if you're lucky enough to bag a deer you take your choice. We don't hang ours, we just drape ours over our fender.*

### HOUSING SHORTAGE=DIVORCE

DEAR EDITOR: Your item Divorce on the Upgrade on the last page (Nov. 23d) prompted me to write as you neglected mention of the real cause of the rising divorce rate—SHORTAGE OF HOUSING.

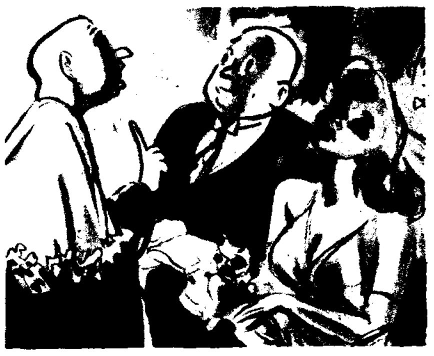
BETTY JEAN KLEIN, Detroit, Mich.

### WILL-LESS MAN

DEAR SIR: Kirk Stiles' cartoon (Nov. 16th) shows a clergyman saying to the groom, "'I do,' Senator, not 'I yield.'" It should be "I will," not "I do." Being a clergyman's daughter, I have noticed this mistake many times in ads, stories and cartoons in your magazine. The question is: "Will you take this woman, etc." and the answer is: "I will!" "I do" is used when taking other oaths but not in the wedding service.

MRS. JESSICA APGAR,
Plainfield, N. J.

*Let's not quibble, Mrs. Apgar—the groom does—or else!*



"'I do,' Senator, not 'I yield'"

### WHALE OF A BLUNDER

DEAR SIR: I entertain strong doubts concerning the mammal pictured by Mr. Charles Lanius on page 11 of Collier's (Nov. 9th). He describes this mammal as a whale; I think it is either a "Pinnipedia" specimen, an "Erignathus Barbatus Nauticus" or a baby "Delphinapterus leucas" (white whale). Also, what is "flaw" ice? That's a new one.

J. D. CRUZE,
Lt. Comdr., U.S.N.

. . . I noticed that the picture stated that the Eskimos were standing over the lip of a whale. This is the first time I ever heard of a walrus being called that.

L. CHRISTOMAS, Ketchikan, Alaska

*It's a bearded seal, or Ugruk. According to Mr. Lanius, the Eskimos have flaw-whaled for years. They whale off the flaw, or the break in the ice, bordering open water. Meanwhile, we've hung our caption writer by the lip—till he blubbers.*

### MERIT vs. FEE SYSTEM

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: The article County Pork Barrel by Vera Connolly (Nov. 30th) points out many of the defects in the law which permits operation of jails on a fee system. Compensation of sheriffs on the fee system is simply requiring them to obtain their salary by, in some instances, not providing the proper diet for the prisoners. The existence of firetrap buildings for jails in a great many states is not the fault of the sheriff, since the sheriff has nothing to do, in most cases, with providing proper jail buildings. The interest of governing boards of cities, towns and counties should be aroused. . . . Until some merit system prevails, qualified personnel will not be obtained in many cases. . . .

R. M. YOUELL,
*Commissioner of Corrections,*
Commonwealth of Virginia

### KCAB OT TNORF

GENTLEMEN: Shortly after the first World War, an agent sold me a three-year subscription to the Collier's Weekly. . . . I start with your editorial in the back, note the comics and Freling Foster, then read the magazine. Your editorials have been an inspiration and I have formed my ideas along that line.

DON SORELLE,
Waco, Tex.

. . . As always, began the new issue from the back, looking over the cartoons, but skipping the editorial.

JOSEPH SHORN, Chillicothe, Ohio

. . . The first thing I look at in every issue is the letters to the editor. I admire you for printing the slams.

THOMAS F. SHOEMAKER, Santa Ana, Cal.

### TO EACH HIS OWN

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Severine states (Week's Mail, Nov. 16th) that the song To Each His Own belongs in the Song of the Cuckoo classification. I think the message the lyrics have to offer is a very beautiful one:—

A rose must remain with the sun and the rain,
For its lovely promise to come true.
To each his own, to each his own—

This means that a rose has to remain in its true element, the outdoors, to bring its lovely promise to fruition. This can also be applied to human beings. They must remain in their natural element if they are to make a success of their lives. I would like to know on what Mr. Severine bases his criticism.

JACK RUSSELL, Brookville, Ind.

### D.P.s TO ALASKA

DEAR SIR: Thank you very much for your excellent article The Handwriting on the Ice by John Kord Lagemann (Nov. 16th). Why has there been an American failure to colonize Alaska and exploit its vast resources? It is because the city-bred American, brought up with the comforts of our civilization, won't go in for subsistence farming or mining in Alaska. I believe that part of the answer is the loosening of *immigration* barriers into Alaska. There are now 170,000 Baltic D.P.s in Germany who won't go back to Stalin's Russia. They come from countries similar in climate to Alaska. Many are possessed with the same daring as that little group of Estonians who braved the Atlantic in a tiny sailing vessel to land in Miami, and who are now allowed to stay in our beloved country.

F. P., Philadelphia, Pa.

### LOSS AND GAIN

TO THE EDITOR: In protest against the article V.D. For Sale (Nov. 23d) I wish to cancel my subscription. . . . No moral person would read a magazine with such articles.

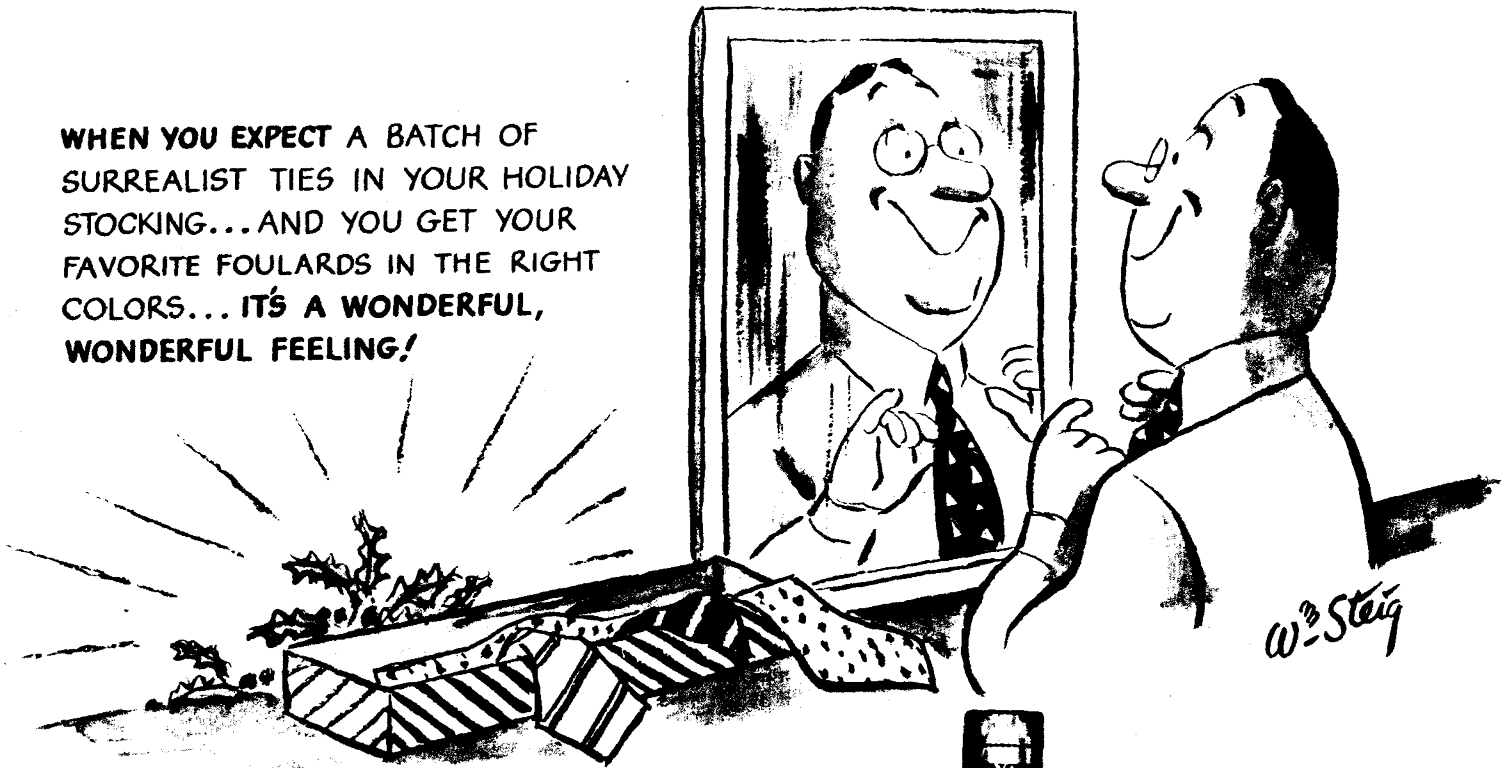
MARY O'TOOLE, Nutley, N. J.

. . . V.D. For Sale was very necessary. Now that the Army controls have been lifted, the public must take over the burden of constant vigilance.

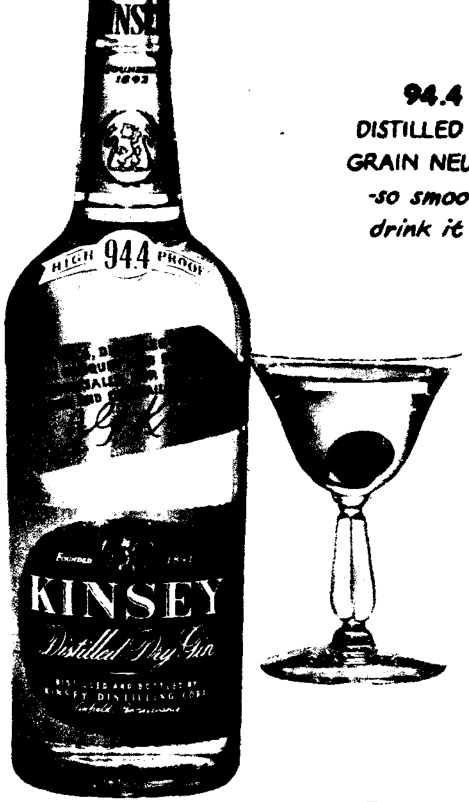
WILLIAM P. SACKLES, San Francisco, Cal.

# IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!

**WHEN YOU EXPECT** A BATCH OF SURREALIST TIES IN YOUR HOLIDAY STOCKING... AND YOU GET YOUR FAVORITE FOULARDS IN THE RIGHT COLORS... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



**WHEN YOU GO** TO A PARTY—EXPECTING TO ENJOY EVERYTHING BUT THE MARTINIS—AND YOUR HOST MAKES 'EM WITH KINSEY, THE **GENIAL** GIN—SO SMOOTH, SO FLAVORSOME, SO DRY... **IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL FEELING!**



**94.4 PROOF**
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
*-so smooth you can drink it straight!*

# KINSEY *the Genial* GIN

MR. WEBSTER (THE BIG DICTIONARY MAN) SAYS: "**GENIAL:** CONTRIBUTING TO CHEERFULNESS AND LIFE; AGREEABLY WARM AND CHEERFUL."

Distilled Dry Gin. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

## IT'S A WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL GIN-*TRY IT!*

# CHRISTMAS IN THE DESERT

### BY OREN ARNOLD

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVE PESKIN

**Citizens of the Southwest aren't dreaming of a white Christmas. They figure they have something much better**

ABOUT noon on Christmas Day, 1944, a company of aviation trainees left their Arizona desert camp on a sentimental mission. Their objective was the cabin of the Ike Harper family, isolated among rocks, sand and cactus plants. They carried a fully decorated fir tree, to surprise the nine Harper children. But when they arrived, it was the soldiers who were surprised.

The boys, all Easterners, had sent a special plane 200 miles north for that conventional Christmas tree. But they needn't have bothered.

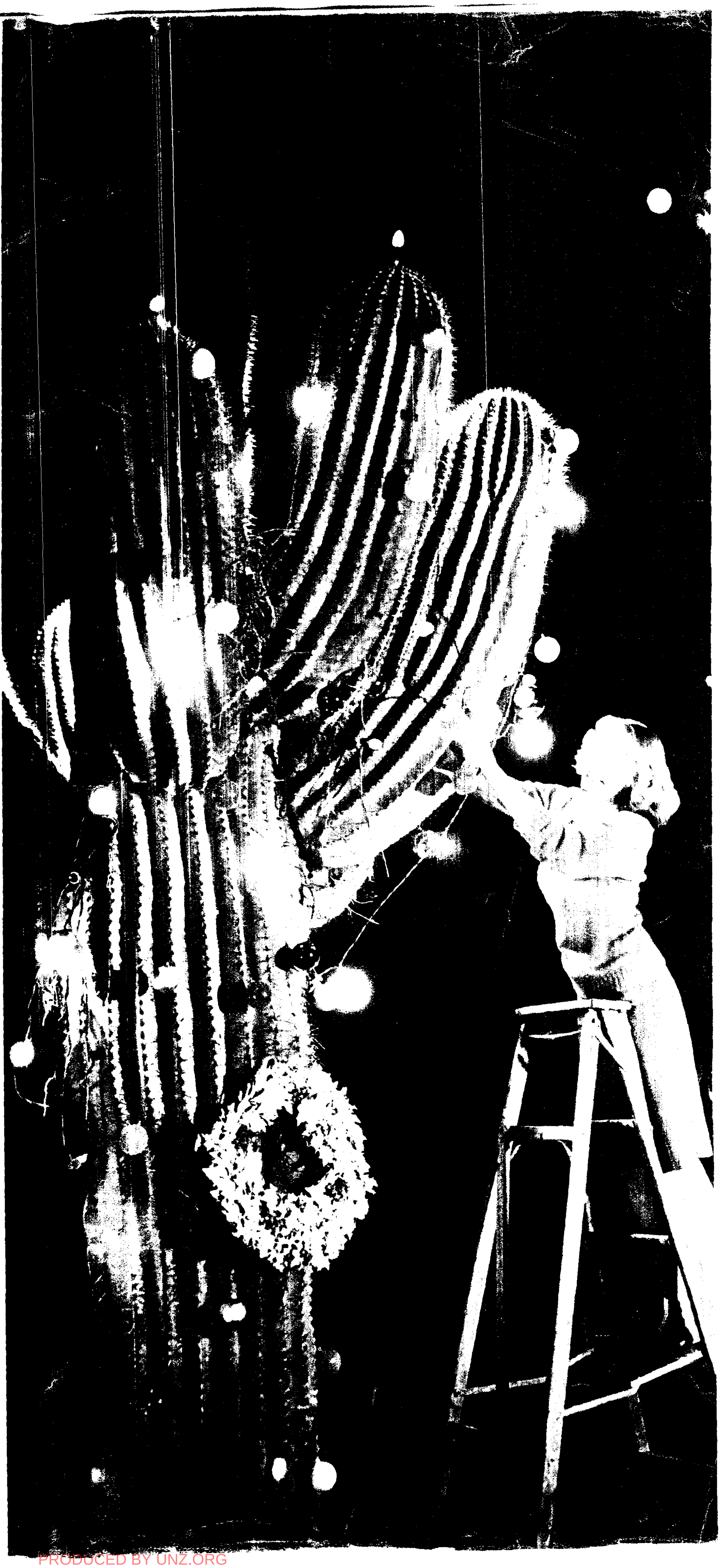
For there at the Harper home was a Christmas "tree" 20 feet tall. It had nine bulky arms. There were no leaves whatsoever, but the arms were bristling with two-inch thorns!

It was a saguaro, or giant cactus, growing near the front steps of the cabin. The Harpers had decorated it with candles, tinsel, glass baubles, silver icicles, popcorn balls, apples and candies.

The saguaro has come to symbolize the Arizona arid land. Literally thousands of saguaros are decorated each year in Arizona and Sonora, the bordering state of Mexico, where they grow.

All through the desert region, where conventional evergreens are not available, cactus, mesquite, ironwood, paloverde and other native growths are decorated. Most favored after the saguaro are the cholla or jumping cactus, the ocotillo (not a cactus but much like one, with its long, thorny, whiplike branches) and the prickly pear.

People in Phoenix and Tucson have access to evergreen trees in grocery *(Continued on page 73)*



**Under an Arizona moon, the pert young miss at the right decorates a giant cactus. Youngsters like those below don't miss the conventional fir trees**

# COCKTAILS FOR ONE

Continued from page 21

her glass, "so I wouldn't mind so much."

"That's the thing to do, I guess." He turned to Gibson, looked at the ruptured duck in his lapel, "Do you know anybody who got hurt like that in the Ardennes?"

The girl put down the empty glass and faced Gibson. Her lips were slightly parted, but how much in expectancy or how much in greeting to the newcomer to the conversation Harry could not tell. Gibson looked at the girl, then at Harry, and finally shrugged.

Harry said, indicating Gibson with a curt nod, "This guy thinks talking is a capital crime."

GIBSON let a trace of a smile flicker about his lips. "It's not talking that's a crime, it's just that so much you hear is drivel. Not meaning you, of course. Besides, you don't always know where a fellow gets hit. And, like you, I've forgotten a lot of the names. And it wouldn't be fair to you—" He tapped nonexistent ash from his cigarette. "Besides—"

"I understand," the girl said softly. "You don't feel like talking just now.

"It sounds crazy," she said, picking up the thread again, "but you know how it is in wartime. Everything's crazy. Just before he was evacuated to England he asked me my birthday. He said if I was ever in New York at the time, if I wasn't doing anything then, to drop in here and he'd buy me a drink. You probably think I'm crazy but I would have liked to talk to him.

"I really don't know why I'm telling you all this." She pointed to the glass. "It couldn't be this, could it? Well, anyway, I came here a few months ago to work. I had completely forgotten all about it, but today for some strange reason, maybe it's because it *is* my birthday, the whole incident suddenly reappeared to me, like a posthypnotic suggestion. I felt silly, I knew he wouldn't be here. I don't even know if he's alive." She looked away quickly and then faced him again. "And yet I'm here. It's silly, but now I'm glad I came. Talking to you and —well, you know—"

Harry knew all right. Talking often did it. He shuffled away to mix some drinks. He'd let Ferris, the other barkeep, do too much already. The girl felt better, Harry could see that. Too bad the soldier she knew—Harry paused, his creased, leathery jowls, now motionless, sagged like fleshy pouches. He moved back, stopped in front of Gibson, his eyes narrowed in appraisal.

A faint touch of color crept into Gibson's sensitive features. "Don't crowd me," he said. "You just gave me a fresh drink."

"That's not it." Harry shook his head sadly. "I'll bet you did plenty cussing in the Army. Don't you know talking's good for the soul here, too?"

"You should have been a chaplain." But Gibson smiled.

"Okay, have your joke." Harry mopped the mahogany absently. It had evidently cleared up outside for the bar was filling up. He was searching for something to say to the girl, but suddenly, and altogether too unhurriedly and with too much deliberation, she was putting away her cigarettes. Before, she had completely forgotten about herself, about her sitting at the bar under false pretenses. Now, the story of her venture told and Harry's professional attendance demanded elsewhere, her aloneness was too visible.

Harry walked back to her. "Don't be a stranger, I'd like to hear more sometime."

She grinned. "Well, I yielded to the impulse anyway. And I do feel much better, just talking to you."

For a moment Harry watched her move gracefully toward the door. Then, not as aimlessly as before, he mopped the already dry spot before Gibson.

"It's a wonderful thing," he said, "to be young, and have the courage to do the things you want to do." He looked pointedly at the vacant stool next to Gibson.

Gibson stared back obliquely, little ridges knotting tight above his jaw line. Unconsciously his left hand strayed to the emblem in his lapel. Harry continued mopping the bar with studied unconcern. Though there was soft noise and tinkling all about them, the place seemed very quiet. Harry looked away as Gibson fidgeted. He had seen a lot in his time but some things, he felt, belonged to a man's private world. He raised his eyes slowly as Gibson got up from the stool.

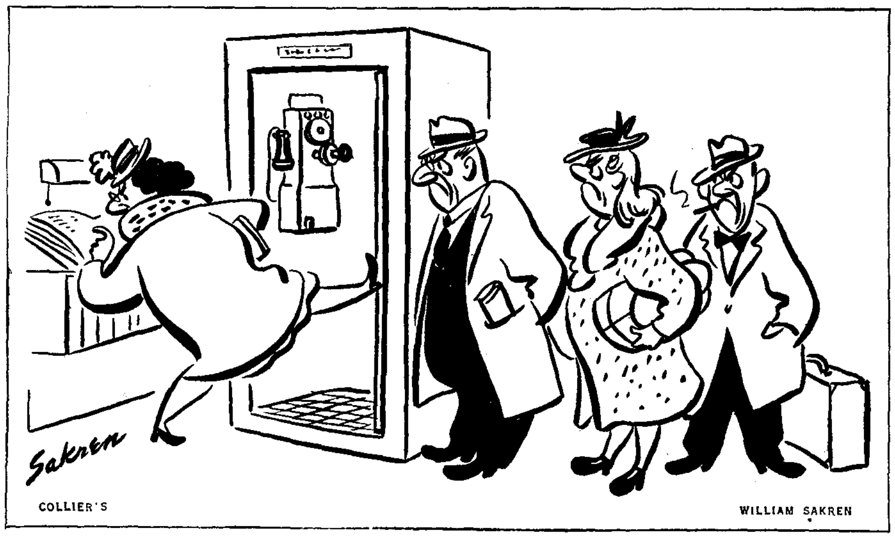
"It's been a real pleasure talking to you," Gibson said, and turned away.

HARRY'S look, when he finished, told me to keep my big mouth shut. "In my day," he added, "I've done many things, but I never figured I'd be carrying the arrows for Cupid."

"You figured that Gibson was the guy in the hospital? For some reason too deep in a shell to admit it?"

I've never seen Harry drink before. He poured himself a neat one. "Who knows who he was?" He twirled the jigger between his fingers, watched the amber liquid make little whirlpools. "Yeah, it could have been him. It could have been a thousand other guys. It could have been my sister's boy Denny. Denny got it in the face. They flew him to England. He never—" Harry tossed the jigger down without wincing. "Whoever it was, he wouldn't have liked her to drink alone—not on her birthday."

THE END



COLLIER'S WILLIAM SAKREN

WHAT SPARKLING WATER MAKES DRINKS TASTE TWICE AS GOOD --AND COSTS HALF AS MUCH?
EVERVESS YES! YES!

EVERVESS . . . Yes, Yes!

**• Yes . . . Evervess is Bonded for quality!**

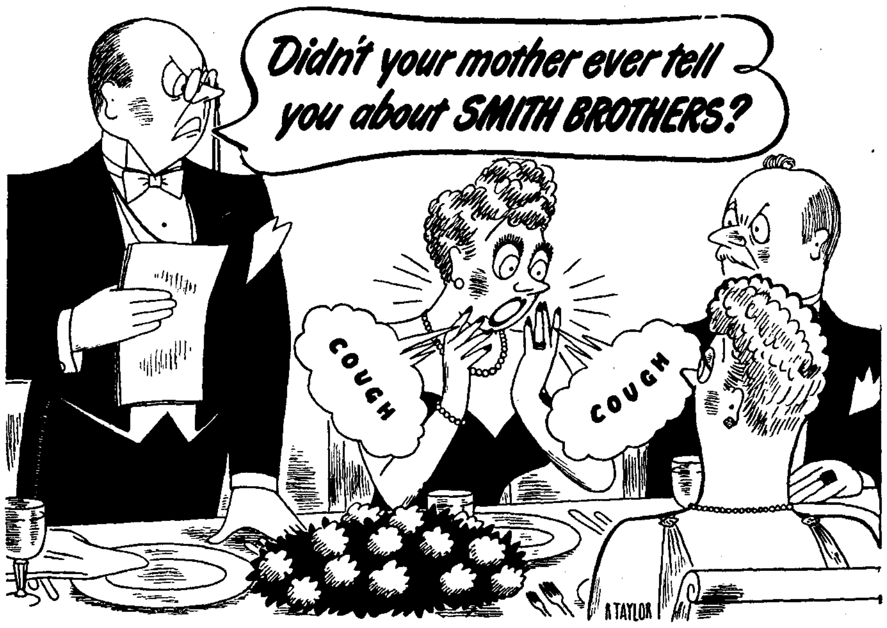
Bonded by a famous SURETY COMPANY to be as fine as *any* sparkling water at *any* price—or money back! Lots of *long-lasting* sparkle!

**• Yes . . . Evervess—a dime-size bottle for a nickel!**

12 full ounces—enough for 2 or 3 mixed drinks. Cheaper *per drink* than many so-called "economy" size bottles! Get a half dozen in the Evervess carrier today!

**The New Sparkling Water • A Pepsi-Cola Product • *Processed for purity by ultraviolet ray***

EVERVESS
EVERVESS SPARKLING WATER



Didn't your mother ever tell you about SMITH BROTHERS?
COUGH
COUGH
A TAYLOR

COUGHING IS OFFENSIVE!

*Here's Quick 3-Way Relief:*

...Go after those offensive minor coughs due to colds or smoking at the very first scratchy "tickle." Get Smith Brothers famous black Cough Drops, a scientific prescription-type formula of proven cough-relief ingredients used for years by the medical profession. Smith Brothers bring quick, long-lasting relief in 3 important ways:

1. **Ease throat tickle**
2. **Soothe raw, irritated membranes**
3. **Help loosen phlegm**

No narcotics. Let children enjoy them freely. Now in greatest demand of their whole 99 year history. A boon to smokers. Buy 2 packs today, one for pocket, one for bedside if night coughs strike.

SMITH BROTHERS BLACK COUGH DROPS
TRADE MARK
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS: ANISE AND LICORICE IN A SUGAR BASE. NET WEIGHT 1¼ OUNCES
SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS
SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS 5 CENTS
STILL ONLY 5¢
EVERYWHERE

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

★

For the 1 man in 7 who shaves daily

★

NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream.

Glider *protects* your face while you shave. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating*. It's quick and easy to use. Needs no brush—not sticky or greasy.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address with ten cents—and we'll mail you a guest-size tube, enough for three full weeks. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-14, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Everett B. Hurlbut
PRESIDENT

ARTHRITIS
RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS?

Here is just the thing to use when heat treatment (wet or dry) is prescribed by your physician for arthritis, rheumatism or neuritis. The new medically designed Casco Heating Pad gives safe, soothing heat at the flick of a switch and when wet heat is desired retains moisture 10-12 hours. Underwriters' Laboratory approved for your protection.

CASCO
PROFESSIONAL MODEL
ELECTRIC FOMENTATION HEATING PAD
*At leading stores everywhere*

CASCO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.
*America's largest manufacturers of Electric Heating Pads*

The Perfect GIFT for Home or Office!

ACTUAL SIZE
4" high
3⅜" wide

$5

Galter
SEMI-AUTOMATIC GIANT TABLE LIGHTER

Needs only 4 fillings a year! Practical, handy. For the desk . . . serving table . . . bar . . . end table. Covered in simulated leather; black and tan. Heavily chrome plated. At better stores everywhere.

*Engineered with the Famous Galter Precision-Milled Ignition Wheel*

BY THE MAKERS OF ZEPHYR WINDPROOF LIGHTERS

Galter PRODUCTS COMPANY 711 W. LAKE ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.

TWA

# WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

## FIGHT AGAINST THUNDER

**Bill Foley (left), Barney Dowd, Bob Buck and the P-61 Black Widow they use for TWA's thunderstorm research**

THE thunderstorm has been an unconquerable hazard to aircraft since the dawn of flight. Within its awesome and ominously beautiful structure, it conceals violent turbulence that can tear a plane to pieces or hurl it out of control against the earth. It is a mighty generator for lightning and static that can black out the plane's radio when its need for directional guidance is critical. It is a mammoth manufacturing plant for snow and hail and it frightens pilots when they grope around its insides and get too close to its heart.

But the thunderstorm, triumphantly successful so far in defying sporadic, man-made schemes to circumvent its disrupting effects, is on the defensive for the first time. The United States Weather Bureau, charged by Congress with doing something to put an end to this terrorist reign over aviation, assembled an elaborate staff of scientists, instruments, aircraft and airmen and launched its first offensive last summer, in Florida, against the intense, convective-type thunderstorms originating there. Next summer, Dr. Horace R. Byers, noted meteorologist of the University of Chicago, and designated by the Weather Bureau as Supreme Commander of the Thunderstorm War, will move in on the Middle West, where thunderstorms are larger, more varied and probably more intense than in Florida. Dr. Byers is probably the best-informed man in the world on the scientific aspects of thunderstorms.

While 91 thunderstorms were being dissected in Florida by the Army, Navy, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, CAA, CAB, the Soaring Society of America, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with piloted planes, drone planes, piloted gliders and balloons, Trans World Airlines (TWA) spent the summer and fall flying thunderstorms all over the nation with attention to the problem of how to miss the actual but small areas of severe violence.

The AAF loaned TWA a Northrop P-61 Black Widow Night Fighter, her deadly sting of cannon and machine guns having been replaced by costly instruments and radar. TWA picked Airline Captain Robert N. Buck, Superintendent of Flight Research, to conduct the flight tests, and they have just been concluded. They will be resumed next spring.

Bob Buck, piloting a Boeing B-17 named Two Kind Words, and with a 10-man crew (five from TWA and five from the AAF), flew more than 160,000 miles in 1943 and 1944 on bad-weather missions throughout the Western Hemisphere and as far out in the Pacific as Midway. Earlier this year they made a 32,000-mile flight around the world, searching out and recording dirty weather. For this the AAF gave him the Air Medal. Bob, subject of a profile in Collier's for June 23, 1945, has amassed so much experience searching out all kinds of bad weather throughout the world that he undoubtedly ranks first in practical knowledge of thunderstorms, ice and static. We asked him to tell how he goes about flying thunderstorms.

WE LEAD the lives of firemen (Captain Buck speaking) with TWA's meteorological department acting as the fire alarm. It may be during a busy day at the office or it may be three o'clock in the morning when sleep is deep that the phone shatters us into the realization we've got to get up and fly through a thunderstorm.

There are five of us and, although we're based at TWA's Kansas City headquarters, we go anywhere in the United States to tap all kinds of thunderstorms. Barney Dowd is the P-61's maintenance chief, and his assistant is W.A. (Bill) Foley. We were together on the world-wide weather hunt for the Army Air Forces. Then there is Dick Davidson, a radar expert from Western Electric. Al Kiefer is the data man and weather observer. The plane carries only three, so who goes along depends on the kind of thunderstorm, where it's located and what particular test we are after. Barney Dowd almost always goes and the third man may be either Davidson, Foley or Kiefer.

It is about noon and I am working in my office at TWA in Kansas City, when there's a call: "Bob, this is Weather. That front up north looks as if it's going to start popping."

CATCHING COLD?

Remember "there are no better Cough Drops than LUDEN'S"

Medicated for CLOTHESPIN NOSE

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

5¢

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

SUFFER

MISERY of SIMPLE PILES?

*Read This Good News*

● Think of it! A single soothing ointment that speeds relief from those miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo Ointment—acts instantly to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—acts to reduce *swelling*. It's *wonderful!*

So, to speed this relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo Ointment. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists in tubes complete with perforated pile pipe—also tins and handy suppositories.

READERS
here's extra money!

With a little spare time, you can turn your familiarity with COLLIER'S into real money. Simply tell your friends how entertaining and helpful you find the pages of this magazine. Then, earn generous profits by sending in their new and renewal subscriptions for this magazine and all popular publications. Hundreds of busy men and women are making extra money this pleasant, profitable way. While you are in the mood, just paste the handy coupon on a penny postal *and mail now.*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-6
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please send me your EXTRA INCOME PLAN for readers of this magazine.

NAME ............................................
(Please print)

STREET ............................................

CITY ............................................

STATE............................................

I let the work go and start for the Weather office. Al Kiefer drops his work and joins me.

The big weather chart shows a blue line to the north—that's a cold front, one we've been eying for a day or so—but it hadn't shown itself to be very much. The detailed weather reports show Omaha with a thunderstorm and a wind shift to the north.

Farther south at Tarkio, Missouri, the wind is still southerly. The front is between the two places. Fronts of this nature don't get going good until well into the afternoon so I decide to wait a little before taking off.

At 2:30 P.M., we are at the ship. I take the pilot's seat; right behind me is Barney and in the back is Al. In a few moments we are in the air. I call everyone on the interphone: "We're going to 20,000 feet first and then work down. Start taking oxygen now." I put on my mask and climb at a fast rate, headed north. A few white fluffy cumulus clouds are below and far up in the distance I can see a sheet of higher clouds. Climbing toward them are sinister thunderheads. I head toward the biggest thunderhead off to the northwest. I'm glad it's over there, because it takes me away from the airways where there won't be any traffic problem.

Now we are getting close. Even at our 20,000 feet the thunderhead towers above us. I call Barney and Al on the interphone: "I'm starting the first pass."

I TURN on the maze of recording instruments. They run automatically, collecting data for the scientists. I mark down on my knee pad—"Pass Number One—20,000 feet—Time :01c." Then I get the plane stabilized nd flying level.

The cloud comes closer; in an instant the white wispiness surrounds us. A few jarring bumps knock the ship around and it begins snowing hard. The bumps are frequent, but not very severe. It's dark, but momentarily the darkness disappears as a flash of lightning goes by on its way toward the earth. The snow is more dense now and the air currents, instead of lifting up, are beginning to push down. I know that means we are almost through the storm and in a few minutes we shake free and are in a big hole behind it, surrounded by large white clouds. I turn off the recording instruments and descend.

At 15,000 feet the instruments are turned on again and I begin pass Number Two. This time it's a little rougher and there's more lightning around us; some of it close enough so that we smell the ozone where it had passed. We come out again on the other side. There's a little more we want to know about that level so we turn and go through again at 15,000 feet. Now we descend to 10,000 feet and make three passes. It's very rough, the snow has turned to hard rain, and it is dark enough to keep us on our toes.

From 10,000 we work down to 5,000 and finally come out on the south side of the front. I call to Al and Barney that I'm satisfied with that one, and they are too. (We purposely make our passes through the thunderstorm at 5,000-foot intervals to obtain a cross section of the storm, although sometimes they are at 2,000-foot separations.)

Before heading homeward, I turn around again to see the front from down low. It is a long dark line, greenish-looking in places, and forks of lightning are darting toward the earth at frequent intervals; rain is pouring in sheets. It looks worse than it felt.

Someday we'll be able to say "finished" to the study and when we do, it will mean the air-line pilot can miss the superrough stuff and avoid any hazards and a lot of discomfort. And don't worry about that lightning. We feel we know because we've been struck more than once. What happened? Why just a little hole in the back of the wing where it came out. That's all.

ROBERT N. BUCK

## CHRISTMAS IN THE DESERT

**Continued from page 70**

stores and buy thousands of them each year; but many residents like the cactus for a second tree outside. The biggest meat-packing firm in the region annually decorates the three saguaro cacti which grow at its front gate. Co-eds at the University of Arizona, Tucson, hang tinsel and ornaments on campus cacti.

Many rural families in the Southwest gather at their churches to decorate cacti with fine ceremony.

In one place near Phoenix the congregation meets on the lawn, decorates a saguaro that is at least 100 years old, sings carols and cooks good things to eat over a glorious campfire. Santa Claus is said to arrive with Prancer and Dancer pulling the sleigh not on arctic snow but on moonbeams.

Many churches in west Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and southern California use *luminarias* in Christmas services. These are made simply by putting candles in paper bags half filled with sand. (Fire hazard precludes their use in cities.) [illegible] placed, with a whispered prayer, e foot of some Christmas shrine. n every cactus for acres around will *luminarias* clustered near; the base e church will be outlined, and rows he flickering lights will extend far up down the road, or even up the side mountain.

ankish cowboys are likely to "decoany growth at hand on Christmas ng. They use not tinsel and toys but ley socks, empty liquor bottles, harness, crushed cartons, rusty his signifies no lack of feeling for Christmas. The cowpuncher is a lonely fellow, who gives vent to his spirits the only way he can.

One group of cowboys galloped up to a wagon train on Christmas Day, 1888, and discovered that the train children would have no tree. Nothing except grass grew within dozens of miles.

But the rough cowpokes stuck a wagon tongue in the ground, collected all the doubletrees and singletrees and tied these on the tongue for limbs. With lariats and strips of cowhide twisted around green grass, they made festoons. Balls were made of red shirttails, stuffed dolls of saddle blankets and horse hair, little shining ornaments of tin cans cut with pocket knives. Buffalo tallow was made into special candles. The Southwest cherishes that kind of legend.

A thoughtless merchant in Phoenix last year cut a 10-foot cactus, brought it inside his store and decorated it. Two days later he quietly removed it, even though Christmas was still two weeks off. Customers had complained because he had destroyed a desert growth.

Strong sentiment still forbids cutting a cactus for an indoor tree, but some of the smaller potted varieties are used for tables in living and dining rooms. Really tiny cacti in two-inch pots, decorated in miniature, are charming favors at dinner tables.

Throughout the Southwest, about one half of all the Christmas cards sold are those picturing desert [illegible] and similar regional scenes.

All of which proves t[illegible] Christmas is what you make it.

THE END

Sub-zero weather must not stall the doctor's car

Doctors' cars often stand idle hour on hour in cold zero winter weather while in the home or hospital attending emergency calls.

When needed the Doctor's car must be ready and start easily—delays may be fatal.

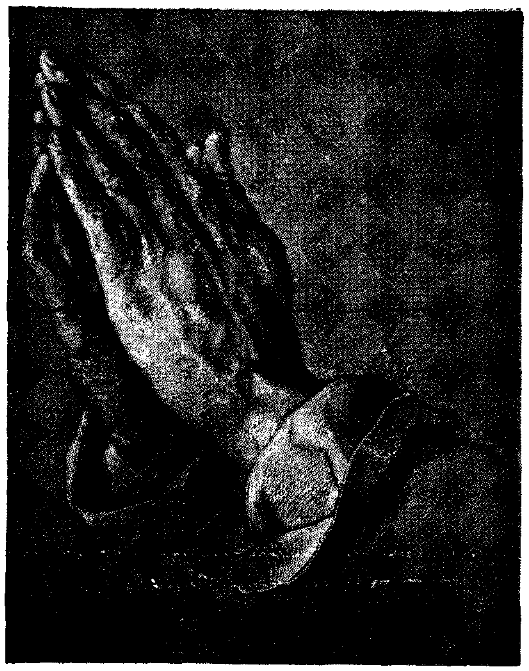
Rx. The prescription required to keep oil free-flowing to facilitate starting is simple:—one quart RISLONE to three quarts of the regular engine lubricating oil.

Because RISLONE alloys with oil to keep it free-flowing, the battery and starting motor have an easier time spinning the motor—and all parts of the engine including upper engine areas are lubricated immediately. Gum and sludge formations are absorbed, sticking valves freed, lost compression and power are restored—and a quieter smoother running engine is assured! THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, and Canadian Shaler Products Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

SHALER RISLONE

*Add it to the Oil in your Engine*

# Father of MANKIND


PRAYING HANDS ALBRECHT DURER
BY PERMISSION OF ERICH S. HERRMANN, INC.

## AS CHRISTMAS COMES, WE LIFT OUR HANDS TO THEE.

*These groping hands are weary with work that fetches no contentment, with strife that brings no peace. They have offended Thee. They are not clean.*

¶ Behold them and have mercy.
The shadows of broken cities dim the altars they raised to Thee and then forgot.
The cries of those these hands have slain are not stilled.
These are the hands of a world which Thou, God, created to be beautiful
and which they in ignorance would destroy.
¶ In Thy complete understanding and measureless mercy
wilt Thou look beyond these hands into penitent hearts?
¶ God of Christmas, save us from ourselves. May not the Inn of our minds
be crowded with arrogance and cunning so that love is turned away.
Guide us to purpose and unity. We ask Thee who created one world,
which these hands in greed have divided, to lead us now. Walk with us.
If again Thou seest us lift these hands in anger raise Thine own and stay them.
¶ Possess us with gentleness as we contemplate Christmas Day.
Grant to our children the rapture of wonder as they stand before the tree.
May the thought of those who are cold and hungry incite us
not merely to pity but to justice.
¶ These hands are not raised in brief and casual gesture.
They have no right to ask for what they are not willing to give.
Take them, Lord of all, in Thine own. Dedicate them to the reality of
Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

[illegible] humbly. AMEN